

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Winnipeg, May
1928



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Canada's
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Magazine



Charles Henry Payne

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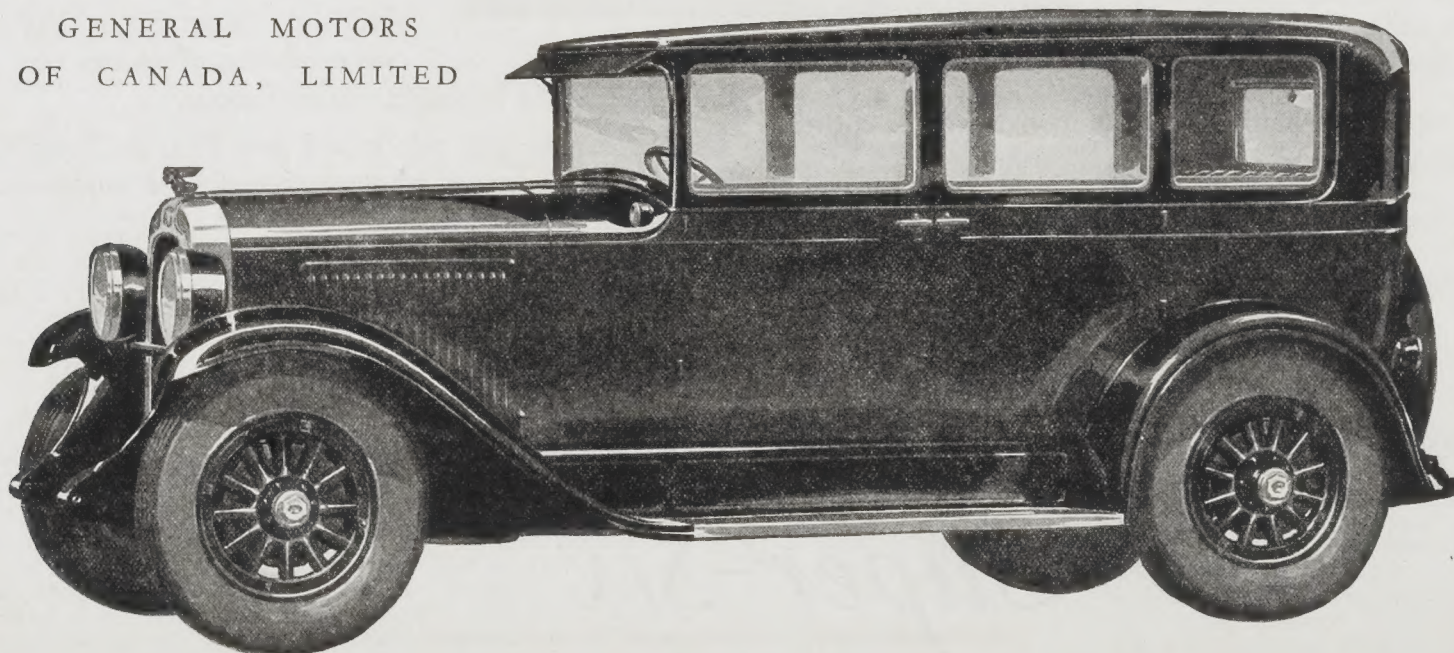


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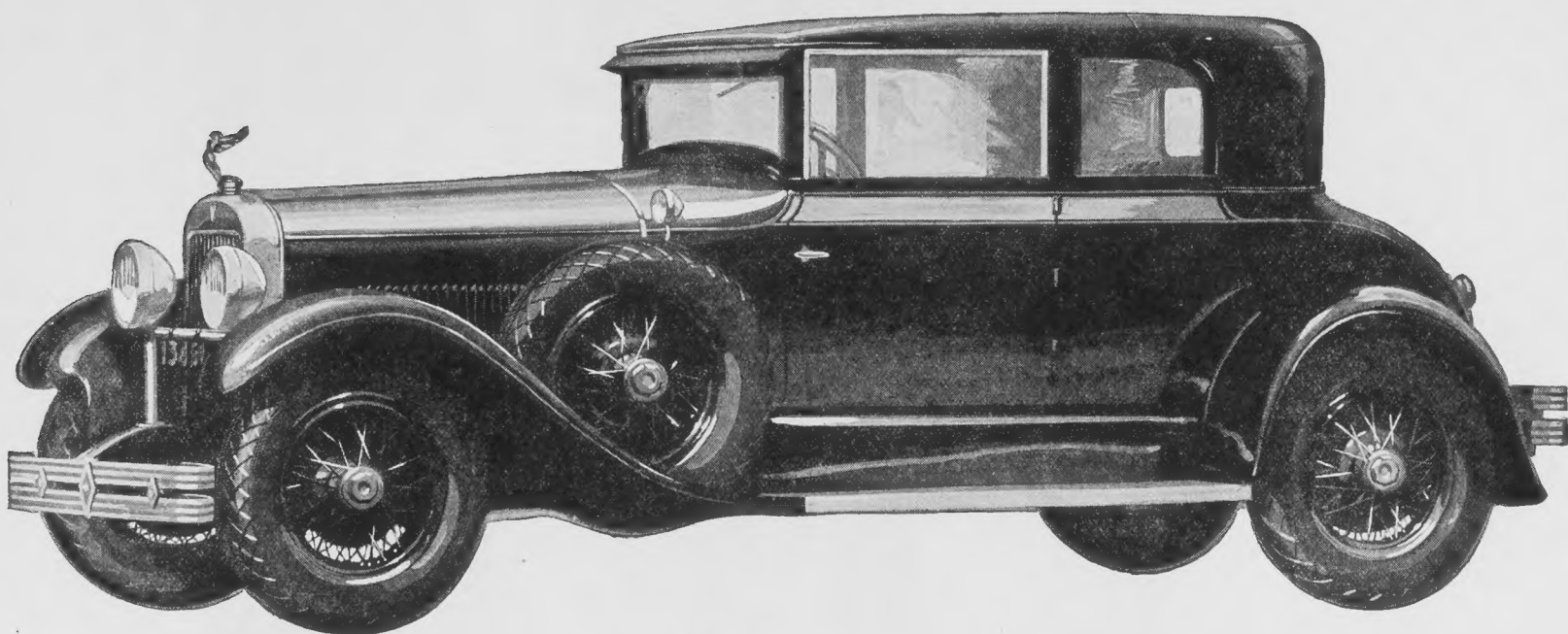


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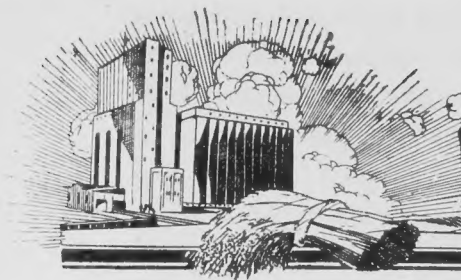
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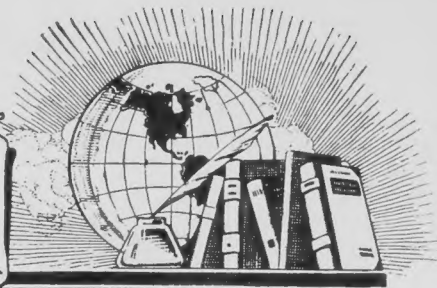
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EDITORIAL



Optimism

AS A poet, Pope was somewhat artificial, but nevertheless at times he uttered phrases that have become part of our language. One of these is set forth in the well-known couplet:

*Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
Man never IS, but always TO BE blest.*

Of all people Western Canadians are best able to appreciate these lines. They have had so many disappointments that have ended in victory that they are confirmed optimists. Not what *is*, but what is *going to be*, is the measure of their hope.

New hope is not built on nothing. Its foundation is assurance based on realized past experience. This year, there is throughout all Western Canada an assured feeling that we are just about to enter on another great experience. First we made ourselves known the world over because of our production of fur. That was the day of the buffalo and the beaver. Then we became known as the great producers of grain and live stock, and some thought that was the end of our greatness. The manufacturer had to be reckoned with, however, and the smoke of many factories indicates that the West and North have a growing mission to perform in world-trade. Nor is the end yet reached. The rush to the mineral fields is just beginning and no one can predict the future. That it has glorious possibilities everyone believes. So the West is full of hope.

This hope is fortified by recent adventures. It was thought the fur-trade was practically ended, but the new fox-farms and the projected muskrat farms, together with the replenishing of the stock of buffalos, makes it certain that Canada will again lead the world in fur production. The great annual sale of furs in Winnipeg bears testimony to the growth of the trade.

In the matter of grain production there was fear that the rust and insect pests would win the day, but the combined efforts of scientists and practical farmers are achieving a victory. Western Canadians are not a people who give up in despair. Never before was it so keenly realized that Canada is the granary of the world, nor will the world be disappointed.

In the matter of manufactures, of course, there are difficulties, but every year sees some new venture attempted; some new victory won. With the opening of the new road to Europe, it is safe to say that manufactures will double in a decade.

Nor is this all. The transmission of power, until a few years ago, was thought to be almost impossible. The limit was thought to be about sixty or seventy miles. Now, it is known that by the erection of "boosting" plants, power can be transmitted for many times this distance. It is only a question of a few years until the two million horse power on the Nelson River will be harnessed and used to the advantage of the people of Manitoba. The other provinces have resources almost as great, and probably the difficulties in the way of utilizing the power are not so many.

So it is permissible for the Western Canadians to be optimists. They are happy in hope. Though they are blest now in climate and soil and in international relations, they are looking forward to the greater day when their fondest hopes will be realized—last-born of nations, greatest of all, greatest in natural resources, industries and manufactures, and greatest in service to mankind. The last alone is the measure of true greatness.

The Juvenile Delinquent

BOYS and girls are just as well-behaved as were their parents when the same age. In cities and towns there are more regulations governing conduct than formerly, and naturally more infractions, so that wrong-doing seems to be on the increase. A police commissioner may say that the young people of today have no respect for law and order, and he will give figures to support his claim. But the moralist, who considers primarily not acts,

but attitudes and motives, will say that the adolescent of 1928, though different from the young person of 1888, has much in his favor.

The transgressions against law and order are more noticeable and perhaps more numerous in cities and towns than in rural communities. One would expect this, because young persons on the farm have something to occupy their leisure time. They have chores to do. The young people of the city find everything ready to hand. If they are to take physical exercise they must seek the playgrounds or the gymnasiums, and, as everyone knows, these are very limited in number. The result is that the young fellows play pranks and sometimes borrow or steal cars. If they do not get relief in this way they go to shows and get a thrill to vary the monotony of life. This, however, does not satisfy the longing for physical activity.

It is very easy for grown people who believe delinquency is on the increase, to find reasons for adolescent depravity. The home, the school, the movie, the literature of the day, the inefficiency of the police, the failure of the courts to understand youth—all are mentioned in turn, and in so far as there is lawlessness, perhaps all are somewhat responsible. There are, however, other factors that enter into the situation. Moral failure often follows physical and intellectual infirmity. A country that does not exercise the utmost care in admitting its citizens, and which has no provision for preventing the multiplication of the feeble-minded must expect to have many who are careless and helpless, when moral decisions have to be made. There are two or three nationalities that should never have been admitted to Canada. There are thousands of irresponsible people where, under a system of marriage prevention there should have been only hundreds. Professor Buller says there are more mentally-unsound people in Canada than there are students in the university.

There is another fact to be considered. Cities that do not provide playgrounds for the young must pay the price. It should be a settled policy in every town to preserve every tenth or twelfth square as a playground for children. Naturally there should be a playground director. He is just as necessary as the school-teacher. Education is given not only in school and home.

It will be conceded that homes have grown lax in the supervision of children. Rather, they have grown helpless—sometimes because the parents are too busy with other concerns, sometimes because they are only too glad to be free from what they consider to be a nuisance. Often the street is a better place for growing youth than the home. The school, too, is at fault in failing to provide things for children to do. It required the Boy Scouts, the Junior Red Cross and organizations of this kind to show that education does not come from book study alone. A programme should primarily meet the needs and aspirations of the pupils; it should not be something thrust upon them without rhyme or reason, and it should be remembered that "the whole boy goes to school."

The Church has failed in similar fashion. The theological conceptions of older people, borrowed from the evangelists of a past generation, are given the young people in lieu of the gospel of love and service. Beliefs that do not crystallize into action are valueless. A church service which emphasizes theorizing, symbolism and meditation does not succeed in touching the lives of young people. They need something to do.

The police force are not blameless. They strain at gnats and swallow camels. They hurry to the juvenile court cases that should be handed over to parents for settlement. Many a youth stays bad for the reason that early in his life he was stamped as a criminal, when he was merely imitative or venturesome.

It is a mighty hard thing for many youngsters in this age to grow up straight. In home there is poverty, squalor, bickering, and unreasonable tyranny of ignorant fathers, on the street are temptations to wrong-doing, in school there are children who enjoy luxuries and by their side those

who have nothing. The laws of adult life permit, and even encourage, the very things that in children are condemned.

There is no denying the fact that young people are growing up who are lawless and vicious, but it is well for society to know that in most cases, they are to be pitied rather than blamed. The real criminals are those who permit conditions that give rise to the evils which are so rightly deplored. When private and institutional life are at fault, why blame the children?

The Clash of Color

IN LAST issue it was hinted that Canada could not escape facing the problem of admitting or rejecting the yellow and brown races. The natural attitude of the Canadian is that this country is to be held for white people. "Only those who can be assimilated should be admitted. Nothing could be more suicidal than the encouragement of races whose chief characteristic is that they have the ability of the rodents, to breed rapidly." An ugly saying this, wherever it came from, but yet it contains some truth. Perhaps it is not altogether to the credit of white people that they cannot breed and support large families. That, however, is not the point. The question is what the world is going to do with these people that have not elbow-room where they are. They are looking to our unsettled lands and some of them are asking a share in it. In a few years they will be demanding a share. What are we to say about it?

In the *Inverness Courier* (Scotland), there is an article that bears right upon this point. Here are two paragraphs:

"The colored races outnumber us by more than two to one, and every advantage the white peoples once enjoyed in their organization, mechanical efficiency and command of transport is being gradually reduced to zero with the passing of the years. The practical exclusion of the Asiatic from our Western lands, unless the need of cheap labor grows very acute, is a challenge that has been taken up eagerly by the red, brown, yellow and black races, who very naturally are asking why they should be excluded from our territories if we are admitted to theirs.

"Lord Willingdon returned from his great task in India to tell the Church Congress that all white men must learn to treat all brown, yellow, red, and black men 'in a spirit of absolute equality.' Another speaker declared that 'the united white front' which some desired to see would only result in the formation of united fronts of other colors, with results destructive to civilization. If the universe exists for moral and spiritual ends, if God has made of one blood all nations to dwell together, if there is design and purpose in the existence of differing peoples, then each has its own contribution to make to the common whole, and Lord Willingdon's counsel is wise, and whether it leads now to a solution of the greatest of the world's problems or not, the only practical and right line for the West to adopt, in hope of restored harmony. We have allowed America to thrust upon Europe the principle of 'self-determination,' and must not fail like her for want of moral courage to let the principle be applied where it is understood and practicable."

It is not the wish of *The Western Home Monthly* to express an opinion on the matter just now, but it is anxious that Canadians, who are so often lacking in foresight, would look a few years ahead and vision what is likely to happen. If there is rejection, and with it retaliation, what will the outcome likely be? If there is admission on a free scale, in what kind of country will our children's children have to live? Would it be possible for two races differing in color to live together in harmony? Think of South Africa; think of the United States. Think of Greater New York—which is not a city, but a group of cities—then ask if it is possible or impossible for white and yellow to live within the borders of the Dominion, side by side, remaining separate, perhaps, but each contributing something to national welfare?



**"My success is
..in keeping Healthy.**

**To me YEAST will
always be as
necessary as water"**

GETTING along, and keeping happy at it, depend pretty much on what folks think of me, and how I strike them. And I've learned that *that* depends largely on my own outlook on people and affairs in general. Clear thinking, rightness of feelings, mood, attitude and decisions—the sunny-side habit—fitness, energy, poise—they mean everything to me.

So I'm one of these HEALTH CUSTOM people, eating yeast three times a day, with every meal, and that means 366 days this year. More than two years since I started.

Made some wrong starts the first few days, too. Ate my yeast last, instead of first. Mixed it with other food, or put it on top of the meal . . . instead of the right way, eating it before or between, sending it ahead to prepare the way, and get all the forces of appetite and digestion at their best.

I was missing a lot of the benefit. But I knew what it was doing for other folks. And I kept right on. Found the best way. So *much* better it amazed me. Stuck to it ever since. No off-and-on about it.

* • •

To ever-increasing thousands, their thrice-daily yeast with each meal is a confirmed and matter-of-fact HEALTH CUSTOM, bringing a daily well-being, physical and mental—a serene joy of living—which they will never willingly forego. A Health Custom now as essential to their physical self-respect as their twice-daily brushing of teeth.

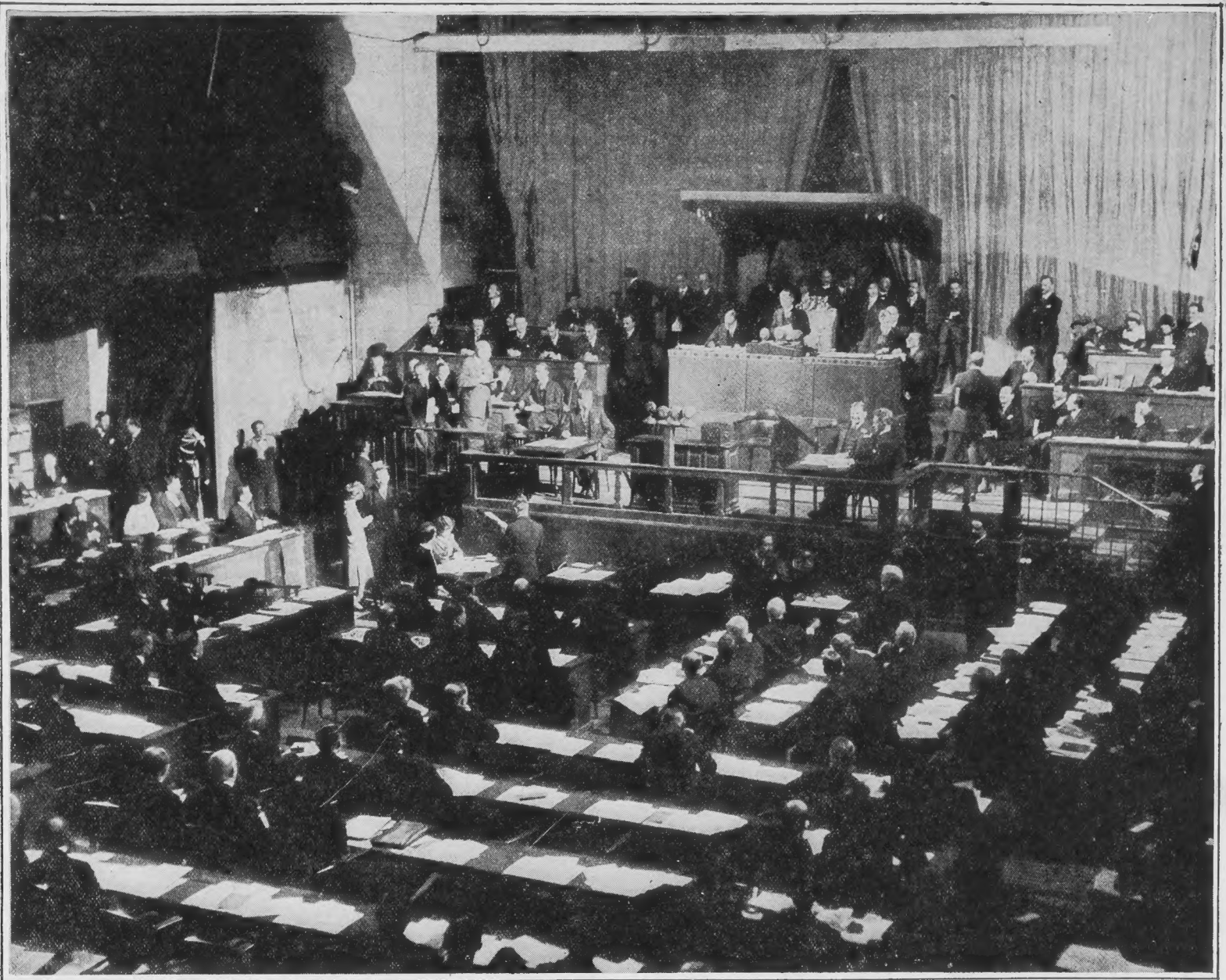
Tell your grocer to add your name to his list for regular delivery, three cakes daily for each member of your family.

A very interesting booklet, "Regaining Health," will be sent you, gladly, if you will write to The Fleischmann Co., Dept. 05-C, 1449 St. Alexander St., Montreal, Que.



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The League of Nations in session in Geneva. A general view of the scene during the assembly of the nations' delegates, and showing President Coata addressing a meeting

League of Nations and its Problems

By D. C. Harvey

Photos by Underwood & Underwood

AN ARTICLE on the League of Nations today need not concern itself with advocacy of the idea. The League is an established fact which has made itself felt as part of the permanent and vital machinery of international relations. Nine years ago the Covenant of the League was accepted and incorporated into the Treaty of Versailles as part of the re-settlement of Europe, and eight years ago the first meeting of the Council was held. Since then the Council has met forty-nine times, and the Assembly eight, so that for eight years the affairs of the world have been discussed at one centre; and, already, an international atmosphere has been felt, the possibility of its creation and development demonstrated. During those eight years, also, funds have been accumulated for the erection of permanent buildings—an international home paid for by international contributions — and among these buildings will be a library built and equipped through the generosity of an American as a proof of the friendship and essential co-operation of that great nation whose president insisted that the Covenant of the League should appear in the Treaty of Peace. The League, then, is here to stay and our main concern henceforth must be with the implications of this association of nations, its present limitations, and the wisest steps to take in developing the institution on right lines in order to ensure an all-inclusive usefulness.

The League of Nations is the embodiment of an idea—the idea that war between nations is a discredited mode of dealing with disputes, that it does not settle disputes, and that the better way is to usher in the reign of law through the agencies of conciliation, arbitration and judicial decision, until there shall be an international conscience, as potent as the influence of public opinion within a community.

During the first five years of its existence the League was hampered, and, as it almost seemed, rendered futile by the fact that peace had not been made in 1919; that unsettled problems of the war dragged on until the Peace of Lausanne, and that, even then, Russia remained as an apparent outlaw from the society of nations. But, during that trying period, machinery was being constructed, precedents being established, problems dealt with, far-reaching, world-wide activities undertaken, and a vast quantity of information collected, sorted, arranged and made available for future use. At the same time ultra-idealistic schemes were being advanced, discussed, and reduced to absurdity; so that, with all this tribulation behind us, we can see more clearly both what has been accomplished, what has been and shall be impracticable. These eight years of discussion have therefore clarified many of our confused dreams and enabled us to see more clearly the true vision.

FROM recent revelations of the view of prominent statesmen at the time, it now appears true beyond doubt that President Wilson conferred a great service upon mankind by insisting at all costs that the Covenant of the League should be inserted in the Treaty of Versailles. Had he not insisted upon this, the temper of the principal Allied and Associated Powers was such that they would have pursued a path of unblushing dictatorship, while an international opinion, an international conscience, and an international mind would have been compelled to wander for another hun-

dred years in the wilderness, as they did after the Congress of Vienna, when similar idealism had been abroad at the close of another Great War, only to be swallowed up by reaction and by mutual distrust.

It is also clear that President Wilson did not believe that perpetual peace had been achieved immediately upon the acceptance of the Covenant by the Allied Powers and of the Treaty by the Germans. As a student of history, he knew both the depth of the longing for peace and the narrowness of the way to its steep and rocky summit; but he felt and he insisted that this narrow way should be outlined and that the torch of peace should be lighted on its summit. This is the meaning and the significance of those memorable words with which he commended the Covenant to the nations of the world assembled in Paris in April, 1919. The settlement, he admitted, might be temporary; but the processes set up in the interest of peace and justice must be permanent; and then he concluded: "I have only tried in what I have said to give you the fountains of the enthusiasm which is within us for this thing; for these fountains spring, it seems to me, from all the ancient wrongs and sympathies of mankind, and the very pulse of the world seems to beat to the surface in this enterprise." It is, therefore, through these permanent processes, by which hopes can be realized and wrongs redressed, that we look forward with confidence to a better day, always remembering with Burke that prudence is the mother of virtues and with Paul that tribulation worketh patience, as does also the study of history.

These permanent processes are the machinery of the League, the Assembly, the Council, the Secretariat, and the International Court of Justice. Of these the Council and Assembly are organs of discussion and general adjustment, the Secretariat is

a channel and depository of information, and the International Court of Justice is an instrument through which the reign of law is to be slowly ushered in. But while there seems to be provision here for all the functions of government, the question of sanctions of means for securing effective decisions remains indefinite; and here is the crux of the whole matter. Can we govern world-relations on the advanced principle of co-operation without any sure force to punish the disobedient or coerce the recalcitrant? It is on this question that much of the discussion has centred since 1919 and will continue to centre for some time to come. The problem may be stated thus: within a nation obedience to law is obtained by two kinds of sanction, remuneratory and punitive. Those who obey the laws have the reward of a good conscience coupled with freedom from conflict, litigation and expense; those who disobey are punished by arrest, fine, imprisonment or death, the sanctions being applied by the police and the courts which have behind them the armed conscience of a democratic community or the standing army of an autocrat. If such sanctions are and have been necessary to ensure good conduct among individuals within a nation, what reason have we to hope for being able to dispense with them in regulating the relations of nations among themselves.

It is this aspect of the present organization of the League of Nations that has given to many supporters of the idea of world peace a feeling of

insecurity, and the problem of security has puzzled the statesmen of Europe ever since the inauguration of the League providing at the same time an adequate plea for delay in disarmament. It is a fear that has beset alike friend and foe of the League. It was in the mind of Wilson who put his faith in remuneratory sanctions alone. It was in the minds of those cynical statesmen who accepted the League with tongue in cheek. It was in the minds of the smaller nations when they were told that at the Armistice the Great Powers had twelve million men in the field and might have dictated the future of the world. It was the inspiration of the Treaty of Mutual Assistance, the Geneva Protocol, the Locarno pact, and the recent drive to secure general acceptance of the optional clause in the statute of the International Court. The problem, therefore, will bear a little closer scrutiny.

The last war was the explosion of a gigantic mine that had been laid by political and economic rivalry in a sea of racial and linguistic passion. It was conducted by scientific destruction and scientific propaganda. As it proceeded the issue was stated as a war of democracy against autocracy, of civil power against militarism, a war to end war, and to enable small and great powers to co-operate for the common good of humanity. As it proceeded, also, the awful destructiveness of modern warfare became apparent and civilization was seen to be tottering. To keep the peoples fighting idealism was exploited, the world was to be made safe for democracy, the last war was to be concluded by a just and permanent peace, accompanied by the liberation of all the oppressed peoples of the world. Hence the theory of self-determination; hence, also, the theory of mandates for the backward peoples. But when the war ended and victory came to the Allied and Associated Powers, it was found that the reconciliation of war

psychology with the mental processes of peace, conquerors with conquered, nationalistic passions with the rights of other nationalities, was no easy task, especially when a war-weary world was urging a group of far-spent statesmen to conclude a world-wide, just and permanent peace, forthwith.

These war-weary statesmen were immediately confronted with the task of creating a new world out of the ruins of the old, and of satisfying the cravings of multitudes whose hopes had been raised by the idealistic declarations of the Allies. President Wilson had declared that the day was gone when peoples and provinces could be bartered about

from sovereignty to sovereignty like chattels; and had championed the idea of self-determination not as a "mere phrase" but as an "imperative principle of action which statesmen will henceforth ignore at their peril." These statesmen, therefore, could not ignore the principle but they found it very difficult to apply.

If self-determination be defined as the right of any group of people, bound together by race, language, tradition or mutual agreement, to determine under which sovereignty it shall dwell or whether it shall constitute a new sovereignty itself, and if this definition be compared with the actual state of Europe in 1918, it will be seen at once how imperative and yet how perilous was the principle. In view of the fact that hitherto no people had been able to renounce its allegiance without war, and that many of these groups were isolated pockets surrounded by other nationalities or almost equally distributed amongst other nationalities, it will be seen how difficult it was to satisfy the wishes of all the peoples and at the same time to do justice to the sovereigns who had hitherto ruled over them. Again, in creating new states or sovereignties out of such groups as could be justly segregated, it was not easy to discover the necessary economic resources, adequate boundaries, and commercial outlets, to permit of a useful separate existence within the new states-system. Because, then, it was found necessary to leave some people with unsatisfied national aspirations and to transfer others to alien rule, there has been handed on to the League the problem of minorities, one of the most incalculable of the dangers to peace.

THE solution temporarily arrived at was a series of treaties with newly-created states or with older states that received new subjects, by which such states bound themselves to guarantee the individual and cultural rights of such minorities and to submit their legislation and administration to the supervision of the League. These treaties have been violently attacked and warmly defended. They have been attacked because they put limits on national sovereignty, created almost as many new minorities as they removed, and were decided upon less from a consideration of the welfare of the peoples than from a desire to build a wall along the eastern boundaries of the enemy Powers. Though the number of minority peoples has been reduced from fifty-four to seventeen millions, among those seventeen millions there exists very combustible material that may at any moment ignite and cause a general European war. This, at any rate, is one constant cause of that feeling of insecurity.

But the chief source of insecurity at present seems to be the reluctance of the Powers to fulfil the promise of the Treaty of Versailles and to disarm. On this point we move in a vicious circle. The Great Powers say they cannot disarm until they feel secure, and the Small Powers say they cannot feel secure until the Great Powers disarm. A word must, therefore, be said on the search for security.

The articles of the Covenant had provided for the mutual guarantee of territory and for peaceful methods of settling disputes; but so much ill-feeling had been engendered amongst the Allies before the Peace was made that little confidence was felt in the efficacy of these provisions, and France in particular insisted upon an Anglo-American-French security pact. This broke down because the United States Senate refused to ratify either the pact or the treaty.

From 1919 to 1923 an effort was made by France and Great Britain to negotiate a Treaty of Mutual

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Prof. Daniel C. Harvey, M.A.



Senator
Raoul Dandurand
of Canada,
President of the
League of Nations.



The eighth assembly pictured above, dealt with the first of its really important resolutions when it took up the report on the Economic Conference held at Geneva last Spring. It pointed out the grave harm done by tariff barriers to European trade and emphasized the need for unification of customs nomenclature and for the stability of commercial treaties



No one could see them now. They were hidden, shut in, as it were, amid the bamboos

IT WAS three o'clock of a bright Saturday afternoon in winter, and Fifth Avenue was at its liveliest. The asphalt, dark and slimy with oil, was almost hidden beneath the endless stream of motor cars. The sidewalks were swarming with people, nearly all of them walking as if for pleasure. Sometimes three or four girls walked abreast, chatting gaily. Hundreds of other pedestrians were obviously of foreign extraction. But they all seemed to be at home on the Avenue. This was New York.

The shop windows were no less gay and expensive than the rolling motor cars and the silks and furs of the passers-by. Chinese and Japanese porcelains, paintings by old masters, etchings by Whistler, diamond dog collars, silk stockings, Chippendale chairs, Oriental rugs, rare books, evening gowns, marvelous neckties for men—all the luxuries and extravagances of the world were here offered for sale. To walk from Madison Square to the Plaza, gazing in all these shop windows, was a liberal education in its way, an education in the decorative and sartorial arts.

But Philip Benton, as he walked up the Avenue, was not thinking about the acquisition of a liberal education. What troubled him was—what to do with his Saturday afternoon and the ensuing Sunday? In short, he was bored. He wanted to get away from this endless stream of people, these miles of flamboyant shops, this squirrel-cage round of earning and spending, of monotonous work and futile amusement, to escape from New York, to find—to find—

Well, he didn't quite know what he wanted to find, but there certainly wasn't anything at present in sight. He envied the four little girls who passed him, chattering happily, out for a stroll to show their clothes and see the sights. He envied the two young bloods who swung their canes and ogled all the girls, and were evidently supremely self-satisfied and content. Philip walked on, more bitter than ever.

The Bamboo Forest

By Walter Prichard Eaton

Author of "The Idyl of Twin Fires," "The Bird-House Man," Etc.

Illustrated by N. Grandmaison

Then he caught sight of a sign in front of a picture dealer's, advertising a series of Alaskan landscapes. That was something a little different, anyhow. He took the elevator to the gallery, which he knew to be on the top floor of one of those old Avenue dwellings now converted to trade.

But on the top floor he could see no Alaskan landscapes. The Alaskan pictures were in a new gallery on the floor below, an attendant told him. Philip walked down the stairs, and entered a smaller room—once, no doubt, a chamber in the old house—which was artificially lighted, and, save along by the walls, unusually dim. No street noises penetrated here, and curiously enough, he was alone in the gallery. The crowd preferred the canvases upstairs, by better-known artists.

Philip was not expectant. He was merely mildly curious to learn what Alaska looks like. But he had not walked far along one side of the gallery before these pictures, commonplace technically, began to weave their spell upon him. "The Solitudes of the Yukon," one was called. How cold was that world it represented, how dull in color, how infinite in silent spaciousness! Philip shivered—and then he thrilled. He stepped back to view the picture from a greater distance, and became aware of somebody else in the gallery.

He turned and looked into the face of a girl, a face vaguely familiar. But he was astonished when the girl smiled a greeting and said: "Good afternoon, Mr. Benton."

Philip was like most people. When he didn't place a person who placed him he generally sparred for an opening, in the hope of getting a clew before he was found out. But

in this case, he did nothing of the sort. The girl had a certain air of frankness about her which made him say: "You have the advantage of me, I'm afraid. I know I've seen you, but that's as far as my recollection goes."

The girl laughed, brushing back a rebellious lock under her small hat. She was rather a small person, in fact—at least, she was not large; and she looked extremely trim and fetching.

"No, you wouldn't remember," she said, "you are always in such a hurry to see Mr. Thompson."

"Oh!" said Philip. "Now I know! You're his secretary. But I never saw you before with a hat and coat on. It—it makes you quite different."

"It's not the hat and coat," she answered. "It's being out of the office. I am different. I am quite a different person. I leave my business self behind in my locker when I take the elevator Saturday noon."

"I try to Miss—?"

"Boltwood," she said.

"I try to. But what's the good? What else is there for any other self to do on Saturdays and Sundays?"

"That never troubles me," she smiled. "I just have an elegant time being somebody who isn't a secretary! Some Saturdays I carpet my house, sometimes I furnish it, sometimes I stock my library, then again I decorate. Today I was going to buy pictures."

"Your house must be quite elegant by now," Philip laughed.

"Oh, it is! But I haven't begun the garden yet. I have lots to do."

"What style is it in?" he asked.

"I don't know," she admitted. "I'm afraid it's late Fifth Avenue."

"And where is your house? Is that on the Avenue, too?"

"I've not moved it out of Spain yet," she smiled, Philip fancied a little wistfully—or was it the dim light in the gallery?

He turned toward the walls again. "These pictures—they are the first I have seen for weeks that interested me," he said. "I've passed by all the pretty Metcalfe's and Weir's upstairs, and ignored the old masters up and down the Avenue. But these were painted by a man who has been a thousand miles on the other side of the Beyond, into the solitudes of the Arctic Circle. You can take a week-end stroll through a Metcalfe landscape at any time—any time you have the price and the week-end. But it takes half a year, a guide and a dogsled to get far enough from New York to see the solitudes of the Yukon. No Broadway and no Fifth Avenue up there! It makes my legs ache and my trigger finger twitch and my heart pound!"

The girl, who had been looking at the pictures, turned and looked at him. "Is that what you want—to get far away from New York?"

He nodded. "That's what I want today, at any rate," he said.

"Then come with me." She spoke impulsively, as if out of a sudden enthusiasm.

"Are we going by boat or train?" he laughed. "I should like time to pack."

"We are going on a magic carpet," she answered, "and on that route everything is provided."

They went out of the gallery and down in the elevator together. It was a small elevator and they were alone in it.

"This is very nice," said Philip, looking into her face. "I believe you are going to save my life this afternoon."

The girl colored a little, and let her eyelids fall. She had very long lashes, Philip noticed. She also had a saucy nose that stopped an eighth of an inch before it should have done so by classic rules of beauty. She walked briskly, leading him back down the Avenue.

"Where are we going?" said he.

"Don't be impatient, little boy," she answered. "We are not going back to the Rutgers Building, anyway. Isn't that enough?" "It helps," he admitted.

PRESENTLY she turned abruptly into a Japanese store, leading him past the white lamps, the stone lanterns, the dwarf trees, to the door of a tiny elevator, for this store, too, was using a converted dwelling where there was no space for large elevators. They ascended to the top storey, and stepped out into a long room running the full depth of the house. Here, again, they were the only occupants. The room was very still. It was filled with the characteristic odor of sandalwood, and there was no furniture in it except screens—no pictures, no adornment of any sort. It was a sanctuary of screens—small screens two feet high; tall screens in single panel against the walls; still taller screens in six panels standing by themselves; screens of pure gold; screens of shimmering silk; screens with cranes upon them; screens with rice fields, and the white peak of Fujiyama—a wilderness and delicate mystery of screens.

The attendant who had brought them up stood silent by the door of the elevator. He was a Japanese himself, and struck no false note in the picture. Philip paused, surprised and delighted. The effect was instantaneous on entering the quiet room. You had stepped out of Fifth Avenue, out of New York, into a world of gold and silk, of delicate landscapes in gray and cherry, in white and black, in blue and green, into the civilization of the East. This was not the "Oriental Store" of the street level. This was not a store at all. This was Japan.

"I never knew it was here!" said Philip, his voice unconsciously hushed in the stillness of the room.

"I have many of these screens in my house," said the girl, in the same hushed voice. "You've no idea how lively a blue bowl full of cherry or plum blossoms is against that screen of beaten gold."

"And you wear a pink kimono while you are arranging them?" said he.

She smiled up at him out of the corner of her eyes. "Blue," she said. "Pink is not my color."

"Pardon me—I hope to know better in time," he answered.

The girl did not reply to this. "Come," she said, "and I'll take you farther away from New York than even the Yukon."

She led him to the other end of the room, and stopped before a screen in the corner. It was six feet high, and in six panels. The frame was Japaned black, severe and simple. On the first panel, to the left, a small stream was tumbling in white foam over a precipice, surrounded by lush verdure. Above was the blue sky. The stream tumbled into the second panel, where it grew perceptibly larger, and less rapid in motion. The trees were higher in its banks. When it reached the third panel, it was quite evidently entering a lowland of bamboos. The stream widened and the bamboos grew thicker and taller on the bank through the fourth



"She looked even more fetching and jaunty now, but, as they went out of the store, he noticed her eyelashes were wet"

and fifth panels, till on to the sixth and last the swirling brownish-green water took up the entire foreground of the picture, and the wilderness of slender green bamboos upon the further bank filled all the rest of the space. Condensed in twelve lateral feet by crafty perspective, was the life of a mountain torrent from its first leap into the valley to its full tide in the depths of the bamboo forest.

And all the work was done by patient embroidery, silk on silk, done with all the skill and ease of paints, with the loveliest of colors—cool browns, blues, and greens, and with a silken shimmer paints can never have. "Isn't it beautiful?" said the girl.

"It's—it's more than that," said Philip, looking long upon it. "It's a miracle!"

They stood side by side, in the silence of the strange room, gazing into the green depths of the bamboo forest. Then the man said, suddenly: "I wonder what it costs?"

The girl looked up at him. "What a question!" she exclaimed. "What difference does it make?"

"Just the same, I'm going to find out."

He beckoned to the attendant.

"Twelve hundred dollars," said the salesman, in perfect English, with the impassivity of a catalogue.

"Well, I guess it's worth it," said Philip sadly. The attendant bowed his head slightly, and again withdrew.

"You shouldn't have asked," said the girl. "It always spoils things to ask the price."

"Oh, not so bad as that," said he. "I'll tell you what—I'll give you this screen for your house in Spain!"

"I don't think my mother would have approved of my accepting so expensive a gift from a gentleman," she laughed. "Still, I—I accept. Only you must let me give you something in return, for *your* house."

"I haven't any house," said Philip.

"What? Why, the idea! You must begin one immediately!"

"Will you help me?" he asked, looking into her eyes.

"I—I might, just to get you started," she answered, dropping her lashes again.

"Come, then, let's begin at once!" he cried.

They started back up the Avenue together. "Now, it seems to me I ought to begin with furniture," Philip was saying.

"That's a good idea," she agreed, so they turned down a side street a few steps to a furniture shop, and began to wander through it. They quarreled quite energetically over the relative merits of a Dutch and a Governor Winthrop Highboy, they agreed enthusiastically on the charm of a set of Heppelwhite dining-room furniture, they grew impatient at the newness of most of the other offerings, and retraced their steps across Fifth Avenue to Fourth, and began wandering in antique shops instead.

"Ah!" cried Philip, pointing to an old mahogany mantel clock, "a clock like that used to tick sleepily on grandfather's kitchen mantel when I was a kid! You may give me that."

"It is hardly a fair balance for a twelve-hundred-dollar screen," the girl smiled.

"You forget, this is a New York antique shop!" Philip replied.

"It's yours," she said. "Where did your grandfather live, by the way?"

"Where he could see Mount Washington on a clear day from the hill behind the barn," said Philip. "My, there were huckleberries on that hill!"

"Huckleberries!" said she. "Do you really mean huckleberries? Or do you mean blueberries?"

"I mean *huckleberries*," said he, sternly. "There's quite a difference, you know. Or don't you?"

She clapped her hands. "Oh, you *do* know," she cried. "Think

of meeting somebody in New York who knows what a huckleberry is! I had a grandfather, too, strange as it may seem. He lived where he could see Wachusett out of the kitchen window."

"How good they were, on a hot day, bobbing around in a big bowl of Jersey milk and pilot crackers," said Philip.

Continued on page 56



"It was sure to become one of the finest wheat districts in the world and as for hardships—why man, their ain't none such" he said.

JOHANN LIND

By Laura Goodman Salverson

Illustrated by J. F. Clymer

THIRD INSTALMENT

THE life of the prairie pioneer was uneventful at best. The failure of the Riel Rebellion had marked the last period of romantic unrest. After that life moved on in its humdrum channels; the white man claiming more and more of the great Dominion, the red man adjusting himself to a strange and pathetic existence.

Lawlessness, it is true, still existed in the border towns where whisky peddlers plying their illicit trade took advantage of the simple breeds and Indians to debauch and despoil them. But even this boiling of the teapot was effectively checked by the installation of the Royal North West Mounted Police throughout the territory.

Strip by strip the virgin prairie retreated before the plow, and just as surely, the forest fell before the woodman's axe. A network of roads spread over the countryside, binding together the once isolated homesteads. Little log cabins flying the Union Jack sprang up like toadstools proclaiming that even here Britain would teach her children. Missionaries, full of zeal and selfless purpose, spurred their tired nags over the cruel trails that this hunger for learning might be fostered and sustained in the Christian principles.

By the time Johann and Andre were grown to husky young manhood the rush into the Saskatchewan was just beginning. The Canadian Northern had opened up a new territory; a vast prairie, level as a bowling green, requiring but the minimum of labor to be converted to golden grain fields.

Ole was by now little more than a figurehead in his household. The boys and Helga were the real power. Both Johann and Andre worked out the

greater part of the year, entering the harvest fields of men who had proved wiser than their father, and in winter going to Winnipeg or Regina to seek employment. Andre hated the harvesting, but found the city much to his liking. He was something of a dandy and always managed to find a job where that weakness proved an asset. Winnipeg was more to his fancy; it had a certain air, and such pretty young ladies!

Regina was just emerging from its frontier squalor. Johann, however, true to his queer complexes, had a tender regard for the uninspiring little town. It was struggling so hard to justify its existence. He loved to remind Andre of its actual progress. Ten years ago there had been only one street, the trading post, a bad hotel, some two or three houses and a pump. Now it was beginning to justify the erection of the Government buildings and the Police Barracks, at the instigation of a certain land-holding gentleman. Oh, yes, Regina would one day be a city, said Johann, and a pretty one at that.

But though the Boens contrived to make ends meet they were not satisfied, there was no future in staying where they were. Wheat, wheat, wheat! That was the cry re-echoing all about them. "No money in farming on a small scale; wheat and more wheat, *there's* the way to fortune." So said one neighbor to another. But for wheat one must have wide and level lands.

At last Johann caught the fever and, as Helga put it, when he caught anything, he caught it *bad*. In his heart Johann suspected it wasn't so much the lure of the wheat that tempted him as the chance to get away from his old surroundings.

He had a reputation for being "queer." He was moody and difficult to understand, having little to say and saying that little in a cryptic way that puzzled and sometimes offended. It was whispered that he drank with the harvest hands, swung the girls too energetically at village dances, and laughed at sober reformers. Then again, in contrast he was known to shun all society for weeks on end, burying himself in a pile of books or tramping the woods in search of copy for his endless "whittling." Herman alone understood him, or thought he did. Even Helga rued the mysterious in his nature; mystery might be well enough in the Here-after, thought she, but provocative and suspicious in everyday life. She wished he were different but, if a neighbor hinted at some raw indiscretion she invariably had recourse to her old excuse: "Oh, well, what can you expect of Johann Lind?" which explanation, though not very lucid, gave to the busy gossips delightful hours of speculation. Thus constituted, it was not surprising that once having caught the migratory fever, Johann could not be stopped.

Andre wasn't so keen about it. To him the old life seemed well enough. What was more, just as soon as he could make his mother see reason he intended to leave the farm forever. And, good opportunist that he was, Andre decided to lend his persuasive powers to Johann's venture. Once uprooted from the old home Helga might be easier to manage. She was too content in her little corner

of the world and expected her family to be happy with her.

They had a hard time to win her over. She was getting old; the weight of years and ceaseless toil was beginning to tell on her. But in the end their young enthusiasm triumphed. Besides, they told her, there would be nothing approximating the hardships of her former homesteading; nothing in fact, for her to do but watch them work.

IT WAS early in the following spring that Johann and Ole left the crowded train at Saskatoon, a shanty town bordering on the Saskatchewan river. A not particularly charming place, this ambitious town, bristling with sharp-eyed traders of the gold brick variety.

In front of the evil smelling hotel one of these good Samaritans was extolling the virtues of a team of oxen which charity induced him to offer for sale to a mild-looking foreigner. Something in the foreigner's face attracted Johann and he edged his way through the crowd of amused loiterers waiting to see the "greenhorn" stung. "Yes, indeed," went on the gay deceiver, "that team was a marvel of endurance, and as young and handsome as any that ever crossed the plains." Not only that, but they were prairie-broke, said he, would gee and haw, be driven by line, or lead; could, in fact, do anything an intelligent animal was expected to do. They were a gift at two hundred and fifty dollars but, owing to a burning zeal to help future settlers, he was willing to sacrifice the team to the lucky stranger.

A wicked light leaped to Johann's eyes. "What's their trotting record, partner?" he drawled, his slow voice curiously arresting and magnetic. The eloquent salesman whirled round sharply, but his retort was drowned in a roar of laughter.

"Ja, answer that, you Prairie Shark," roared Ole in high glee.

The man accepted this with the rough good-nature of the times. It wouldn't do to lose his temper and a sale at the same time. He had the grace to grin. "Well, now," said he, "if it's racers you think he's after, partner, by the black Judas I've got them too! Look you at those horses yonder. Now there's a team worth the having! None of your imported stock, tough as nails, those ponies, and inured to any weather. Yes, sir, feed 'em wild hay, give 'em slough water and they'd still defy the worst bogey of swamp fever!"

Here followed an enticing description of the various attributes of that particular specie of Western horse, but the magic failed. Johann's laughter had broken the spell.

After some little hesitation the relieved foreigner and intended victim walked up to the friendly Scandinavians. "You come here new, too, maybe?" was his mild query.

"Nu, yes and no," Ole replied cheerfully. "New here, but not so new in Canada. Is it you just come over?"

The stranger nodded, gloom overspreading his honest Dutch countenance. "Just! A farm I would like me to get, with good water, but not too much. In Holland, now, it's always too much. Water, water, and not so much land! *Allemachter!* it's a muddle I'm in . . . this so terrible bigness—" He flung wide his stubby arms to indicate the breadth of the noble prairies. "Such a bigness! and these people—"

"We're going to locate tomorrow, if possible," Johann interrupted. "Perhaps you'd like to join us; it'll be cheaper and we know the ways of the country."

"Ja, sure!" roared Ole, clapping his red paw in honest encouragement on the Dutchman's shoulder. Sure thing! you just come along. Johann, he's a smart guy, and me—well, I know what's foolishness all right, and on this prairie business I'm like a sea-horse on water. That's a good idea, you bet . . . What's your name?"

"Van Meiris, Peter Van Meiris. *Allemachter!* but a luck it was you came. Almost I buy them oxen yet; and how fast they go maybe I don't know."

"Ja, da, well, you follow us, Peter, and you'll land somewhere, all right. Ain't it so, Johann?"

Johann nodded, his black eyes gently mocking. "Quite right, Father, if he follows you he'll sure

land somewhere. But now, suppose we eat and hunt a place to sleep."

The following morning the men made their way to the Land Office. A less inviting place can scarcely be imagined; at best a bad make-shift consisting of a single dirty little room on the top floor of an implement building. After scaling the rickety ladder to this ill-smelling den of golden opportunities they found themselves in the midst of an exasperated crowd of home-seekers.

There was so much those home - hungry, anxious-hearted, prospective settlers wanted to know and the sole representative of the Great Domain at hand to serve them was a pimply youth barely out of his teens! His service was limited to the pointing out of certain grubby maps and the repetition of tedious

bulletin statistics. One intelligent statement, though a discouraging one, Johann managed to get out of him. Every scrap of land within a radius of twenty miles had been filed on! "However," the bored young diplomat further informed them; many settlers are going south-west." Whether this was a wise course or not he could not say, but, all they had to do was to go out there and see for themselves. Asked if maps were available the stripling assumed a wounded air. No! What did they expect? The Department had boasted a good supply but with such a rush—well, what did they expect? After all it was very simple; their land located, back they'd come to file entry, and there was an end of it!

Johann's temper almost got the better of him, but he laughed instead. Indeed, why be angry with a numbskull? There were other sources of information.

Over a dinner of greasy pork and soggy potatoes an old prospector told them that by far the happiest course was to hire a rig and just drive off haphazard till they found someone willing to help them locate. "You'll always hit a squatter somewhere about itchin' to earn a dollar," said he. "But don't ye be played for no suckers; they'll ask ye ten for the rig, but hold out fer eight—that's a-plenty."

Poor Van Meiris thought it much more than plenty and Ole fumed in true Norse fashion until Johann reminded them that at least they were lucky in not bearing the expense alone. "Nu, ja, that's so," the lackadaisical Ole saw the point at



dealt with. It is that of a young girl raised in the remote hills by an old shepherd, peculiar in many of his habits and antiquated in ideas, immersed in the traditions of countless centuries and surcharged with superstitions. With the dawning of womanhood the young girl seeks freedom, and in her encounter with a wider civilization in the service of Fru Lind she becomes the mother of Johann Lind. It is arranged that the tiny infant should be transplanted to the fair Dominion of Canada under the affectionate care of Helga and Ole Boen, servants of the Lind family. From the point of landing in Quebec, we find him in Winnipeg, and eventually in Saskatchewan, near Qu'Appelle, where he grows up to manhood with his foster brother Andre as his companion. He meets the trials, tribulations and temptations incidental to a new country, all of which helped in the creating of a remarkable, imaginative young mind, flooded with dreams of great ambition. We know of no literature better calculated to give the correct idea of the enriching contribution made by the Norse people to the national life of Canada.

once. "Ja, that's so, Peter, it ain't so bad. Six for Johann and me, two for you." That's settled.

They very gladly turned their backs on the shanty town, following its sandy main street till it merged into a seemingly endless trail, which they followed until by night the sight of a homesteader's shack struck them as the most welcome of visions. A small indefinite sort of man opened the door to their eager knocking. He was not exactly enthusiastic but, nevertheless, assured the travellers that both he and his "missus" were accustomed to

putting up strangers. His house was small, but such as it was stood open to the traveller. It was, indeed, a small, comfortless place, but not altogether cheerless. The main body of the house, a single fairly large chamber, divided in two by a bright red cotton curtain, had on the one side an iron bedstead badly in need of paint, and on the other a obsolete stove, irreproachably clean and in a subtle way the keynote of the household. The bareness of wood and wall was bravely combated by scripture mottoes, and highly colored calendars depicting the charms and virtues of rosy dairy maids and cream separators. Moreover, the little house boasted a folding-couch, several reed-bottom chairs, a stout oak table and a home-made china-cupboard.

Johann suggested that he and his companions should sleep in the hayloft rather than crowd the family but the friendly housewife would not hear of it. She was delighted to have them; life was so dull on the Prairie.

While she busied herself getting up a meal, Johann went out to attend to the horses. Alone for the first time in the beautiful Prairie night he seemed indeed to have entered a new world. The steel-grey sky, deepened in places to purple, and studded with points of flame, was of an incomparable beauty. The young moon, very pale and white, smiled down upon the virgin fields.

While the horses munched their oats in grateful contentment Johann gazed over the quiet land. Every blade of last year's grass stood tipped in globules of glittering ice and the wind rocking these made a delicate music that captured the fancy and stimulated imagination. Spring had come too soon; these were her tears glistening on the grass; this her soft reproach for the cold reception. But even in its melancholy the wide Prairie had a grace and majesty about it that Johann knew he must always love.

At the same time he was conscious of rekindling discontent. What was the good of sensibility in a limited existence? In the life of brute activity its only gift was pain. God, how he hated monotony! How he hated the wheel of life! Drudging to eat; eating to drudge again! In a world of boundless resources and infinite beauty that it should be so was a libel against progress. It was wrong; it was wicked; it was unnatural! The concept was badly distorted somewhere; the show a farce; Johann was sick to death of it.

It was not the first time. These periodic revolts were an inescapable inheritance. At such times Johann felt himself a trapped animal caught in a cage of circumstance over which he had no control. There was the irony of it! Resentment gave no release; battle no freedom. Ah, he knew—he had seen a captive fox fighting the steel trap . . . Poor little devil, he was glad now he had shot it, despite the ruin of its glossy pelt. When these

The Story Thus Far

The Western Home Monthly commenced the publication of this wonderful, thrilling, gripping story by Laura Goodman Salverson with its March issue, creating an interest as it developed that has seldom been equalled by any Canadian story. The fact that the author is in all respects except origin a Western Canadian has given the serial a very pronounced additional zest. To the spirit of romance, adventure, and mysticism that is her Norse heritage, she combines a knowledge of Western Canadian life, conditions and ambitions that are intimate and accurate.

In the two previous instalments the plot, which is laid in the Norse country is dealt with. It is that of a young girl raised in the remote hills by an old shepherd, peculiar in many of his habits and antiquated in ideas, immersed in the traditions of countless centuries and surcharged with superstitions. With the dawning of womanhood the young girl seeks freedom, and in her encounter with a wider civilization in the service of Fru Lind she becomes the mother of Johann Lind. It is arranged that the tiny infant should be transplanted to the fair Dominion of Canada under the affectionate care of Helga and Ole Boen, servants of the Lind family. From the point of landing in Quebec, we find him in Winnipeg, and eventually in Saskatchewan, near Qu'Appelle, where he grows up to manhood with his foster brother Andre as his companion. He meets the trials, tribulations and temptations incidental to a new country,

all of which helped in the creating of a remarkable, imaginative young mind, flooded with dreams of great ambition. We know of no literature better calculated to give the correct idea of the enriching contribution made by the Norse people to the national life of Canada.

moods obsessed him Johann's temper was not of the best nor his actions self-explanatory. He might do one thing, he might do another—but only the saints knew what. So now he lingered out in the cold night long after supper was called. And, when exasperated beyond measure, Ole roared at him in his violent way he laughed recklessly and walked off towards a gleaming slough that shone like a giant shield in the distance. It comforted his temperamental nature to muse upon that frozen pond couched into inaction by unfriendly circumstance.

When he returned his companions reproached him curly whilst his hostess poured out tea in chilly silence. But, restored to

excellent humor he laughed lightly and, catching at the offended lady's hand drawled in his soft fashion: "Madame forgives—the night here is so lovely." Poor Prairie drudge, the blood rushed to her face in a painful tide. Of course she forgave him, flew about on willing feet to serve him, for had he not thought her capable of knowing beauty? Her, the wilderness slave!

Johann's belated meal over, the talk reverted to land, homesteaders, and wheat. Wheat! wheat! The glowing gold of the Prairies! In her corner by the stove the faded housewife washed her

dishes and listened patiently. It was like the plague, this talk of new possibilities. It invaded the home, struck at its basic peace, and left it shattered. But she was hardened to it. She had heard it so often, this engaging tale of gold for the asking. In Ontario, in Manitoba, and now in the Saskatchewan. And she wasn't so old—

First there was silence, then Johann burst into sudden laughter.

"Well," said he, "I call this a dead crowd. Supposing we liven up a little? Tomorrow is time enough to return to the land. Why not tell one of your yarns, Ole? A little fun; a song or two, and a gale of laughter, that's what we want—don't you think so, Mrs. Potter?"

Ah, didn't she think so! Her answer came like a passionate prayer. "Yes! Yes! Something to make us laugh; something to make us happy—to make us forget. Land, land, land—all the day we live it, hear it, breathe it. Anything else will be a blessing!"

"Nu, da," Ole shrugged uncomfortably in his chair, "that Johann is a smart one to make a fool of his papa. But, well—the sea, now, it has a way with it you never forget . . .

"Ja, it's a sad business, that coastguard duty—what with dead people you drag up bloated from the sea . . . but it's back I'd like to be. Ja, back—so safe in a nice little boat!"

Then must the homesick Hollander burst into passionate rhapsody. Ah, his Holland! His beloved Holland, sitting like a queen 'mid her silver wastes. Ah, that was a country for you, laced and interlaced with silver channels that fed the patient fields. *Allemachter*, what a foolishness ever to leave it!

In her corner Mrs. Potter smiled bitterly. That was the first cry—the old familiar cry of every exile . . . but wait, Canada has an opiate for that growing pain—a bitter medicine but most effective. Yet her heart went out in sympathy despite herself. Not to him, it is true, but to the wife he had mentioned—the little woman who even now was dreaming the foolish rosy dreams all women dreamed of the homes they would build in the good Canadian West. In her bitterness she saw again the neat village where she had grown to maturity; where she now imagined everyone dwelt in unalloyed bliss and happiness . . . why had she left?

Then they sang, each in a different key, but with the best intentions. Sang, and sang again, until the soreness melted out of their hearts and a glow of contentment replaced unrest, and doubt, and dull despair. Later, Mrs. Potter did her best to make comfortable beds on the floor for her guests.

But, when she lay down to sleep she tried to reason away her foolishness. It was all part of the rough-and-tumble life of the Prairie, and these men were one with that life. Then, disconcerting denial, she seemed to hear Johann's soft laughter . . . queer young man that; not a bit like a Scandinavian—not a bit like anyone she had ever met . . . what irony that his lot should be cast in such thorny ways!

Shortly before noon, the following day, the little party reached a

fairly well settled farm, beautifully situated on a slight rise, where one could view an uninterrupted sea of prairie rolling for miles. The farmer was an up-and-coming American, kindly, curious and shrewd. This thrifty optimist offered to locate the strangers for twenty-five dollars apiece; what was more, stood ready to leave at once—unless, of course, they care to stay for dinner. Ole, recalling his own wanderings on behalf of many a prospective settler, opened his round eyes till they popped like balls from their sockets.

"Ja, by dam!" was all he found to say. Johann laughed his silky laughter.

"Now, that would be too much," said he. "We would never expect such a sacrifice of time and intelligence from anyone!" What he proposed to do was just wander round a bit; and if luck failed there was always the alternative of going back—

As before noted, the American was shrewd, and at heart a good fellow. Shifting his corn-cob pipe from one groove of yellow teeth to another he hastened to amend matters. "Reckon you misunderstood me, partner. Twenty-five is all right but, 'live and let live,' says I, that's the best gospel. Yes, sir, no one's going to say Tim Patrick tried to squeeze blood from a stone—what do you say, friends, to a cup of Ma's excellent tea?"

So, despite a bad beginning, things turned out pleasantly, and Tim Patrick proved a valuable guide. His enthusiasm alone was worth a good deal. In his eyes this part of the Saskatchewan was already on the highroad to success. It was sure to become one of the finest wheat districts in the world. And as for hardships—"Why, man, there ain't none such!" said he.

Under such shining optimism even home-sick Van Meiris began to brighten, and when the time came for parting with his new friends he spoke with assurance of the future.

"Ja, sure thing," Ole wrung Peter's hand in hearty Nordland fashion. "Sure, Peter, we'll work like a thousand devils and all will be fine, you bet!" Yet when he himself neared home the light

went out of his soul. Sensing his depression, Johann tried to be encouraging. Ole just shook his shaggy old head and sighed like a walrus. "You can say what you please, Johann, but you can't fool me. Them Prairies, now—by golly! Dull—dull like a dead calm, that's what they are. Herre Gud! Such a place to die in . . . Poor Ole looked so utterly forlorn that Johann had difficulty in restraining his amusement.

HELGA did not see her new home until the next year, by which time her men had already completed the house and barn, besides plowing sixty acres of virgin prairie. When she caught sight of those acres—great welts of sod softened by winter snows—waiting the plow, the harrow and the seeder, she experienced the strangest exaltation. She felt like a conqueror entering newly subjugated territory. These wide stretches of fertile lands were hers—her men had claimed them for her! Oh, it was fine, it was wonderful! It gave one a sense of power and limitless freedom. What bespoke monotony to Ole whispered mystery to her. Then, too, the new house was an object of pride. To be sure, it was only a three-room shack, but it was *timber*. This she felt was a tremendous stride upward—logs were so commonplace.

On the whole, the Boen household was a contented one. The sole exception was Andre, who found life dull and labor uncongenial. But Helga met all his fretful moods with sunny promises. Just one good crop and her boy should no longer work in the fields like a common peasant. No, her Andre should go to the city to study, to be a gentleman. There were schools there to teach one business; how to make money easily without ugly labor. To such a school he should go.

Fortunately for Helga, Andre was her only problem just then, since Ole was momentarily held captive by the lure of wheat. Once into the business of conquering the soil the thing took hold of him. Moreover, he came to love his horses as he had loved his life-boat at home. He loved them

for their wise persistence; for the way they dug their feet into the soil, straining till the muscles bunched out like knots of steel on their huge haunches. Ah, that was the way to fight the tough glebe! Plunging, gripping, tearing through! The rich black earth took on a vast enchantment, became a realm of boundless possibilities to be won by persistent toil. A fight, that's what it was. That's what bent Ole's back to the plow as it once had bent to the oar. Ja, and never a sunlit sea seemed more lovely than that hard-won field of his, when at last it lay cowed and smooth, awaiting the seeder.

But, with the crop in, Ole's spirit drooped again. The battle was over; the struggle at an end. Andre showed a like disposition. He hated self-imposed responsibility and began to wish he hadn't lent his moral support to this Saskatchewan adventure. He began to suspect that freedom would be as dearly bought here as elsewhere. However, he had wisdom enough to realize that this was no time to admit regrets. Things would work out somehow. How, he did not propose to make his business. Consequently the burden of constructive planning and

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Andre was such a boy for compliments, it made her dizzy

Motherhood in Art

By A. W. McNeil and William Thompson, F. R. G. S.

THE shadow of a mother's love fixed in permanent outline," is the remark a famous writer made as he gazed upon one of Raphael's matchless Madonnas. The description applies to many of the world's great paintings of which motherhood has been the inspiration.

Whistler's "Portrait of His Mother," is perhaps the best known and liked of the modern works on the subject. He modestly designated it as "An Arrangement in Gray and Black." The picture was without a purchaser for twenty years, although it was offered to the United States for only twelve hundred dollars. It was finally bought by appreciative France, and is now a treasure of the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris.

The aged mother is seated, feet resting on a low stool, hands folded in her lap. She wears a simple black dress and a white cap with a suggestion of lace on its strings. The room is done in restful gray. A dark green curtain with a Japanese design of white flowers, hangs in straight folds at the left. Everyone who has known the "old school" type of mother sees his own in the nobility of character that is so apparent, the simple dignity of the pose and the serenity of the fine old face.

Mrs. Whistler was a strict Puritan. Her husband was a West Point graduate and a Major in the army. James, their artist son, was born in Lowell, Mass., in 1834. The family moved to Stonington, Conn., and when the boy was nine years old they went to Russia, on summons of the Czar, who desired Major Whistler, a renowned civil engineer as well as soldier, to supervise the construction of a railroad from St. Petersburg to Moscow. The Whistler children were brought back to the United States to complete their education. It was supposed that James would follow in the footsteps of several generations of ancestors and fit himself for a military career, but Fate decreed otherwise. He was at West Point for three years but failed to pass an examination in chemistry and left to devote himself to art, for which the world gives thanks. He had drawn creditably from the age of four. He excelled in color schemes and among his paintings are the titles: "A Symphony in White; Rose and Gold; Gray and Silver; A Note in Blue and Opal, and Green and Gold."

MADAME LE BRUN and Her Daughter are familiar to all art lovers. Little Jeanne has impulsively thrown her arms about her youthful parent and as the two faces smile out from the canvas it would be impossible to decide which is the more beautiful. The child is blue-eyed and rosy. Her curls are not confined and she wears a quaint, full-cut frock with sleeves turned back. The mother's hair is held in place with a band of ribbon. She is clad in a white garment, falling away from her shoulder, a fringed sash and folds of darker material are draped over her knees.

Madame Le Brun was the most popular portrait painter in France. She had a large following among the aristocrats and when the Revolution broke out her life was imperilled because of their friendship. She and the little daughter escaped from the country disguised as paupers. They spent years in travel and wherever they went, their beauty, charm, and accomplishments won them the admiration of all. Jeanne was married at seventeen.



"Queen Marie Antoinette and her Children" By Mme Lebrun

Another of Madame Le Brun's charming paintings is that of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette and her family, posed in a room of the royal palace. It is displayed in the Versailles Museum. The Queen's eldest daughter nestles lovingly against her, and she is holding her infant. The little Dauphin, fate unknown, who would have been Louis Seventeenth of France, is pulling aside the coverlets of the cradle from which the babe has evidently just been taken. The mother is every inch the queen, and the three children are adorable. One shudders to think that the shadow of the Terror was even then looming upon the horizon of France, and that the guillotine would soon claim the queen and prison, or worse, the handsome boy.

JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET, 1814-1875, painted peasant types and his art was not appreciated until he had grown old. He once gave six drawings for a pair of shoes and a painting for a bed. He began to draw in earliest childhood. When he was eighteen, his attention was attracted by an aged man leaning heavily upon his cane as he made

rheumatic progress homeward from church. Millet sketched him in charcoal on a stone wall and the likeness was so perfect that the village began to applaud the lad's talent and raised money to send him to Paris to pursue the study of art. "The First Step" is one of his best pictures. Baby has clamored for his father who is working in the garden. The delighted parent has laid his gardening tools aside and kneels with outstretched arms, while the mother guides the little fellow's uncertain feet towards him.

Millet also painted "Feeding Her Birds." Looking from the window of his studio, he saw three of his own children sitting upon the cottage doorstep while their mother fed them, in turn, sips of broth from a huge, wooden spoon. He quickly sketched the pretty group, little dreaming how popular the picture was destined to become.

"Two Mothers and Their Families," was the work of Elizabeth Gardiner Bouguereau, a New Hampshire woman who spent most of her life in Paris, and was a pupil of the distinguished artist Bouguereau, whom she married. It shows the interior of a French peasant's cottage. A handsome boy has been scattering grain to a hen and her little brood of fluffy chicks. His mother, scarcely more than a girl, has slipped a loving arm about him as he points out what he has done. A baby sister is asleep in her cradle.



"Cold Feet in Normandy"
Artist Unknown

HAGAR and Ishmael have been painted by a number of leading artists. The Gallery of the Luxembourg, Paris, displays a wonderful canvas by J. Cazin, showing the mother and son about to perish with thirst in the desert. The child is clinging to her, pitifully beseeching for a drink, while Hagar covers her face in the agonized knowledge of the empty water-bottle. The scene is of the utmost desolation. Hagar was an Egyptian, and a bond-maiden to Sarah, Abraham's wife. Her story is told in an early chapter of the Book of Genesis. After the birth of Isaac, she and her son were ejected from the household and sent into the wilderness with scant provisions. Little Ishmael was at the point of death when her prayers were heard, and "God opened her eyes and she saw a well of water, and she filled the bottle with water and gave the lad to drink. And God was with the lad and he grew and dwelt in the wilderness and became an archer."

Possibly the most unusual painting of motherhood, in existence, was done by George Becker. It was exhibited in Paris in 1875 and brought to the Exposition in Philadelphia where it attracted the widest interest.

In the reign of David there was a three-year famine and it was revealed to the king that it was because "of Saul and his bloody house because he slew the Gideonites." David called a council of the Gideonite leaders and asked what they required as atonement. They demanded that seven sons of Saul be delivered into their hands to be hanged. Two sons of Rizpah were among those chosen to meet the horrible fate. The Scriptures record that "Rizpah suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day nor the beasts of the field by night. Her devotion was made known to David, who had their bodies suitably interred with the bones of Saul and Jonathan. The

artist depicts Rizpah frantically battling with a vulture. Seven corpses hang in the background.

COLD Feet in Normandy is a familiar and appealing family scene. The child has wet feet and her mother, somewhat apprehensive, has drawn a chair close to the stove and is holding the little girl while she rubs the damp toes. A warm, medicinal drink is brewing and all danger of serious consequences will be averted. It is a tender study of motherly solicitude.

Two hundred and twenty years ago, a son and heir was born to Philip the Fifth, King of Spain, and his queen, Louise Gabrielle, of Savoy. A rare old print shows the little prince of the Asturias in his canopied cradle, the elaborately fringed coverings and their design showing evidence of his rank. The queen is seated, reading to him from a scroll, while she rocks the cradle. She is elegantly attired and be-jewelled. The picture is pleasing because it is so human; in spite of the pomp and circumstance, the instincts of motherhood are uppermost and the queen's happiest hours are while she is attending her little son.

THE Duchess of Orleans and her child are beautifully portrayed by Winterhalter, in the Versailles museum. All the luxury that wealth and rank can bestow are glimpsed in the furnishings of the apartment. The lace robes of mother and child are exquisite, the finest details being brought out. The Duchess is regal, but there is a half-smiling expression of maternal pride on her face, for the babe is so lovely that every observer exclaims over it. One chubby hand clutches at an adornment on her gown.

Highland Mother, by Thomas Faed, in the Tate Gallery, London, depicts a young Scottish matron with her fair-haired, first-born son at her breast. There is a glimpse of rugged Caledonian scenery in the background. The mother wears a cape of Scotch plaid and a bonnet. Her face shows both charm and character.

At a recent exhibition of paintings by living American artists in the Newark, N. J., Museum, all who attended were invited to record their

a pile of socks lies in her lap while she is lost in a day-dream, hand pressed against her pursed lips. She is seated at a table on which rest a bowl of fruit, her sewing accessories, a book or two and an old-fashioned oil-lamp. On the wall to the left is a painting of the beautiful child to whom she once was "Mammy." A crucifix hangs at the right. Her spectacles, the shawl about her shoulders, with its fringe and huge plaid, and her snowy apron, are likeable, homely touches. It is easy to understand why the heart of the public warmed to the picture. The artist is Archibald J. Motley, Jr., of Chicago.

A matter of comment among observers abroad is America's growing appreciation of art. It is estimated that one million men and women in the United States are interested in some form of artistic painting. Some of the canvases which sold for a few hundred dollars at the time of their completion bring many thousands when called to the attention of discriminating buyers.

School children are being made acquainted with the world's masterpieces. Cities in which art exhibits have been held have been obliged to prolong their duration indefinitely, and have finally closed because the purchasers were so numerous.

the fray. He is clad in armor, but his golden head is unprotected.

It is difficult in our modern day to imagine boys of fourteen taking command in battle, and girls marrying and assuming all the responsibilities of a home at the age of twelve. We are reminded that Perugino became a painter apprentice at nine;



"Hagar and Ishmael"
By J.C. Cazin

Andrea del Sarto began his experience in the goldsmith's art at seven; and many other celebrities took up their life work at an equally immature stage.

Raphael, the matchless painter of Madonnas, accepted only one commission to do a portrait of a child, the favored one being the son of Isabella d'Este, held as a hostage at the court of Rome. The canvas was never completed and has disappeared.

The children of two and three hundred years ago look stiff, stilted and uncomfortable in their odd, unsuitable costumes. Most of them were of royal birth and their lives were hedged about with restrictions. A delightful picture — Child With a Parrot — by the Dutch artist, Miereveld, hangs in the Galleries of the Hermitage, Leningrad. The little subject's attire is magnificent, but beneath her elaborate head-dress and above her ruff, her face, more mischievous than pretty, shows how keenly she would have enjoyed a real, unfettered romp.

The Blue Boy is Gainsborough's most popular painting. The subject is Master Jonathan Buttall, at sixteen, son of a wealthy dealer in ironware. The boy, holding his plumed hat, is clad in blue silk, relieved only by the white of his waistcoat and of his lace collar and cuffs. Gainsborough was unable to paint any person to whom he took a dislike. Master Jonathan, described as "a perfect little gentleman," won his instant favor.

Always in gazing upon the portraits of famous children one wonders what became of those precocious boys and girls in their later years, for history affords scant trace of them.

Gazing upon the innocence and loveliness of childhood as portrayed in the world's master-paintings, it is not difficult to understand why "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."



"Mother." By Whistler

The Child in Art

IT IS said that the sculptors of Ancient Greece, the artist-land, never modelled their own children. They fashioned numerous images of the little god of love and other ideal types, but they may have thought that to design a human likeness for one of the immortals would be to evoke his ire with fatal punishment.

The first portraits of children came to us from the tomb and were painted by the Egyptians on the lids of coffins containing mummies of the royal dead. They were beautifully executed and have been preserved by the desert climate for more than two thousand years.

From that date until the fifteenth century, a wide span, there is very little of childhood in art. One of the first canvases was done by Paolo Uccello in 1430, and now hangs in the National Gallery. It represents the rout of San Romano, and depicts a fourteen-year-old boy seated on a white horse, and urging his men to combat, in the thickest of



Portrait of Mme Le Brun and her Daughter. By herself

first and second choice. When ballots, numbering nearly eight hundred, were counted, the popular vote decided upon a delightful study of an aged Negress, a most unusual and appealing "mother" type. She is busy at her task of mending and



Duchess of Orleans. By Winterhalter

Mimicry and Protective Resemblance

By H. H. Pittman

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THE countryside we are familiar with, the prairie, wood-lot, or even the garden we see daily, all seem so peaceful that few of us realize the struggle for existence continually going on. Tragedy lurks behind the apparent serenity; grim tragedy, because the loser in the struggle, whether an individual or a species, faces extermination. This competition, age-old, has been a necessary factor in the evolution of living things and must go on indefinitely. Looking back, we can see that the battle has never been to the strong alone, but to those able to meet the changing and adverse conditions and benefit by them.

Adaptability has always been the keystone of success. Those creatures which fell into a rut, refusing to deal with altered conditions, were quickly left behind in the race, or perished. Life itself has been the goal throughout and every possible means has been taken to reach it so that the history of the living creatures we see around us today reads like a fairy tale. Limbs have been lost, wings grown, coats and even shapes have been changed. The vacillating politician has nothing on the wild creatures, for they have used every available means to further their ends.

There is a striking parallel between the humbler creatures and Man. Many quickly forged ahead and dominated, just as some branches of the human race have, leaving their weaker brethren far behind and the means called to their aid by the latter form a fascinating study for anyone interested in the by-paths of Natural History.

As, often, a continued existence depended upon escaping predatory enemies, in many cases weapons or other objectionable features were acquired or various means of escaping observation were developed.

Among insects, the most successful protective devices were a nauseous taste and the acquisition of stings. So successful were these protections that the owners had no need to conceal themselves, but could boldly flaunt their colors to all the world, and in time certain brilliant or conspicuous colors and designs came to be associated with these objectionable qualities.

It follows, naturally, that the protected insects should have imitators, but what is really so wonderful is the lengths to which the copying is carried. This imitation, or mimicry, as it is termed, is a remarkable study and would be almost unbelievable if specimens could not be produced as proof. It is strange enough, for example, to find butterfly copying butterfly, or moth mimicking moth, but the student finds insects of unrelated groups imitating one another and that almost every class of

learned to copy its better defended neighbors, a thousand may have disappeared.

SOMETIMES several different insects mimic the same species. Thus the handsome West African butterfly *Acraea egina* is copied by both *Papilio*



A Hornet and a clear winged Moth which mimics it

Zidora and *Pseudacraea Boisduvali* and the butterfly *Trepsichrois Linnæi* has as mimics the two moths *Amesia alirie* and *Amesia hormenia*. Flat-tery carried to extremes! We do not have to go so far afield to find other cases among the butterflies for our familiar Milkweed Butterfly has a mimic which has deceived many a budding entomologist.

The stinging insects, being generally conspicuous, are copied extensively—a tribute to their means of defence! Some of the Humble Bees are copied by moths, the Hive Bees by some dipterous flies, and Wasps and Hornets by flies, moths and even beetles. How close this imitation is may be judged by the

photograph of some of my specimens. The lower figure is a hornet and above it is the clear winged moth which mimics it. The Mexican wasp *Polybia xanthopus* is copied by the beetle *Acyphoderes acutipennis*, and a similar case is found in Brazil. In the latter case the wasp is an almost black species with just a few hair-like yellow bands.

An equally interesting study is provided by what we generally call "protective resemblance," where the insects copy parts of the surroundings in which they are usually found. Cases like this are so numerous that it is difficult to decide which to mention first, but perhaps the strangest are those where not only the coloring but

even the shapes of the objects are copied. A wonderful example of this is afforded by the homopterous insect *Umbonia spinosa* of Venezuela, which, when at rest, exactly resembles a rose-thorn.

Another remarkable case is that of the British East African homopterous insect *Flata nigrocincta*. The individuals are dimorphic, some being red and some green. They group themselves on a plant-

stem in such a way as to resemble an inflorescence, the red ones on the lower part of the stem representing flowers and the green ones higher up representing the unopened buds.

Butterflies sometimes resemble foliage, having leaf-like markings and colors upon the under surfaces of their wings. There is a Bornean species, brilliantly white with black-veined orange tips to its wings, which looks exactly like a dead leaf when at rest. Probably the best known case is that of the Leaf Butterfly (*Kallima inachis*) of Assam, shown in the accompanying photographs. Above it is gaily colored with black, orange and deep blue and looks like a jewel in flight, but upon alighting it seems to instantly disappear.

Most moths spend the hours of daylight at rest, with their wings flat. In many species the upper wings resemble details of the surroundings very closely, so that we have patterns suggesting mosses, lichens, deadwood, bark, dry leaves, etc. Not long ago, in a Manitoba lane, I found a specimen of the large Ash-colored Hawk Moth at rest along a dead lichen-clad willow branch with which it blended so perfectly that it was only noticed by accident.

We do not have to look far to find an almost perfect instance of protective resemblance, for on the great plains of Manitoba and Saskatchewan we have the Long-horned or Meadow grasshopper, so much like a delicate green leaf. I have had several long searches in tufts of grass for escaped specimens and can testify to the effectiveness of the camouflage.

The caterpillars of some of the lepidoptera, being in most cases entirely defenceless, have brought deceit to a fine art. In Manitoba there is a small moth whose larvæ resembles twigs. They are "loopers," and when disturbed, stand erect upon their clasping feet in such a way that it is hard to distinguish them from tiny branches. The larvæ of the European Thorn Moth (*Ennomos tiliaria*) are very similar and are often called "stick caterpillars."

Even our friends the spiders, predatory and aggressive though they are, provide us with examples of protective resemblance. In Southern Saskatchewan the small, narrow-leaved willows frequently have pea-like yellow galls upon their leaves. Once, crouching behind one of the bushes waiting to photograph a shrike, I was surprised to see a gall walk from one leaf to another. Investigation showed it to be the yellow Crab Spider, but the resemblance to a gall was so good that I had been close to it for perhaps an hour without realizing that it was not what it appeared to be.

There are many other cases, and it is interesting to note that some can be found in our own gardens



Leaf Butterfly of Assam; underside showing resemblance to a dead leaf

"protected" insects has others more or less resembling it.

It is difficult to believe that a beetle can mimic a wasp, but it is easier when we realize that this mimetic resemblance has been gradually evolved during untold ages. What millions of species have died out through want of adaptability we shall never know, but possibly for every one that slowly



The Yellow Crab Spider of Saskatchewan which so closely resembles the small pea-like galls on the willow leaves

and fields. It is easy to arrive at false conclusions along these lines and even yet there are curiously colored and marked insects which puzzle entomologists. A short time ago my wife found a small but brilliant gold beetle in Manitoba. What benefit it derived, if any, from its gilt coat of mail was not apparent, for it suggested a tiny brass button more than anything else.

Greatest Cannon Collection

Artillery From Every Part of the Globe. Worth One Hundred Million Francs, at Last Assembled

Under One Roof in Paris

By Francis Dickie

CANNONS to right of you, cannons to left of you—all silent and old! The greatest collection of the cannon of all times has just been completed by the French Government. And two hundred selected pieces, the most remarkable assortment of artillery ever gathered under one roof in the entire world, have at last been placed along the vast gallery of the museum of the Invalides in Paris, some mounted upon stands of cement, some sealed upright against the walls.

Through the courtesy of General Mariaux, Conservator of the Invalides, due to whose recent activities the great display has at last been brought to a triumphant finish, Mr. C. Briaud, Superintendent of Cannon, your correspondent has been given the exclusive first release of the story and photographs of the finishing in 1927 of a project begun in the dim long ago by Henry IV, in 1596.

During the time of Henry IV, and continued until this day, the Government Arsenal, whenever founding a cannon of a new model, also molded a copy in miniature, the size of a toy. These latter, perfect replicas of the larger ones, and made to function equally well, have always been sent to the Museum of Artillery. The replicas were first housed in a room in the old Bastille Dungeon, and displayed upon many very elaborately carved tables ordered specially by Henri IV from the royal cabinet makers. Through a fortunate chance two of these tables were saved when the Bastille was wrecked, and they and the toy cannon they contained are now in the Museum of the Invalides. And by aid of these, General Mariaux was able definitely to establish the authenticity and date of many of the larger cannon scattered throughout France which he at last located and now has brought together in Paris.

The history of these cannon and the labor connected with their final collection is a fascinating one which will next year be completely told in three volumes published by "The Society of The Friends of the Museum." Herewith an attempt is made to give a brief but accurate outline of this great achievement:

In the centuries following the reign of Henry IV, the succeeding kings continued to add to the toy collection of cannon started by him. The foundries were also commissioned to make replicas of the cannon taken from all enemies. But in the passing centuries the great originals were dispersed through all France, housed in different forts and ancient castles and dungeons; many buried, some lost completely.

This was the situation until May, 1926, when General Mariaux took the initiative of trying to bring together the artillery representative of all times. In his search he found invaluable the early collection of toy models begun by jolly Henry IV and continued by succeeding monarchs. Having these models under his eyes, General Mariaux, after exhaustive research throughout France, was able to build the connected story of heavy artillery not of France only, but of all countries; was able to tell it not in words alone, but with actual cannon, from the first gun made, to the monsters of today.

With the latest additions made between May, 1926 until the present completion, the Paris museum of Artillery in the "Hotel des Invalides" now possesses a collection of cannon and other weapons of war valued at 100,000,000 francs. This, the largest and most varied in the world, ranges from the primitive cross-bows and catapults of the Gauls to the machine-gun. Every epoch and

type of French heavy artillery is represented. Added to these are the cannon taken from different enemies in every war in which France has been engaged since gunpowder was invented.

Due to the finishing of this unique work people can now gaze at the most ancient cannon in existence in the world, made of bronze and founded in the year 1404.

Of equal interest is the "Bombarde" founded by order of Petrus Aubusson in 1480 for the siege of Jerusalem. It bears the inscription: "Petrus Aubusson, Maitre des Hospitaliers de Jerusalem." It weighs more than three tons. When in use it threw stone bullets, two and one-half feet high, each weighing more than a hundred pounds, a distance of one-third of a kilometre. This fact was established recently by modern gunners who tried out this cannon which had not been used for four hundred and twenty-seven years, truly one of the most remarkable tests in all time. The calibre is of 568 millimeters.

Representing a later Crusade is a cannon of bronze founded in 1590 for the armies of Jerusalem, bearing the coat of arms of Claude of Guise. It is interesting to note that all of those heavy pieces of artillery were transported from Europe to Palestine, a tremendous feat considering the shipping and other facilities at the disposal of men in those ancient times. And it was the use of these large ordnance which greatly helped the Crusaders.

Sealed against the walls under the gallery of the Invalides are five very small cannon, the size of machine guns. These are of iron, forged during the end of the 14th and the early part of the 15th centuries. These were loaded from the breech and exploded by aid of a wedge and hammer. Being the only ones of their kind in existence, they are of very great value. They were buried near Verdun and brought to light by trench digging in the last war.

Under Louis XIV in the years from 1647 to 1715 cannon founding attained a great artistic perfection. The breeches and handles were all made to represent chimeras and animals of various kinds. The bronze was polished like a jewel. The rising sun and the fleur de lys were embossed the whole length of the barrel. Some of the most representative of this time are in the new collection.

A curious specimen of a German Bombarde of the 15th century bears this inscription: "My name is Catherine. Beware of my contents. I punish injustice. I was founded by Georges Enderfer in 1404." This particular piece was used by the Archduke of Austria, Sigismund. It would be interesting to know if the projectiles hurled from this weapon bore the same inscription of warning to the enemy armies.

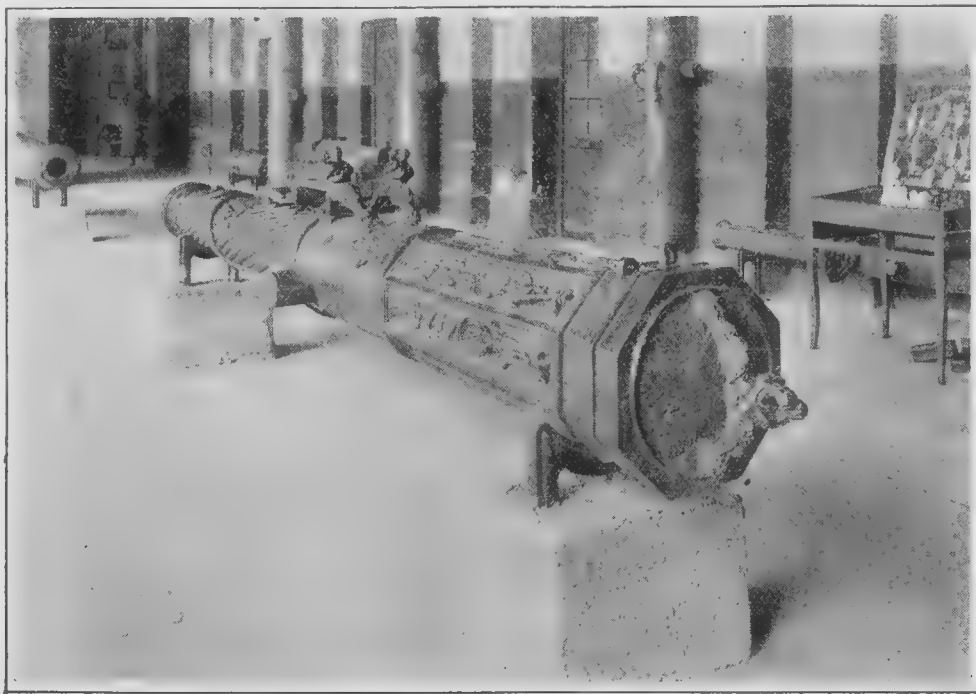
One of the most beautiful examples of the founder's art is a cannon of German make called "The Lion." Of exquisitely polished bronze it looks more like a work of art than a death-dealing tool. The breech is in the shape of a lion's head, and it bears the following inscription: "I am called the lion. I do not shirk work. I was founded by Pierre Mulich in 1532."

Among the cannon taken from enemies through the centuries are three ancient ones of Algerian manufacture, particularly beautiful in workmanship. They differ from all other makes of ordnance in their length and slenderness. Made of highly polished bronze they are ornate over their entire length with high reliefs, disposed in band-like effects. They bear the following inscriptions:

Continued on page 110



General Mariaux, Curator of Invalides Museum, Paris who has just completed the greatest collection of ancient cannon in the world



The finest cannon ever cast by France, called the "Snake". It has also magnificently sculptured human figures

Their Second Honeymoon



"Then, as from the skies, a flood of confetti descended on Mrs. Cartwright, clinging to the folds of her new coat"

By Olive M. Delahaye

Illustrated by Kathleen Allen

THERE could be no doubt about it, Mrs. Cartwright had gone down hill since the marriage of her second daughter, Evelyn. Looking at her from across the table, her usually complacent husband was startled by the thinness of her cheeks, and the tired expression in her pretty, blue eyes. In a sudden moment of perception he realized that at last the work and monotony of her quiet life were having their effect upon her, and seeking a remedy he made a surprising suggestion.

"Say, Myra," he demanded, "why couldn't you come out West with me next week? You could stop in Winnipeg and Regina and see your people while I went on with my work for the Department. The change would do you a world of good."

Mrs. Cartwright looked astonished.

"Why, Jim," she stammered. "Why I never thought of such a thing. How can we afford it? You said when you bought Evelyn's trousseau that you couldn't manage anything extra for at least a year?"

"I know I did," her husband admitted, his gray eyes shining beneath their heavy brows, "but the Government pays my way. There'd be only your ticket and berth and a trifle for spending money. I guess we could manage that."

Mrs. Cartwright was thrilled. For years the only trip she had enjoyed had been the short one to their little cottage on the Rideau. The mere idea of going West set her blood to racing. To see the Lake of the Woods, and the prairies and the mountains, and the sea! Oh, it would be wonderful, far too wonderful to fall to the lot of a little stay-at-home like herself. She mustn't count on it for fear there might be a disappointment.

But Mr. Cartwright was waiting for an answer. "How about it, Myra?" he asked impatiently.

"Well," she replied as so often she had done before, "Well Jim, I'd love to go but I must think it over. There are so many things to see to."

Mrs. Cartwright did not specify what "A lot to see to" meant, but it might all have been expressed in the one word: "Clothes." Remembering the fashionable garments worn by her sister-in-law on her visits East, Mrs. Cartwright could not help realizing the deficiencies in her own wardrobe, and as soon as the dishes were finished she hurried upstairs to her bedroom where she emptied the closet of her meagre belongings, spreading them carefully

on the bed. How few they were, she thought, with a little pang as she looked them over, the plain black satin rusty in the bright sunlight from the window, the gray crepe bought for Evelyn's wedding and worn to every festivity since, a spring coat which had done duty for two seasons and a winter one already finishing its third. There was not a single article which would pass the critical eyes of her brother's wife, or even the more kindly inspection of her own younger sister who had married a prosperous merchant in Regina. The idea of the trip must be given up, yet how could she bear to stay at home enduring the dullness of housekeeping when her heart might have feasted on loveliness?

Then, although she knew to a fraction how much of her husband's salary had remained after the last month's bills had been paid, and although she could calculate with equal exactness the amount to be spared from the next salary cheque, Mrs. Cartwright picked up a pencil and began to figure ways and means. She was still absorbed in the task when Evelyn's fresh, young voice called from the doorway:

"Hello, Mums. I hear you are going to Vancouver. Father told me. I'm so glad. I just had to rush over to see if there was anything I could help you with."

With a gesture of dismay, her mother rose abruptly from her chair. "If that isn't like your father," she cried. "Nothing's settled yet. I simply said I'd think it over."

Evelyn remained unimpressed. "Why think, Mother?" she demanded gaily. "You need a change. Margaret and I will take care of Bert. Do go, Mother. It's a wonderful chance."

"I know, Evelyn," Mrs. Cartwright admitted. "But Evelyn, I don't see how I can," and inadvertently her eyes strayed to the array of clothes on the bed before she hurried on. "There's so much to look after at this time of year. Besides, Bert is to try his Matric., and you know he won't study unless he is driven to it."

"Well, I'm sorry," her daughter remarked simply, but that evening she held a consultation with her elder sister, Margaret, and her brother, Jim, who had just hung out his shingle as a doctor a year or two before.

"Mother ought to go with Dad," Evelyn pointed out. "She hasn't had a real change for years and years; not since Jim went to Medical College. She's looking poorly. Haven't you noticed it, Jim? You're a doctor."

"Of course I've noticed it," her brother broke

out irritably, "but there's nothing I can do. Why doesn't she go West? Father says like all women she is raising a lot of foolish objections about housekeeping and so on."

At the impatient tone of his voice Evelyn's temper rose.

"They aren't foolish objections," she burst out hotly. "At least if they are, they are simply camouflage. The real reason Mother won't take this trip is that she hasn't a decent thing to wear. She didn't say so, but I know. This morning all her clothes were spread out on the bed, and it was pitiful to see them. Remembering my trousseau, I felt ashamed. You know how Aunt Alice and Aunt Marian dress. No wonder Mother can't bear to face them. I couldn't, either."

Doctor Jim whistled.

"So that's it," he observed uncomfortably. "What can we do Evelyn? Have you any plan?"

Her pretty face bright with enthusiasm, Evelyn nodded briskly.

Of course. That's why I asked you and Margaret here. The first thing we need is money. Billy and I are willing to rent this apartment and move into the house while Father and Mother are away West and at the cottage. At forty dollars a month that gives us one hundred and twenty as a beginning."

"Sounds feasible," commented her brother. "Can you rent at this time of year?"

"I spoke to the agent this afternoon. He has a young couple who will be glad to take our apartment until they can get the Graysons in the fall, so that's settled."

"Well, if you and Billy are willing to move into our old barracks of a house, to help Mother, it's up to me to get busy too, Margaret said thoughtfully. "Mrs. Dickson is crazy about the new curtains I stencilled for our living-room. I'll sell them to her and get orders for some others as I used to do before I got married."

Then Doctor Jim, who had been silently listening to the conversation, pulled four ten-dollar bills from his pocket.

"Here you are, Evelyn," he laughed. "A patient paid me this morning. I was going to use the money to visit Grace in Trenton, but I guess we can hold out a little longer even if we are engaged."

"Good for you, Jim," Evelyn cried. "That's a fine beginning. Now I'll go on with my plans."

Just three days after their conference, Margaret and Evelyn burst eagerly into the living-room of the Cartwright home, where their mother was busy taking down curtains.

"Here, Mother, you shouldn't be doing that," they scolded. "Don't you know what day it is?"

Guiltily, Mrs. Cartwright shook her head. "Somebody's birthday?" she ventured.

Evelyn laughed. It's the thirtieth anniversary of your's and Father's marriage," she told her. We're going to celebrate at my apartment. Dinner's at six, sharp. Bring Bert. It's a family party."

The dinner at Evelyn's that night was a rare treat. Everyone was in such good humor that Mrs. Cartwright couldn't help being sorry when at last Evelyn rose from the table. "You and Father shut your eyes, Mother," she commanded. "Bert, open the doors into the living-room. We have a surprise."

There was a little pause while Mrs. Cartwright and her husband sat with eyelids tightly screwed together, wondering what was going to happen. Then Bert called: "All right. We're ready."

Mrs. Cartwright gave a gasp of absolute astonishment. During dinner the living-room had blossomed like a flower. Over the backs of the chairs hung delicate silk garments in blues, and mauves and silvery grays. On the sofa were two lovely gowns. A jaunty hat perched on the reading-lamp in lieu of a shade. Over the piano-bench hung a dream of a coat with a soft squirrel collar.

"What does it mean?" cried Mrs. Cartwright, breathlessly. "Are you girls opening a shop?"

"Nary a shop," Doctor Jim chuckled. "They are for you, Mother. You needn't think you can slip out of that trip West after I've prescribed it for you. Dad has the ticket bought and everything, haven't you, Dad?"

"Of course," Mr. Cartwright replied, beaming, but his wife was still bewildered.

"I don't understand," she stammered, a puzzled look in her sweet blue eyes.

"Don't you, Mother?" Evelyn and Margaret were beside her now, their arms around her waist. "Well, it's our turn to give you a trousseau, that's all. We guessed how you'd feel about meeting Aunt Alice and Aunt Marian, and we put our heads together to raise some money. Mrs. Murphy at the Trousseau Shop did the rest. She'll exchange anything you don't like or anything that doesn't fit, but we had to buy the clothes, darling. We knew if we didn't you'd never get yourself a whole outfit. You're too unselfish."

"But—but," objected their mother, "you didn't buy all those things for me. It's too much."

"Not a bit of it," interposed the young doctor gruffly. "Here, try on this coat and hat, Mother-kins. We want to see how they look."

Obediently, Mrs. Cartwright slipped her arms into the coat and pulled the hat down over her

soft hair. Then she turned to the others to admire her, but it was Bert who put their common thought into words.

"Gee, Mother," he exclaimed. "Gee! You look like a million dollars. Folks will think that you and Dad are on a honeymoon."

At the word, "honeymoon," the boy stopped short as if something had struck him, clapped his hands to his sides, and began to laugh.

"I've just thought of something rich," he replied to the questions hurled at him by the others. "No, I won't tell you. It would spoil the joke."

On the seventeenth of the month, the day set for the Cartwrights' departure, a merry group surrounded them at the Union Station. Never did a staid elderly couple receive a more enthusiastic farewell. Not only were all the children there, but a dozen intimate friends had come to say good-bye. Overwhelmed by pleasant greetings Mrs. Cartwright had small opportunity to wonder whether everything which ought to be done, really had been accomplished, but the surprise came just as Doctor Jim prepared to pilot his parents through the gates. Then, as from the skies, a flood of confetti descended on Mrs. Cartwright, clinging to the folds of her new coat and the soft tendrils of her hair, and sifting down over her husband's shoulders into the cuffs of his trousers.

"You young rascal," he spluttered, making a rush at Bert, but Doctor Jim grabbed his father's arm.

"Never mind, never mind," he warned. "You can't miss the train. It will all brush off, and anyway, just to look at you and Mother folks can tell you have been married for years."

IN THE Pullman car, endeavoring to shake the wretched little flakes of confetti from her new hat and coat, Mrs. Cartwright thought that her son had been too optimistic in his remarks. For the amused glances of her fellow-passengers made her regret the decision which had caused them to take a section instead of a compartment.

"We'll never make anyone believe that it's all a joke," she said wistfully to her husband. "We'll have to go clear to Vancouver with these people thinking we are a newly-wedded couple."

"I feel all kinds of a fool," Mr. Cartwright admitted, "but it isn't as bad as that, Myra. A few words to the men in the smoking-car will fix things. Lots of them will have young sons of their own. They'll understand."

Optimistically, then, he departed on his errand of enlightenment, only to return some half-hour later with the sheepish little smile characteristic of him whenever he did something of which he feared his wife might disapprove.

"The men were just getting ready to believe my story when I took a notion to get something out of my pocket," he explained. "Blessed if the young scamp hadn't stuffed even my pockets with confetti; must have done it while I shaved. It went all over and of course the chaps wouldn't listen to another word, so I just decided to give them a run for their money."

"What did you tell them?" demanded his wife anxiously.

"That we were celebrating a second honeymoon," her husband admitted blithely, "and, by jove, Myra, for the rest of the trip we are going to live up to it."

Accordingly, for the next few days, the passengers in that particular Pullman were privileged to watch a pleasant little idyll of conjugal devotion. The majority did not fail to make flattering remarks about the bride and groom, but the pretty young woman in Section Five was scornful.

"It's not the honeymoon that counts. It's afterwards," she observed bitterly. "If those two people liked each other after being married twenty or thirty years, then there'd be something for us to talk about."

"The joke is, that Mr. Cartwright claimed at first that they were married as long as that," laughed the lady to whom she was talking. "As if anyone would believe it, with all that confetti as evidence to the contrary."

That evening at dinner, this lady's complacency and faith in her own judgment were rudely disturbed. The Cartwrights were choosing a meal from the menu, and with their eyes on the card did not see a tall man who had entered the car until he clapped Mr. Cartwright unceremoniously on the back.

"Hello, Jim Cartwright," he cried delightedly. "Cunningham wrote me that you had started on your annual trip West. I was hoping to meet you. So you took my advice about bringing the good wife along. She looks every bit as sweet as she did when I was groomsman at your wedding. Let's see. Why, that must be thirty years ago."

"Thirty years ago—groomsman at your wedding!" The passengers repeated these words to each other in mystification, but Mr. Cartwright answered the question in their minds.

"It's up to Myra to look like a bride," he chuckled. "Wait until I tell you the trick my young son played on us when we left home," and he went on to tell about the confetti.

While he talked the pretty young lady from Section Five listened intently, her lovely face changing until it was sweet and gentle, and sparkling with an odd sort of radiance which seemed to come from some inward happiness. She finished her meal before the Cartwrights, and left the dining-car, but as soon as Mrs. Cartwright had returned to the Pullman, she crossed the aisle to speak to her.

"I couldn't help hearing," she said in a wondering voice. "So it was really true. You have been married thirty years, and you have had four children, and you have never been rich, but still you are happy. Won't you, oh, won't you please tell me your secret?"

Mrs. Cartwright smiled. "Sit down, my dear," she invited. "Of course I'll tell you all I

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"You must know, that my husband and I have quarreled. I was leaving him for good, but now—well I am wondering"



Bird's eye view of Wembley, Alberta

Celestial Beauty of Regal Peace River

By Gay Page

CANADA, now a young nation with a large family of handsome, wholesome, prosperous branches, has no lovelier nor more promising daughter than the charming, Sunny Alberta, with the treasures of Peace River country added to her rich dower of the southern wealth of the province. Her realm is equal in area to Germany, Belgium, England and Wales, and in endowment of power of agricultural production, far exceeds them all. In her mineral, chemical, forests and hydro-electric resources she casts them all in the shade.

On arriving at Wembley, the present end of steel, over the Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia line, at dusk on a January day, I was astonished at the brilliance of the street lighting and the bright and cheery illumination of all the houses that lined the main road from Wembley to my destination, Broadview Ranch, eight miles west from steel. At first thought this was attributed to appreciation of value of good light, a *sine qua non* to upholding the reputation of Alberta's brightness, but, my enthusiastic host informed me, not only is 20 per cent. of the world's coal resources deposited in Alberta, but 70,000,000 barrels of oil are locked up in its tar sands, and the increased production of oil is interesting the farmers in a generous use of gasoline, kerosene and also lubricating oils. The coal production in 1927, he said, was the largest ever, 6,936,755 tons, a record in Alberta coal production. So this accounts for the brilliant illumination in the houses and for the cosy warmth of the homes, for, when the coal gets low in the bin, the farmer goes off a few miles to the nearest coal mine and brings home a load, paying \$4.50 a ton only, and as the Peace River farmer puts it, "that's where we get on the inside"! The old-fashioned coal oil lamp is used only for going to bed, those now in use are the up-to-date lamps of attractive design in which gasoline

is used, and a new kerosene lamp, giving a softened, but very brilliant light.

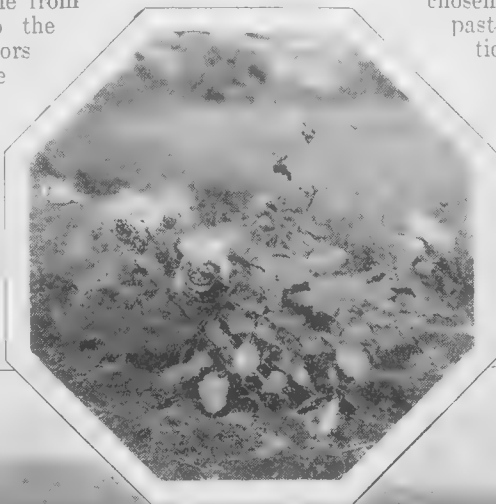
On the way from Wembley we passed scores of four-horse box sleighs, on their way home from drawing grain to the four large elevators in the town, some of the grain hauled fifty miles over the main road that extends to the British Columbia boundary. Then one

heard a great deal about the pooling of Alberta's wheat and the significance of the legend on one of the elevators: "Operated by Alberta Wheat Pool."

SO SUNNY, smiling Alberta, with a bewitching trousseau that includes regal robes for the reception of her royal Farmer Prince, who has chosen her hand to lead with him a measure of pastoral joy; her ceremonial attire for functions of state at Edmonton; her picturesque and eminently Canadian sports costumes for Banff; her shopping suits for nearby towns and finer shops of Edmonton and Calgary; her equipment for riding and motor travel; her no less bewitching and alluring work-a-day gowns and house dress, is receiving the admiration of all her big sisters and brothers, of Mother England and her American cousins, with modesty and equanimity. She throws back her head and laughs at the idea of the Peace River separation from the province.

The suggestion of forming a new province by taking the north-west corner of Alberta and North British Columbia has created a little stir in newspaper circles throughout Canada, but the people of Peace River have gained most of their knowledge of the scheme through reading about it in outside periodicals and newspapers. One successful farmer of the district, and also its representative in the provincial legislature, says that, as a publicity stunt, it was quite a success, but as a business proposition it would not stand examination. It has not been given a second thought by the population of that part of the Peace River country which is in Alberta, and which constitutes about eighty per cent. of the total settlement.

The people of this area, says this authority, realize that they have received a fair



View of the gardens at the Government Experimental Farm at Beaverlodge. The insert shows a General Mc Arthur Rose tree in bloom last September

share of public funds for roads, bridges and all development work, and that, notwithstanding their present transportation handicaps, they are in a more prosperous condition than many older settled areas of Alberta which have a shorter haul to seaboard for their grain.

The recognition of this fact, along with the winnings of Herman Trelle at Chicago in both 1926 and 1927, has caused a great move of new settlement into the Peace River and the justifiable advance in land values there. Secession is not, and never has been, an issue in the mind of the Peace River farmer. He is fully occupied with more important matters. The true pioneer spirit, as displayed by the men and women who founded the prosperity of the Peace River, does not calculate too closely about success and rewards reaped, even by other people, but is content that the way has been opened up for the benefit of mankind in general. Peace River, like Manitoba, is plowing on good Britishized and Canadianized soil, brains and brawn of which mighty nations are made; adventurous spirits who know the value of cultivating as well as turning the sod; home builders who, by their personality and principle, will be a defence and a pride of the Empire.

"Yes," is the grateful boast in appreciation of the natural resources, "it is a land flowing with milk and honey for those who are willing to learn how to milk and to gather the honey. Of course," they say:

*"Well we know who'll take the credit—
All the clever ones that followed;
Came a dozen men together,
Never knew our desert fears,
Tracked us by the camps we'd quitted,
Used the water holes we'd hollowed,
They will go and do the talking,
They'll be called the pioneers!"*

It was a rare privilege to have as host and hostess real pioneers of Lower Beaverlodge, who, like many others now enjoying that lovely part of Canada, were lured from a well-cultivated farm and luxurious home in the Niagara district, or from town or city homes, by stories of rich returns from farm investment in Alberta, restoration to the blessing of health, and even of finding renewed youth reflected in the clear waters of lake and river. And they have found what they sought! A beautifully situated farm of one thousand, four hundred and forty acres, stocked with about a hundred head of cattle and thirty horses; a large herd of "mortgage raisers," as hogs are called in there; pure bred Shorthorns, Clydesdale stallion and other pedigreed stock to keep up the high standard of the farm. The owners, after winning the handsome trophy offered by the Department of Agriculture for the best kept and best improved farm in the district, for three years in succession, now hold permanent possession as the champion farmers. These constitute part of the returns for faith and work in Peace River.

The ranch is well named "Broadview," and the arch over the gate leading to the extensive farmyards and storehouses for machinery and grain, and the two fine super-six motor cars, with motor trucks and threshing outfit of engine, threshing machine and caravan for lodging the threshers, bears the name of the owner and "Sons." This is in grateful appreciation of the support given by the younger members of the family, an example that might, with success, be followed by others as a means of keeping the boys on the farm. The profits of this flourishing estate are equally divided among the members of the firm, the women-folk receiving generous rewards for their share in the work and management of the household affairs. A splendid local market is found for dairy butter and eggs, and the best of the produce is used with unstinted hand and wise consideration for the needs of the family and in the dispensation of generous hospitality.

There is a well of water of the best quality, with picturesque windmill, and supplementary gasoline engine, well housed, and iron water pipes lead to the troughs in the separate corrals for the stock and

to the house for household purposes. The drilled well is 276 feet in depth. There is also a beautiful river, Beaverlodge, a smaller, but clear and sparkling one, the Red Willow, and other streams and lakes on the farm, the river also running through an extra quarter section, leased for pasture.

The next improvement in contemplation is the building of a large frame barn and machine sheds, and a modern dwelling-house, house room being now too restricted for the amenities of today. But the owners of Broadview are proud that the "best farm" trophy was won while the original log buildings were in use.

One of the contest judges, whom I met on the train to Wembley, said that the features of the farm which won most points were the splendid appearance of this place on the main highroad as the result of the growth of ornamental trees and shrubs planted as shelter belts; the home-like appearance of the beautiful flower beds, the vegetable garden and the berry vineyards.

This farm is only one of many such well-adorned homes of beauty in the district. The Government Experimental Station, at Beaverlodge, under Superintendent W. D. Albright, sets the pace in beautifying the grounds about the house and teaching the neighboring farmers what may safely be attempted in the way of floriculture. At the rate such improvements are being made, the main road from Wembley to the borders of British Columbia, with its magnificent background of mountain scenery,

will outrival in beauty the Niagara Boulevard, admired so much last summer by the Royal Princes and the British Prime Minister, as they motored over the highway from the Peace Bridge to Queenston.

The Broadview ranch owners were the first to apply to the Bureau of Forestry at Indian Head for shelter-belt material, and have planted between four and five thousand Manitoba maples, ash, Scotch pine, native spruce trees, laurel-willow and white spruce. Ornamental shrubs, which serve also as a protection to the gardens, include the lovely caragana, with its wealth of golden and roseate bloom; the Chinese lilac, symmetrical in form and fragrant and snowy of bloom; honeysuckle and spirea.

As porch decoration and for screening the homely but useful woodpile, home pictures show a luxuriant growth of the Japanese hop, ivy, canary vine, and the hardy cucumber vine.

Our Pacific Coast gardens would turn green with envy of the Peace River roses—crimson ramblers, tea roses and the Japanese rose, peonies and dahlias, rich-colored larkspur and hollyhocks, Oriental, Iceland and Shirley poppies, and sweet peas, the favorite of Alberta's Farmer Prince.

Annual flowers of proven adaptability and in wonderful coloring are the snapdragon, phlox, asters, stocks, gaillardias, cosmos, alyssum and Shirley poppies.

The experimental stations have accomplished nothing that cannot be duplicated in any Peace River farm garden or urban lot, and tourists express delight in finding this Eden garden to welcome them to Northern Alberta.

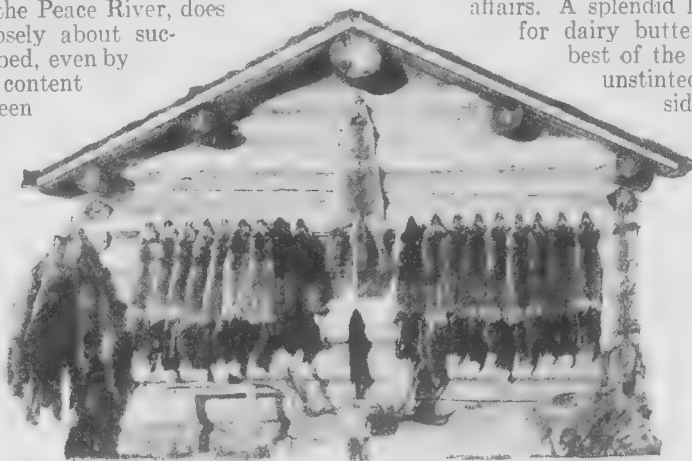
The shelter belts also guard the cultivated strawberry, raspberry, gooseberry, cranberry and currant bushes, all helping to do their share in making Peace River the gastronomic centre of Canada, as well as one of the most beautiful.

A WELL near the Broadview dwelling that failed as a water venture, has been utilized as a root-house, enlarged and with cement-lined walls to prevent pollution by mice, and making so perfect

a storehouse for vegetables that those used even as late as July are taken out as firm and fresh-looking as when they were first stored. These include potatoes of the favorite Wee McGregor and Irish Cobbler tribes, carrots, parsnips, beets, squash, cabbage and cauliflower. Tomatoes ripen quickly under the warm caresses of Alberta sun, and cucumbers and corn come to great perfection.

So well have Herman Trelle, W. D. Albright, Pacific Coast editors who went to investigate for themselves, and remained to reap its benefits, as well as the Broadview Ranch owners and other Peace River farmers who realize the power of good advertising—told to the world of Alberta's

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A Winter's catch of furs



Vegetables grown near Wembley. (Insert) Herman Trelle as Football Star. Juvenile Competitors at the local Agricultural Show.



Tommy had been raving to Miss Foster about the beauty and desirability of a certain girl back East

The Middle of Excitement

A Story of Early Mining Days in B. C. Wherein Things Begin to Happen to the Driver of a Trail Wagon

By Herbert J. Moorhouse

Author of "Deep Furrows," "Gauntlet of Alceste"
"Golden Scarab" Etc.

Illustrated by John Little

THE trouble with Tommy Kerrin was that, like many another man, he did not know when he was well off, nor when to let well-enough alone. Reckless days, those early mining days of British Columbia, and reckless were many of the men who drifted into the hard-rock country, lured by the stories of sudden wealth that winged their way far and wide, as such stories will when men strike gold or silver in the hills. But of all the reckless ones who gained fame up and down the mountain trails there was none to equal Tommy Kerrin. As Barney Nolan, proprietor of "The Nugget Saloon" up at Seven Shaft Creek put it: "Some is born fools an' some make fools of themselves; but this here Kerrin comes in both classes."

The boy drove a trail-wagon for the B & Y mines and in spite of his recklessness he had never lost a consignment. He was known in every camp along the route—yellow hair, blue eyes with a merry devil in them, sun-tanned of face, his body whip-corded with muscle and strength. There wasn't a woman in the camps who had not looked after him; but he never looked back at them. As for his recklessness—well, there was the day he pulled up in front of "The Nugget Saloon" with a load of giant powder and hay, tossed his lighted cigarette over his shoulder into the hay, climbed down and made for the door when he was stopped by a yell from sundry citizens who saw the flames, and promptly fled for the timber.

"By gander, Barney! I come darn near havin' to go back for more hay," he grinned after he had got back to his wagon and casually kicked off the blazing menace and smothered it with a horse-blanket.

"Are you crazy, or just what's the matter with you?" demanded Barney Nolan indignantly. "Tryin' to blow up your friends, or what?"

"Nothin' ever happens to me," reassured Tommy with a sorrowful shake of the head. "It's my hoodoo, Barney. When it comes to bein' recognized by self-respectin' an' interestin' events I'm nowhere in sight. I longs to be in the middle o' excitement; but nothin' ever happens to me. I'm the centre o' gravity, old timer, an' there ain't a darn thing doin' in the centre o' gravity—nothin' up, nothin' down, everythin' floatin' around serene and tranquil!"

"I leaves it to you, Barney," he continued, warming to his subject, as he poured himself a drink at the bar. "I've sat in poker games in every camp on this trail—got plumb reckless, too, tryin' to start somethin'. But I can't never quit loser more'n a dollar an' never won more'n six bits in one sittin'. I've climbed onto some o' the cussed cayuses ever corralled an' the blame things has walked off with me just like they enjoyed it! Here I am with a couple o' thousand in the bank that I ain't needin' particularly an' I'm makin' a couple o' hundred more every trip up the darn old trail an' though I'm just pinin' fer things to bust loose, there ain't no excitement in life fer me. It's my hoodoo, Barney, an' ain't it the limit?"

YET it was on the very next trip up that Miss Betty Foster was perched on the seat beside him! The whole camp turned out to greet the new school-teacher and a prettier little "schoolmarm" never came West, the whole camp agreed. Every man in Seven Shaft Creek fell in love with her at first sight.

Tommy Kerrin was no exception apparently, for the little log schoolhouse just above the camp became the regular stopping place for one trail freight wagon. Sometimes when Jimmy was relieving behind the bar Barney Nolan used to meet Tommy; but there was no more talk of life being tiresome.

Instead, he had taken to nibbling dainty lunches, spread out on a school desk, listening to her charming prattle about nothing in particular while the two of them smiled across at each other with nothing to smile at in particular. It was not long before the whole camp knew about these luncheons for two and smiled knowingly. Everybody liked Tommy and the general rumor got abroad that Miss Foster most likely would not go back East at the end of the term. Then suddenly something went wrong.

"It's my hoodoo again, Barney," Tommy lamented.

"Hoodoo nothin'" snorted Barney. "It's your plumb fool self!"

For Tommy had been raving to Miss Foster about the beauty and desirability of a certain girl back East—a girl whose eyes were nearly the same brown as the school-teacher's and whose hair curled down in the same enticing way over her forehead and a few more things of similar import. The fact that there had never been such a girl and that Kerrin only was trying to tell her what he thought of her had not been apparent to Miss Foster. So the atmosphere had suddenly frozen Tommy's enthusiasm and he did not notice Miss Foster transferring a diamond ring from her right hand to the third finger of her left.

"Really, Mr. Kerrin, you must excuse me now," she had said politely. "I promised Mr. McAllister I'd go up and see the mine with him this afternoon."

Tommy had sat there, gulping, and finally had

observed that he would drop in and see her on his way back, Saturday, only to be informed that there being no school on Saturday, she had promised Mr. McAllister to go riding with him and they would be gone probably most of the day. Then Tommy had caught a flash of the diamond ring and had left in dismay.

He did not know, of course, that Miss Foster had no intention whatever of going up to the mine with McAllister. What she really did when he had gone was to go out to a little nook beside the creek and take to pondering. And the result of that was that she transferred the ring back to her right hand where it belonged and that she determined to show Tom Kerrin a thing or two and to that end she would go riding with Jim McAllister on Saturday if that unsuspecting gentleman could be persuaded to take her.

On her way back home she was lucky enough to meet McAllister. Fine-looking chap, McAllister; but his salary as timekeeper at the mines was not high enough to reach the knee of Matrimonial Aspirations. The temperature of Betty Foster's greeting, however, pleased his vanity and he walked along, basking in it. Only afterwards did he awake to the fact that the whole conversation had concerned horseback riding and the beautiful scenery and that he had actually invited her to go riding on Saturday afternoon, although he knew nothing about saddle-horses and was in mortal fear of them.

It was no wonder, then, that Tommy Kerrin on his way down-trail that Saturday found the stage setting complete for another piece of foolishness. The McAllister-Foster excursion was halted at the creek crossing. Miss Foster was on one side, having ridden across; while the piebald animal which McAllister was riding had balked and refused to cross.

Tommy drew rein and, rolling a cigarette, settled back in his seat to enjoy the performance.

"How do you do, Miss Foster?" he nodded complacently.

"Very well, thank you," she responded coldly.

"Can't say as much for your gentleman friend," he came back with a grin. "Seems to be havin' a little trouble. Why don't you push on the reins, Mac?" he called out. "Tell you what to do — get that bronc headed right, then lean over an' prod him with your thumb, low down on the neck, just in front o' the shoulder-blade."

"Oh, will that fix him?" cried Miss Foster gratefully.

"Sure will!" nodded Tommy. "Go ahead, Mac!"

McAllister obeyed. The piebald arched suddenly like a hickory bow and gave one bound. His rider turned a complete somersault in the air and came to rest, sitting in the middle of the creek.

"Tom Kerrin!" cried the girl aghast, "you're no gentleman!" she cried angrily. And with that she galloped back to the schoolhouse, and hitched her mount to the fence for McAllister to get when it suited him.

She was so angry she could not spell "cat"! She walked up and down inside the schoolhouse, clenching her hands, biting her lips, and wiping away scalding tears of mortification. She would never speak to Tommy Kerrin again! She got so worked up that finally she sat down and burst out laughing, and the more she laughed the funnier it seemed.

"What a man!" she gasped, and sat down at a desk with eyes that looked far away in day dreams that prevented her hearing the clatter of Tommy's horses as he passed. When at last she noted the falling shadows and got up to make her way home for supper, she absent-mindedly found herself setting two places at the table instead of one and blushed to find it so.

KERRIN'S wagon was tied up at the Nugget saloon while he told his troubles to Barney Nolan, who did not hesitate to tell him how many kinds of a fool he was and how many subdivisions of each kind of fool he divided into.

"Didn't you know that your play there at the crossin' was to act polite an' show

Mac how to get acrost, you chump!" pounded Barney in disgust. "Gettin' him to thumb the beast on'y made the little girl feel you was laughin' at her. You can't be trusted to go an' explain yourself without makin' things worse an' I reckon you'll just have to wait for somethin' to happen."

"But Barney," objected Kerrin desperately, "you know how darn few things happen to me!"

"That's your funeral," grunted Barney.

All through fall and early winter the days came in on the east side of the camp and went out on the west side in that quick way the light goes in the mountains. Nothing happened apparently—except Jim McAllister practising horseback riding on a medicated old broncho which belonged to "Doc" Bradley. He finally summoned up courage to ask the school-teacher to go riding with him again and this time he could ride. McAllister was company, at least, and Miss Foster was lonesome; so quite frequently they cantered around on the trails till the big snowfall began.

Barney Nolan, keeping one eye open, however, sensed the loneliness and disappointment of the girl and once he caught her peeping out between the blind and the window-sash when Tommy Kerrin's wagon went flying down the trail. Tommy himself had grown strangely pale and quiet and so irritable that Barney kept his own counsel.

EVEN the old-timers talked about that November. Snow started to come down early in the month and the sun was obscured by the flurries that swept the peaks for weeks. The trails became blocked and snowdrifts piled in the gulches and overhung the rocks.

Kerrin took the first load over the road. Just about Seven Shaft Creek the trail wound through a narrow gulch with barely room for two teams to pass. The snow was so deep that the horses could wallow along for only a few yards at a time, resting awhile before plunging forward again. Kerrin cast an anxious eye at some big slides which he saw hanging from the slopes at the top of the cliffs. They glistened like fangs in the sunlight.

"Them beauties is goin' to get someone when the sun gets warm an' makes 'em heavy with water," muttered Tommy. He was glad when he got through without dislodging anything; for sometimes it takes but a slight disturbance to start a slide down the mountain.

The mine operators at the end of the trip welcomed Kerrin with open arms. Every one of their teams had been held up by the snow in the mountains. The stamp-mills had been working steadily and each day's clearings, which usually were sent down in small lots for shipment, had been adding to the supply of bullion until it had reached proportions altogether too large. The load which Kerrin was commissioned to take on the down-trip was one of the most valuable he had ever run through and they sent two armed guards along with it.

Rumors that the Jakes gang were becoming active again of late were not reassuring. Nothing happened, however, until they reached Long Gulch. In the past three days the sun had been eating snow with increasing zest. The trail was bare and water was rippling down in rills on the northern slopes. Big drifts hung by their tails over the edge

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There was an ominous groan beneath Kerrin's feet. He yelled in dismay; but it was too late. Down went the slide and Kerrin went with it



Illustrated By
Phil Surrey

Place Bet

They Do Things Differently in Paris: How Differently,
You Have to Read This Story to Know

By Francis Dickie

MARTIN WELDON sat upon the terrace of the Cafe du Dome and stared idly at the traffic passing upon the Boulevard Montparnasse. After weeks of rain the sun was shining. The summer of 1927 had been so unusually cheerless in Paris that

Martin Weldon now the more revelled in the warmth and brightness of this afternoon of the 20th of August. The hour was nearing four. Martin had two hours to spare before keeping the rendezvous he had agreed upon with himself.

Twelve days previously upon the only evening in weeks when the sun had sunk in a cloudless sky,

Martin had stood at seven o'clock upon one of the little cement "islands" in the centre of the wide avenue Champs-Elysees and watched the sun go down behind the Arc de Triomphe a quarter of a mile distant, the while there sounded in his ears, as the booming of a great waterfall, the roar of a thousand motor cars, a racing horde like a plague of black ants, endlessly speeding.

At the moment of Martin's arrival the sun was slanting downward just above the southern corner of the Arc a perfect disk, vastly distended, and still whitely gleaming, a little dazzling to the eyes.

Another minute and the edge of the dying orb seemed to touch the very top of the gloomy arch. Over the surface of the disk a faint red crept.

Then squarely in the centre of the vast portal the flat sun seemed to rest, its surface faded to a deep, dark red, that color troubled and ineffably lonely, distinctive, which defies exact comparison with any other earthly hue.

And Martin thought: "How wonderful to be a traffic officer on the Champs-Elysees in summer." Momentarily he had turned his head to the adjoining island where stood the neat little policeman. But the man, with his back to the sunset, was eyeing admiringly a slim girl strolling down the avenue.

Straight downward now the sun's disk settled, its edges on either side appearing just to clear the walls of the entrance, as though it were being controlled by invisible guiding wires perfect in measured precision.

The sun's lower edge came to rest upon the pavement; and all the hurrying vehicles, reaching the top of the long slope, seemed momentarily swallowed up in the darkening pit thus created in the heart of the Arc.

Then the sun became an igloo of almost purple shade, its base quickly sliced away by the whirling world, and in the passageway of the arch the half-light turned to dusk.

When the last curving band of the disk had gone, Martin Weldon had sighed heavily, the sigh of the true lover of the beautiful at the passing of something fleetingly exquisite.

The memory that Martin had carried away with him of those minutes on the cement "island" that seventh day of August had clung and brought with it an eager wanting to once more view a scene of such rare and haunting magnificence. Thus with anxious eyes in the following days he had scanned the skies that for so long through this dreary summer had emptied rain upon the despairing city. And at last today sunshine had come. So now Martin Weldon sat upon the terrace of the Cafe du Dome and awaited the hour of six when he would descend into the underground and be whirled by the "Metro" across Paris to the Avenue Matignon on the Champs-Elysees, where from the vantage point of the same cement "island" he could look once more upon this miracle of the ending day.

Already Martin, although only domiciled six months in Paris, had become a little bit Parisian: he could sit an hour or so of an afternoon or evening at a cafe in front of a half-emptied glass of beer or coffee. The French were a sitting nation, rather than a drinking one; that was why the cafes had to have so many seats in order to make any money. And Martin, for all his intensely American nature, was unconsciously drifting into the more placid ways of the people about him.

His watch pointed to fifteen minutes past four when he was aware of a slim girlish figure on the pavement before him. She smiled at him the comradely smile of the Parisian cafe girl. A man who spends an hour or so almost daily in the same cafe soon comes to know by sight many of these girlish butterflies. They sat their lives away on the leather-cushioned banquettes and cane chairs of the cafes' interiors and terraces. If they had trouble in their lives, they did not show it, presenting always smiling faces, bantering gaily with the students, artists and tourists who idled hours away in a manner peculiar alone to France.

The girl who now stood hesitating at the edge of the first of the six rows of chairs which covered half the sidewalk was short, slim and dark. Her tailored suit of blue was neat, but Martin noted it was much worn and a little shiny.

No doubt life was a hard problem for a woman in

Paris where there were three hundred and thirty thousand more of them than men, Martin reflected. He answered her smile and, because of the thought that had just flitted through his mind, added a little nod of invitation for her to join him. Though Martin, as a writer of short stories and articles for American magazines and newspapers, found making a living a difficult struggle, he had at the moment sufficient money ahead to last him for another six months, by which time he hoped to have a fair knowledge of Paris and the French language, and thus be fitted to write many stories of the city and its people. The girl who now sat down beside him was possibly good "material" for his future writings. Like all authors, Martin continually saw people in terms of copy, though more often than not the process was almost unconscious. Quite aside from this, however, Martin was a sociable creature, and these casual friendly meetings on a cafe terrace were always an adventure. He carried in his pocket two little red dictionaries, one French-English, the other English-French. By aid of these, and the fair vocabulary of words common in ordinary conversation, he had in the past six months enjoyed many interesting talks with painters, models, students, and cafe girls like the one who had just seated herself beside him.

"It is so good to see the sun," Martin said enthusiastically when she had ordered coffee with cream and brioche, a bottle-shaped light cake.

The girl's big brown eyes widened. Sun and air are two things Parisians take for granted, avoiding both whenever possible.

"Monsieur loves the sun"? she said by way of being polite.

Martin nodded. "But yes. I await now the hour of six when I go to see the sun set on the Champs-Elysees."

The girl smiled widely.

"Monsieur makes the joke," she said reprovingly.

"Mais non," (but no) Martin protested quickly. "I go at six to watch the sun set on the Champs-Elysees."

Again the girl's eyes widened, far larger than at his first announcement that it was good to see the sun. It could not be possible this American was really serious!

"But Monsieur can sit here comfortably while the sun sets," she suggested for lack of something better to say when faced with so improbable a situation.

Speaking very slowly, mixing his genders, floundering heavily in the strange French medium of words, Martin answered earnestly:

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"With a name like 'Fire and Flame' the horse ought to be a scorcher," Martin said in English

From their seats they watched the tense flames of flesh imbued with fire to pass each other and the horse ahead of them

Up goes the curtain on a really clean movie!

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 THE HERO GOLDEN SOAP AND NAPTHA (*working together*)

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PLACE: *your laundry*

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And out comes DIRT. For DIRT is afraid of FELS-NAPTHA. You are saved—saved the work of hard rubbing!



THIS little movie is true. Dirt is afraid of Fels-Naptha! Fels-Naptha does do away with hard rubbing! For Fels-Naptha brings you two effective cleaners working together—good golden soap blended, by the exclusive Fels-Naptha process, with plenty of naptha.

With Fels-Naptha, you can smell the naptha in every bar. And you know that naptha, the basis of "dry cleaning," is a marvelous cleaner. It dissolves grease. It loosens stubborn dirt. In Fels-Naptha it works hand-in-hand with the soap. The safe, sure action of the naptha loosens the dirt and the rich soapy suds wash your clothes clean, white and sweet.

Make Fels-Naptha your extra helper—and use it *your way*. Use in washing machine or tub—cool, lukewarm or hot

water, or, if you choose, boil your clothes. Fels-Naptha washes everything washable, light or heavy. It gets your clothes clean with less effort on your part. Its mild, pleasant suds are kind to your hands. And you can use it all over the house—from keeping window panes sparkling to cleaning the painted woodwork.

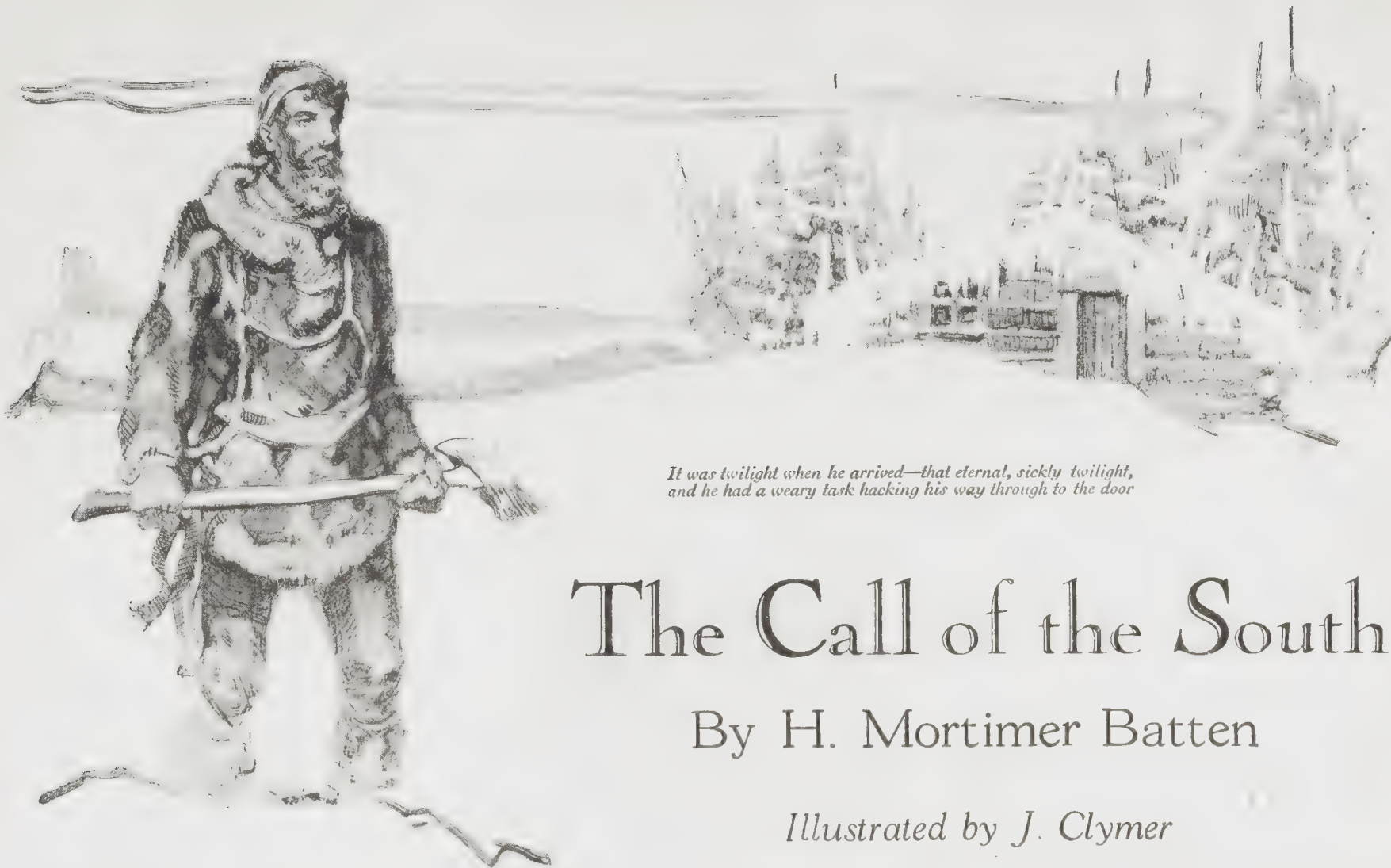
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THE GOLDEN BAR
 WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR





It was twilight when he arrived—that eternal, sickly twilight, and he had a weary task hacking his way through to the door

The Call of the South

By H. Mortimer Batten

Illustrated by J. Clymer

WHEN they heard at Berwick's Landing that Raymond McGill was heading for his claims at Fisher Creek, they told him frankly that he would not make it. "The weather's bad, and won't improve," they said. "The trail was never in worse shape, and no sane man would attempt it—alone and without dogs."

"Maybe I'm not sane," retorted McGill, a big, jovial figure beside the stove. "Anyway, I've done it before, and neither you nor I thought much of it. Why shouldn't I do it again?"

There was no immediate answer, for no one was in a hurry to give the real reason—namely, that Raymond McGill, in spite of his bigness and his apparent cheeriness, was a sick man. Not sick of any special malady, but of that soul and body sickness which comes to those of Southern blood who have fought it out just a little too long against the soul-freezing desolation of the North. A threat now of snow-blindness, trouble with frostbite—all the indications of a body which is beginning to rebel; which is hungry for the sunshine and white man's grub, served as straws in the wind, though with McGill himself there was no physical sense of it.

"You want to get away where the sun shines and the birds sing," the men at Berwick's told him, for they, at any rate, could see. "You want to get rid of that cough before you go hitting out for Fisher Creek. If you don't, you'll be kicking it over the height of land into the next divide."

"And that," said the man with the tambourine, "is unsurveyed territory!"

At this Raymond McGill blew a cloud of smoke and answered: "Bilge!"

"Gee, I don't know," he went on. "You boys are getting kind of soft and fuddled through stoking the stove. You need to get out into God's great woods, and look about you. Time was you used to reckon me a bit of a traveller, and now you tell me to go south as a cough cure! South, mark you!—me! Hell! Not on your life! Its' north every time, and I'm going north now!"

A strange expression came into his eyes as he looked from one to another. "Say," he went on quietly, "is it you who have changed, or is it me?" Then his eyes flashed with savage anger. "South!" he echoed mockingly. "Me go south! Not on your soul! I hate the South! Curse the South! Is it me who's mad, or you?"

He smote the bench with his big fist, and there was another silence, till the spokesman, who knew

so well the ways of the North, answered quietly: "I reckon we're all much the same, Raymond, but you've been on the trail a long time. You want to nurse that cough and those frost-bites, or maybe they'll get you down. If you don't want to go south, why don't you stay right here and we'll all go caribou hunting?"

McGill laughed, his old reckless, devil-may-care laugh. "I've got my work to do," said he. "You hunt your durned caribou and go south if you like! I'm going north! I'll be back six weeks from now, if Old Man Winter don't get me!"

"He sure will," answered someone, but McGill slammed the door and went out, and when the crunch of his snowshoes had faded, one of the men remarked: "It beats me what his kind go butting round these all-fired creeks for! He wouldn't have wanted for grub and blankets if he'd stuck to his own country. That sort don't flourish up here — least not longer than three years. He's had five, and it's time he went home!"

"Time — yes!" agreed one of the others, "but he's got a sort of a bee in his bonnet. I know. I camped with him. Had a bit of a dust-up with the old people, I reckon. Hates it all like sin, and it's growing on him—going sort of bughouse on the idea that he hates the South. Anyhow, he won't go back."

"No," muttered the man with the tambourine, "he won't go back, that's a cinch! He'll be blamed lucky if he gets this far. Bughouse already, clean bughouse! What about the girl who called herself Nara Vivian?" And he began to vamp to the strains of a popular song.

THREE weeks later Raymond McGill was still going north. The weather had turned worse, and his mind, too, had taken a curious turn. The North was drawing him, as it draws a compass-point, and across the compass was a seething, maddening hell-pit, which he called the South. He cursed the South—he hated it. It was a devil at

his heels, goading him on whither his face was set on all fours, if so it be; and when he rose, clawing at the ice with crooked fingers, it was to cast a laugh of mocking triumph over his shoulder where the sun lay. The South, which his mind and body craved, rose before him as

a memory of physical resentment—the South, where his younger brother lived—sleek, smooth, going each day to the city in city dress—his brother, who knew nothing of how the joy of living comes only to those who strive to keep alive. How he hated that brother, and in his inner mind, he despised his father who, forcing him out, had thrust the glory of manhood upon him; had bestowed

upon him a gift above the price of gold, for to him belonged the knowledge that Life is nothing till one knows the bitter pinch of striving for it.

Well, he was fighting now for life, cutting himself off, every step he took further and further from the likelihood of retaining it; and this, in a way, he knew. He was going north simply for the joy of single-handed achievement, and having achieved so much, yet so little, the trail would end. In that lay the irony of it, for the South would never know. To the South, where the sun lived, where the birds sang, he was paying the tribute of his uttermost contempt—simply to go away from it and die, with the curse of Job upon his lips!

So, up from the great waters to the creeks, where the burr-oak hangs low and the sun never touches the narrow gorges, into the land of half lights, the land God gave to Cain, Raymond McGill, like a bearded, world-old ghost, fought his way. He gained his cabin one month after leaving Berwick's. There were a few dry stores there, but he needed firewood. The signs in the snow told him that game was abundant, and here he could, indeed, hold on till the spring.

It was twilight when he arrived—that eternal, sickly twilight, and he had a weary task hacking his way through to the door. That done, he got the stove lighted, for, being a true woodsman, he would leave nothing till tomorrow. He must go out and get more firewood. Also

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SOUPS

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"So Shines a Good Deed in a Naughty World"

By E. G. Bayne

P. C. CALLAHAN and P. C. McDowd met on a windy corner to pass the time of night, the one just going off his beat and the other coming on.

"Well, how's everything?" inquired P. C. McDowd.

"Fine and quiet," answered P. C. Callahan, briefly.

"Too bad. I was hoping things would liven up a little round this precinct now the winter's over," the other mused aloud, "but it's as dead as Main Street on a wet Sunday these times. Every night the same."

"It's the devil's own luck," agreed P. C. Callahan with a sigh. "It's me that'd be glad t' see a good fight or something. Sure, this monotony's killing, so it is . . ." He straightened his helmet and gazed off into space with a look of deep wistfulness in his bright Celtic-blue eye.

"Oh, well, what can we expect, this being Passover or whatever it is?" suggested his fellow constable. "It's that holy round here it can't last—it's not in the nature of things."

P. C. Callahan nodded.

"Thim Sheenies are a quare lot," he remarked.

"I'll inform the universe they are," agreed his friend. "But what's that got to do with things in general?"

"Faith, nothing much," rejoined P. C. Callahan, "only I'm so young an' green I'm not on to the ways of thim yet, as ye might say. Maybe I'll get wise t' thim in time, I dunnow."

P. C. McDowd, who was part Scottish and therefore intuitive, scented something behind the constable's words. From some hidden recess in his tunic he produced a cigar—it was a brand he didn't smoke—and proffered it as bait.

"Come on. Tell your troubles to a policeman," he invited. "And don't thank me—that stogie may be loaded. A guy up the street just gave it to me after I'd nearly pinched him for speeding."

P. C. Callahan took the gift, smelt it, made a wry face and tucked it away.

"I'll keep it for when I commit suicide—which same may happen any time, this life bein' what it is," he said, with another sigh and a shake of his head.

Whereupon he proceeded to relate an incident that had occurred just a short while previously.

He had been patrolling H— Street, which is in the very heart of the Jewish quarter, and just to vary the monotony as you might say, he turned in at number X10 to tell the lady of the house to be a bit tidier with her garbage, which she had placed out in front for the collector. It was part house, part shop, and there were some newly-

delivered boxes of herring or other odoriferous fish and them leaking all over the place. She had to be spoken to about it but he'd let her down aisy, her being a widow and all. He had no wish to make a row, but faith, it was a dirty mess and him never knowing when th' Inspector would be poking his



"Sure she's got me that embarrassed" reiterated P. C. Callahan, "it's meself'll be th' laughin' stock o' th' disthict."

nose around. So he rapped on the door, for the shop was closed.

Mrs. Rosencrantz answered immediately and with many shrugs and apologies and gestures of her outspread hands assured P. C. Callahan that the matter of the ashes and the fish, etc., would receive attention without delay. She began to tug and haul at the boxes and when he saw how heavy they were what could he do but help her?

And then what does she up and do but ask him would he come in and light the stove for her, seeing how handy he could make himself!

"The fire-lighter, he hasn't come," Mrs. Rosencrantz explained, "and the children, *gottenieu*, are hungry."

She pointed to the cooking-range at the back of the little shop, and then to a box of matches. Sergeant Callahan ducked his head and entered, placing his helmet on the counter.

"Fire-lighter"! he echoed. "That's a new one on me. 'That must be Yiddish for butler-chef.' Obligingly he touched a match to the gas-ring and as it gave a little puff he adjusted the blaze adeptly and stepped back.

Mrs. Rosencrantz nodded and smiled.

"It is a holy day," she informed him in a tone of reverence. "It stands in the Talmud that none of our faith shall do any labor from sunset to sunset. We are forbidden to light fires."

"Go on," said P. C. Callahan skeptically. "Sure and how do yez keep warm at all?" "A *goy* comes by our house to light our fires," the lady elucidated. "For him it is no sin."

"Well, well," returned the policeman, wonderingly. "Sure, I wish the Irish had a day or two o' that sort—it'd give us poor harrrd workin' fellahs a bit of a rest an' all!"

She went on to tell about her husband having been killed in an accident in a factory about two years before and of how she had striven to carry on alone. The going hadn't been easy. She had three little ones. Always there was the rent, mister, and the groceries, and clothes and shoes, and now and then the doctor. As she talked she bustled about, preparing to warm up some sort of a meal that would satisfy her hungry brood without transgressing the holy law. This much he was able to gather from "the lingo of her," and he couldn't help but notice that she wasn't bad-looking, either, with the full-blown attractiveness of the modern woman of thirty-five who refuses to slump into middle-age. And her great soft brown eyes that seemed full of a sleeping fire—how eloquently she could roll them. He had noticed her from a distance many times but this was the first chance he had had for a closer observation.

"Why couldn't her name have been Kelly or Cassidy or something civilized"! P. C. Callahan thought to himself, and with all the fervor of a boy scout he began to look about him for further opportunity to perform a good deed. He went down cellar and put on a fire in the furnace, for he had remarked that the place was cold. While down there he also did a little scouting on the off-chance of finding a *cache* of bottled goods and was rather relieved, on the whole, that this search failed to reveal anything of that nature. The woman was

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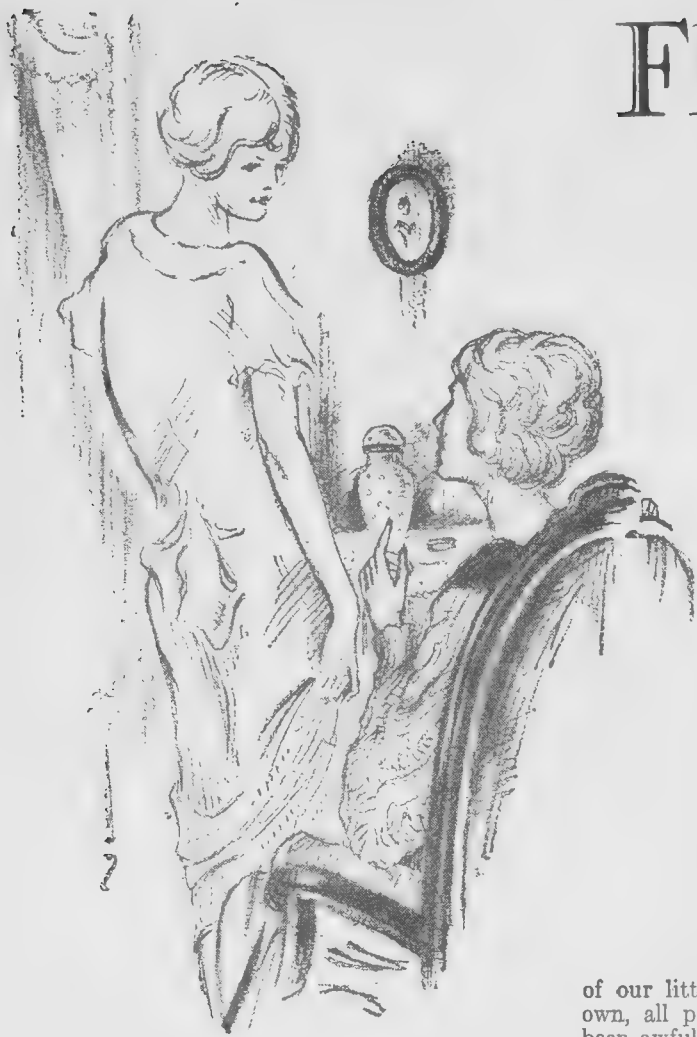
What happened after that, happened very quickly. Mrs. Rosencrantz seized the nearest heavy object, which chanced to be a frying pan, and she made for P. C. Callahan

Flapper Betty's Deceit

By Robert Watson

Author of "Gordon of the Lost Lagoon", "High Hagerd", Etc.

Illustrated by G. Hardy



"You know, Betty," her mother chided one evening, "it is hardly proper you coming home late at nights, alone."

BETTY DOBSON worked in the book section of the Allen-Meade Department store.

Betty loved pretty dresses, fur coats, neat shoes and the bright lights and just seemed to live for the evening with its round of dancing and shows. For lunch, Betty generally had an ice-cream soda in the summer time and a cup of hot chocolate in the winter. But she always had a good, substantial breakfast in the morning and a well-cooked dinner at 6.30 every evening when she got home from the store, so that in the matter of nourishment she did not fare too badly.

Betty was, after all, just a little flapper; not empty-headed, or foolish, or anything like that, for Betty had brains. She was just ultra-modern and was being carried along on the tide. But don't make any mistake about Betty—she could go for an auto ride in any boy's car, and walk back home too, if the occasion demanded it. However, most of the boys that Betty went auto rides with knew her, and, when they asked her to go out for a spin, that and that only was what they meant with Betty. And the strange thing about this was that Betty had more than her share of auto rides and had just as many friends as any of the other girls, and she walked home less often than most of them. Betty was well-set-up and a good looking kid, smart in her dress, could talk movie picture actors or poets, books or store scandal, hockey or Bible class work with the best or the worst of them. She could be dumb as a broken door-bell or wise as a penny dream-book, to suit the occasion.

The trouble was that Betty Dobson had a genuine pearl appetite in luxuries and homes which the paste-bead income of her father could not afford. Consequently, Betty was more than a little ashamed of her humble five-roomed home on Ryerley Street when she happened to be out with any swell boy friends. Yet this same little home was the one her dad and mother had been so inordinately proud of when they had saved enough out of her dad's wages as book-keeper in the Street Railway Company to buy it; a home which the Dobsons could really and truly call their very unmortgaged own.

Betty was their only child and was indulged as far as her father's humble earnings and her mother's deft needle-fingers, combined with Betty's own meagre wages, permitted. But Betty's ambitions ran high.

"You know, Betty," her mother chided one

evening, just as she was ready to go out, "it is hardly proper you coming home late at nights, alone, the way you do, from dances and shows. When I was your age, I refused to go anywhere with a young man who couldn't call for me and bring me back home. You sometimes talk about how swell and handsome your various boy friends are, but we never see them. You tell us about their nice cars. None of them ever drive around here. I really don't know, dear, what the modern young men consider common courtesy, if they dump you down at the street corner on their own way home and leave you to get here any way you can."

A quiver came into her mother's voice.

"Maybe you're ashamed, Betty, of our little home here. But it's our own, your own, all paid for. Your dad and I have always been awfully proud of it, Betty."

"Perhaps you're ashamed of Dad and me, surely not that, dear?"

Betty gulped and swallowed back a sob. Perhaps she was ashamed to let her friends know where she lived, but she was never, never ashamed of her dear sweet mother and her grand, near-sighted, indulgent old dad. She ran to her mother, threw her arms about her and hugged her. She wiped her mother's moist eyes, dabbed at her own, planted a kiss and answered soberly:

"Mother, dear, don't you worry about me. I'm always taken care of on my way home. Some day, maybe, I'll bring the right 'him' to see you. I won't be very late tonight, Mumsie. Bye-bye!" And in this non-committal way she ran out at the front door.

Betty caught the street car at the end of Ryerley, transferred at a down-town junction and rode again in the direction of the choice residential part of the city known as Walmer Crescent, looking anxiously every little while at the watch on her wrist.

She got off the car again and walked briskly along the wide boulevard, keeping close in the shadows and sending a flashing scrutiny at each passing auto.

She came at last to a palatial sandstone mansion, fronted with Grecian pillars and surrounded by trees and well-trimmed shrubbery that hid the lower part of the house from view of the boulevard.

An auto was standing at the gateway of the fifty yards of avenue that led to the house. A young man was seated in the car, evidently waiting for someone. Betty recognized the back view of him through the back window of the car, turned hurriedly, entered the gateway of the house adjoining and, a minute later, came tripping down the avenue from the house with the Grecian pillars, all happiness and gaiety but breathing a little fast from the exertion and anxiety of climbing a back fence with sufficient care not to damage her clothes.

The young man sprang out to meet her, shook hands and showed boyish exuberance at her appearance.

"Right on the stroke of the hour! As punctual as she is charming," he complimented.

"As gallant as he is flattering," returned Betty. Both laughed in the happiness of youth's contact with youth. And a moment more the car was speeding cityward.

It was an old trick this, that Betty Dobson had played, but a little more carefully planned this time than usual, for the people who lived in the house with the Grecian pillars on Walmer Crescent were named Dobson too—Colonel Dobson, the retired India merchant and his wife, of whom little seemed to be known, being more or less recluses, but reputed to have more money than they could ever hope to spend.

Betty had worked a similar dodge time and again with various boys she had met in the big city and in the many quite legitimate ways that girls in business can meet the city's young business men. Sometimes her home would be one big house, sometimes another, but Dobson's was Betty's favorite. She liked the house and its surroundings. It was her ideal, her dream of what a home should really be, while the similarity of name worked in beautifully for her with any young man who might have a bent for investigation. Dobson! She could be a daughter, or a niece, or just a distant relative, but she surely was well-connected if she was a Dobson at all.

True, she had put her foot in it rather badly with a visitor to town whom she had been introduced to at the Tennis Club dance. He had driven her home to the Dobson place on Walmer Crescent and he had been duly impressed.

Betty had insisted, as she always did, on being left at the gateway. After a reasonable time among the bushes she had come out, and was hurrying home when an auto stopped in the roadway beside her and her recent escort sprang out.

"Little four-flusher!" he sneered. "I knew damned well you were bluffing. I know your kind. Wouldn't spoon! Wouldn't kiss! Wasn't proper! Dad wouldn't like it! The right kind of people didn't do that kind of thing! Hell! Little Miss Take-all-and-give-nothing. Some highbrow, you are! Dobson of Walmer Crescent? A dirty little two-by-four rented dump in the east end is more like your measure. How do you like hoofing it home?"

Betty had flushed in a rushing flood of shame and had run away, stuffing her fingers in her ears to shut out the tirade that he threw at her, and for a block she heard and felt the sting of his high-pitched, brutal laugh.

And she had thought him so nice, too. Had almost wondered what it would be like to have him



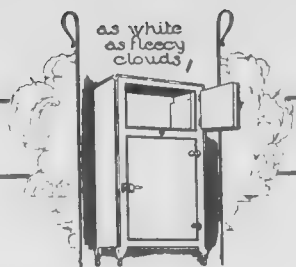
Betty was resting in a dreamy sort of quandary over these roses when Howard Turville was ushered in by her surprised mother.

for a steady sweetheart, for that was something Betty had never allowed herself to have, so far.

Oh, well—it put her wise to him in quick time.

That took place a year ago. It had sobered Betty down for a bit, and she had not played her little game of Miss Highbrow for quite a while afterwards.

Continued on page 87



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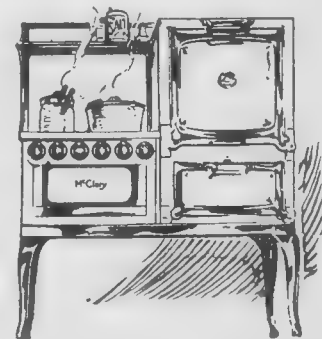
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FAMOUS OLD CANADIAN NAMES WITH A GUARANTEE BEHIND THEM

Has the Average Man a Sense of Humor?

By C. B. Robertson

THE scene is the Garden of Eden, no less! Lovely Eve is running up hill and down dale, dodging around trees and shrubs, stumbling, stubbing her little bare toes upon rocks and tangled roots. Terror lends fleetness to her feet. She sobs with fright.

Close behind Eve races the magnificent Adam! In his hand he holds a crawly, creepy caterpillar. No, he is not planning to put it down the back of her neck; she isn't dressed that way; but he is going to put it somewhere on her shrinking person, she firmly believes, when he catches her.

Eve's sobs and squeals of panic evoke from that splendid fellow, Adam, peal after peal of manly laughter!

Adam, however, having had his fun, carelessly throws the caterpillar aside, comes up to the exhausted lady, and wipes away her tears. "I was only teasing," he explains, still shaking with mirth. "Oh Eve! My love! You did look so funny! You sweet little shrinking thing! But it was silly of you to cry. Why were you created, I wonder, such an emotional creature? And quite without a Sense of Humor?"

Last summer I saw little Johnny Brown, in Muskoka, chasing his sister Mary, and he had a field mouse in his hand. He was convulsed with mirth. She howled with fright as she fled from him. Mother called Johnny to her side, and scolded him. Johnny defensively growled: "Aw, girls aren't any fun! Mary's nothing but a cry-baby!" Father commented in a low aside: "Johnny is right. Mary, true to her sex, is too emotional and has no sense of humor."

Suppose we consider Johnny and Mary as human types, the average male and the average female. Is Johnny's sense of humor that possessed by the average small boy? Is Mary's reaction to it that of the average small girl? I believe so.

Has Mary no sense of humor? Is Mary too emotional, by half? Should she have grabbed the squirming field mouse, and, with a burst of childish laughter, put it down Johnny's neck, instead of running away and bursting into tears? Father probably thinks so, but Mother knows that Mary wouldn't have the heart to do it, even if she had the courage. Her sensitiveness to suffering would have made her enter too deeply into the feelings of both Johnny and the mouse.

WHAT is a sense of humor, anyway? What are laughter and tears. Are they the result of some mental process, or are they the expression of human emotions? Surely, the latter? So, if laughter is an emotional thing, isn't it a bit paradoxical that Father and Johnny should say that the female is more emotional than the male; yet that the female is lacking in humor?

Has Mary a sense of humor? Have the grown-up Marys a sense of humor? Why do the Johnnys, old and young, declare that they have not?

Perhaps the answer is this: that the laughter of the female of the species is inspired by different emotions to those which cause the male person to laugh. For instance—

Have you noticed that the average man sees little or no humor in a joke on himself? The average woman enjoys a joke on herself and will tell it with gusto. The average woman learns to laugh when she is teased. The average man hates it!

(Remember that I am not speaking of particular cases, but of the average.)

Let us try to figure out the reason for this. Let us go back to little John and Mary. Now, we all know that if the grown-ups hear John tell Mary that she is as good as a boy at boys' games, they expect Mary to be gratified and proud! If, on the other hand, Mary says that John plays with dolls

just like a girl, he is expected to deny the allegation with manly scorn. It is rather a fine thing to be a "Tomboy," but if anyone calls John a "Sissy," the world demands that he "lick the stuffin' out of" the individual who has so insulted him. 'Twas ever thus! But why?

Is it because Mary is "only a girl," and, to prove herself capable of approaching the superiority of her brother, is a worthy thing, withal? Is it because John knows that he is superior, being a male, and that it is unworthy to descend to Mary's

Can we wonder that the average man is incapable of seeing humor in a joke on himself—a joke which makes him appear ridiculous?

Civilization, however, has developed John to the point where he is an individualist, so, while he objects strongly to being made to appear in an absurd light himself, he enjoys seeing another chap being "made a fool of"! Mary's sense of humor differs from his, in this respect too. Her experience has made her sensitive for others. She sees nothing particularly funny in the humiliation of another person.

In this connection, consider the "funny page" in the newspapers. The average woman doesn't chortle over it as the average man does. The humor consists in making human beings look foolish—humiliated. Has it ever occurred to you that the artists (?) who make these comic strips are all men? No woman could ever give her time and constant thought and energies to poking fun at humanity. She has learned to see herself in a ridiculous situation, and quite enjoy the joke, but she is less prone than a man to respond with glee to the other person's discomfiture.

I should like to emphasize this point—that women are capable of seeing a joke on themselves, yet cannot laugh at seeing another person in the same serio-comic situation—by telling of the case of the Hon. Irene Parlyby and Nellie McClung:

At the time of the last Alberta elections, these two ladies stood for re-election to the legislature. Mrs. Parlyby was re-elected. Mrs. McClung was defeated. The latter had stood in a new constituency where she was comparatively unknown. She was told, however, by those who knew the voters in that part of the province, that her election was, even so, a sure thing if she would not so strongly emphasize her convictions anent prohibition, against the existing Government Control of Liquor.

Mrs. McClung stood by her guns, and lost the election in consequence. When the reporters gathered on her doorstep to see how she took her defeat and ask her to state why, in her own opinion, she had failed to be elected, she didn't tell, seriously (as a man in all probability would have done), that she was a martyr to the cause of Temperance, and

that it was a new constituency anyway, and she hadn't had a fair chance. She told them, with a chuckle: "I wasn't elected, for the simple reason that not enough people voted for me!"

Nellie McClung, being a writer, naturally used her experience for "copy." She wrote an article, entitled: "What it Feels Like to be a Defeated Candidate"! She told of her own, her family's, and her friends' high hopes of victory, and the horrible thud with which they came down to earth in a realization of her defeat. She told it in a way that was pure comedy. No doubt there was a tear behind the laugh, but she didn't let that tear blot the page. She saw the thing as a tremendous joke upon herself, and she invited the world to laugh with and at her.

(It took a woman to do this. Have you ever heard of a male politician doing such a thing?)

On the other hand, do you suppose that the victorious and Hon. Irene Parlyby laughed over Mrs. McClung's defeat? They were of opposing political parties and had, many a time, debated rather warmly in Legislative Halls. Yet, when I congratulated Mrs. Parlyby upon her re-election, she thanked me, and added gravely: "I am so sorry that Mrs. McClung was not re-elected. We need such sincere women in politics."

Continued on page 75

Ferry-land Stories of Pop Crowe

BY JACK PATERSON

"HUM-DINGERS"



"YESSIR, Stranger, back here on the river is th' only place fer me I guess. Been livin' alone here fer nigh on forty-seven year an' I figger I'll just finish up right in the same ol' place. Nossir, yer right, things ain't like whut they useta be, but at the same time in some ways things has improved a little.

Take th' insect's f'instance. Yu'll hear folks sometimes complainin' 'bout mosquittas. Stranger, these here mosquittas nowadays is gentul an' friendly pets alongside the ones we useta hev here. They don't know how tu be bothersome ef they did wanta be. 'Twas differ'nt then, when bugs was bugs an' mosquittas ez big ez Bitterns.

Take the time I got that ther' big sugar-kittle now. Drawed a load uh potash through eighty-seven mile uh sloughs an' bog, with borrowed cattle, tu git that kittle, an' then, after all them weeks uh hard work, lost it, all on account uh them danged mosquittas.

Seems it musta been the smell uh the cattle, that brought 'em outa the swamp, fer I hadn't been home more'n an hour when I heerd 'em comin', abuzzin' an' ahummin' like a hundred an' forty saw-mills. I turned the cattle loose an' they run fer the river but afore I cud git away them pests wuz ontu me. Quick ez shootin' I tipped the kittle upside down an' clumb under it, an' not a second tu spare. Say Stranger, did them crittur's kick up a dust? Fer awhile there I cuddin't hear nothin', an' then, all at once—ther' wuz silence. Thinkin' that they musta went, I wuz gettin' ready tu crawl out when I begin tu hear a tap-tappin', an' then a borin' noise an' purtly soon I see the'r bills astickin' through the holes they had bored in the ther' iron kittle. Yessir, a hundred er more uh them, ther' musta been.

Uh course they cuddin't uh reached me, an' I was safe enough, but thinkin' tu git the best uh them, I grabs a good-size stone that wuz alayin' there an' afore they knew whut wuz up, I hed bent over all ther' beaks an' riveted 'em solid. Well Sir, talk about yer vexed mosquittas; them ones wuz jest plain fure-yus! The buzzin' an' hummin' started in again, louder an' wilder'n ever, with me achucklin' tu myself over this here trick uh mine, when all uh uh suddent ther' wuz a lift an' a lurch an' a flappin' uh wings, an' would yu bulieve ut, away the bunch uh them went with the ther' sugar-kittle. Straight fer the swamp they headed, an' thet's the last I ever did see of ut. Yessir, Stranger as I wuz sayin' them ther' wuz mosquittas thet wuz mosquittas!"

level? You may ponder that one for awhile, until the announcer is prepared to propound the next question: Is it because, since the days of our friends, Adam and Eve, tradition has decreed that man is superior, and his approval uplifting to the female?

(If you say that this is all changed in this day and generation, compare the mood of the popular girl at a dance, with that of the wall-flower, and—don't argue!)

From childhood, then, Mary feels, either consciously or subconsciously, that she is John's inferior; so inferior that she cannot expect to be taken as seriously as is John. By the time she is grown-up, she has learned, perforce, to laugh at herself upon occasion, to even enjoy a joke upon herself. The average Mary learns that John is a teasing creature, and that, for her own protection she must accept the fact and be good-natured about it. It is easier to laugh than to cry, so Mary learns to laugh at herself; to actually enjoy a joke upon herself.

But how about John? He has never been told that he is "only a boy." He has known, from childhood, that he is that very superior, and eminently serious thing: a man in the making! He is a type of human being which must, of necessity, be taken seriously.



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Painted Walls as Lovely Backgrounds

We Can Have Them in Plain, Panelled or Textured and Mottled Effects

By Katherine M. Caldwell

WHEN the question of a new background for a room is uppermost, there are a number of points to be considered before its exact nature is decided. If the room is already furnished, for instance, it is well to allow the curtains, cover fabrics and rug which will probably remain in it, to influence very greatly the type of background that is selected. The size, shape and lighting of the room should also have something to say as to the wall treatment.

If you have materials which show a good deal of pattern, if your rug shows design, if the room is on the small side and you would like it to give an impression of more space, if you would like a sympathetic setting for pictures, wall hangings or interesting pieces of furniture, if you have a fondness for a quiet, harmonious background which will set off whatever you pose against it—then you will want to consider the painted wall.

A plain wall seems to offer much the easiest basis for an effective room in a day when there is such wealth of delightful color and design in fabrics—even those of modest price. We can get a marvellously wide range of chintzes, cretonnes, printed linens and cottons of one kind and another, in serviceable sunfast qualities, at prices astonishingly low—and equally astonishingly high—if we are in quest of some of the rare and wonderful things! Many people also find their choice turning to rugs with a certain amount of pattern in them—partly because of the interesting design, partly because the patterned rug is less prone to show every mark. With influences such as these at work, there is an ever-growing feeling for the painted wall and a greater desire for information about it.

Painted walls offer a wider diversity of treatment than may be realized by many people. The paints themselves differ appreciably. There are those generally described as water paints—you buy the tint you want in powder form and mix it by a prescribed and simple method, with water. Then there are the washable paints. You can buy ready-mixed paints, or if you are sufficiently experienced and expert, you can do a little mixing yourself; this is inclined to be hazardous for the amateur,

however; anyone possessed of no more than the usual slight knowledge of these matters will be better advised to stick to paints that are ready for use, or that need no more than a little safe play with the tints by mixing one with another; or to the easily handled water paints already mentioned.

After the variety existing in the actual paints that are available, let us look for a moment at the different treatments that are possible.

THE plain painted wall is familiar to everyone, and most people know that there are different finishes—the so-called “flat” finish, the finish with a certain amount of gloss in it, and the really glossy finish that is for the most part characteristic of the paints favored for hard wear in kitchens and bathrooms. For the fine decorative effects, we like the soft velvety finishes best.

The perfectly plain painted wall, although a much-liked standby, does not always fill the need of the moment. When something more is wanted, it may be supplied in one of a number of ways.

Panelled walls are deservedly admired and are, of course, being much used by the best of the professional interior decorators. A room which lends itself to a panelled treatment can be given real distinction if the panels are nicely proportioned and well placed. The usual way of outlining them, when the walls are not panelled in wood but are plastered or given one of the other interior finishes, is by the use of narrow wood mouldings. These mouldings are very inexpensive and are not at all difficult to apply; the one requirement is that the panels be most carefully measured, each one studied with reference to the wall on which it is placed and with reference, also, to the other panels; the moulding is then cut, with perfectly mitred corners, and put in place with the most perfect exactness. There is no definite rule for the making of panels—but it is well to have few than risk too many; sometimes the size and shape of the walls will suggest the use of only one panel on each; again, there may be just nice space on each side of a window or a door, to carry a narrow

panel, whilst a large unbroken wall would take perhaps one rather wide panel or might permit a narrow one on each side of a wide one. Some study of the actual walls and whatever observation of other panelled rooms is possible (so many are shown nowadays, in magazine illustrations and advertisements), will help the home decorator to decide on happy proportions for even the first experiment. Some of the paint manufacturers are also prepared to send booklets and pictures to enquirers, which should prove of help on this and other points that will come up when the subject of decorating is before you.

The panels may be further emphasized by the use of color contrast. Sometimes the surface within the moulding is made a little lighter or darker than the background color, and the wooden moulding itself may be given a tone a fraction darker. Again, one of the stippled or other mottled effects is used within the panels, to excellent effect. I shall speak of these special treatments in a moment.

Another method of outlining painted panels should be referred to—the use of a stencilled border. Stencil patterns with instructions for their use are readily obtainable and it requires no special art or training to use them. These stencils are often used as borders just below the ceiling or picture rail, when such decoration is desired.

Whilst nothing can be lovelier than a plain velvety expanse of painted wall, in a soft finish and fine color, sometimes we desire to give it one of the special “textured” finishes—stippling it by one of several processes or giving it a glazed finish which, while it does require skill, is very generous in beautiful result.

STIPPLED walls are not only very attractive to look at, but are practical, too, for the effect of an all-over design is given and small soils and blemishes are less likely to show than when the wall is quite plain. This factor is perhaps of increased importance when the finish is not a washable one. Another time when they may be of special value is when the wall is uneven—as is often the case with an old wall. Stippling will go

Continued on page 57

21 Pastel tints!

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THE WATER COLOR FINISH
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Come Let Us Read A While

By Sheila Rand

THE TREE OF LIFE

MARVELLOUS book, this new one by Ethel Mannin. The best she has written. There is a willow tree, and with the annual rising of its sap, with the annual leafing of its branches, life grows apace in the house of the willow tree. Margaret and John Harran come to live in the house, and there their children Michael and Lynette are born. When Ethel Mannin describes the willow tree in "Green Willow," (Jarrolds) she rises to great heights. She feels always as if her life cycle and the life cycle of the willow tree are concentric; one cannot go on without the other. Here we find great scope for Ethel Mannin to show her deep understanding of the child psychology. The school kept by Mr. and Mrs. Thane is surely built upon Ethel Mannin's experience of Neil's school, Neil of the Dominie books. Mothers will read this book either with pain because they understand so well, or with astonishment because their eyes are being opened. Margaret was such a delightful mother, and yet she did not understand the children at all. Life of Michael traced from birth to disaster. Lynette's traced from birth through disaster to a hint of achievement. John Harran, the father, is just like a background, a background for the new life enacted on the stage, not by puppets whose strings the author pulls, but by individuals who would seem to have no relationship with the author whatsoever, so real are they. Of course, Ethel Mannin does not use all the Freudian catch-words, but she implies much Freudian philosophy. Michael's hideous choice of a wife is really his attempt to break away from the love that he bears his mother, a love that instead of helping him is a hindrance. And is not Lynette's love for the married man almost twice her age, the result of a father complex, which she herself, of course, does not understand? There are some intensely beautiful passages in this book. For instance where Lynette comes under the influence of the nun, Sister Marie-Odile, who tells her of the love of Ulenspiegel and Nele. It was this love-story, affecting as it did the adolescent Lynette, that became a sort of fantasy in which she lived and moved and had her being, a fantasy which permitted her to love the married man, an awful cad, brilliantly drawn, Alan by name.

The gentle Margaret had said that if anything happened to the willow tree she would die. . . . Her mind was seething with thoughts. She remembered the day that Michael, unborn, had quickened into life under the willow tree, and that queer sense of communion with the life of the tree had surged through her. It had begun, the oneness of her life with the life of the willow tree, that in turn was a symbol of all life, and its tides and seasons. It would be so for little Lynette because she, too, was a woman. All the women who lived in the house of the Willow Tree were indefinitely one with its life, because the same life forces that flowed in sap through its veins flowed in blood through theirs."

And now Margaret, who had to go to a nursing home for a minor operation, was feeling that she would never see the willow tree again. . . . "And now there was a disturbance in her life and in the tree's. She must leave the house of the willow and go away, and the willow surged with a song of foreboding, like the rushing of the waters of the Styx."

Her husband laughed at all her imaginative fear, but Margaret never saw the willow tree turn golden again. She died in the nursing home. The willow tree seemed to live and flourish happily enough throughout the years that followed, until one day Lynette, faced by a crisis in her life which would have meant disaster, is about to leave the home of the

willow tree, and court this disaster. There is a storm, and the willow is caught by lightning and smashed to the ground. But Lynette stays at home. And then, because Margaret is dead, and Michael is dead, and the willow tree lies dead, a shrivelled thing, father and daughter leave the house of the willow forever, move to a new country and fresh scenes and begin life over again.

IRISH CANADA

AUNTIE MCCOOL, as portrayed by Florence Randal Livesay, in "Savour of Salt" (Toronto, J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd.), is a cool character. She had a way with her when she visited Murphy's General Store.



"The old woman went with surprising swiftness behind the counter, brushing young Johnny aside as if he did not exist. She cut off several yards of print, took two or three cans of tomato soup and corn, and a few cakes of soap, and was ready again for her interrupted journey."

After Auntie McCool had bestowed this booty left and right, the fame of her generosity would grow to still greater dimensions. It is not only Auntie McCool with her "quare" ways and quaint philosophy whom we meet in Florence Randal Livesay's latest publication, but the pathetic, imaginative little Anne, and the good-natured Mrs. Finnigan, and many others equally interesting.

equally expressive of the characteristics, superstitions and deep-rooted beliefs and traditions of the Irish settlement in Ontario.

Those looking for a real novel, or for a collection of short stories, will be disappointed in "Savour of Salt." Mrs. Livesay has achieved neither of these literary forms. Nor should one turn to "Savour of Salt" for an hour's excitement such as an Edgar Wallace thriller can supply. Nothing "modern" about this book; it does not stir anyone to any depth of emotion. But to those interested in studying habits of thought and customs of a "little people" becoming absorbed by a greater nation, those who love the "genre" sketch, I recommend "Savour of Salt." Whether Mrs. Livesay writes prose or poetry, whether she is engaged in translation or in original work, she always exercises a delicacy of workmanship and a quaint elfin imagination and humor that gives the result of her efforts a distinctive charm. "Savour of Salt" has it.

AN EXCITING ROMANCE

I SEEM to have been reading a great deal about Malays, Dyaks and Disuns lately. Dr. Hose's book was the work of a scientist, even if it read like a romance. Mr. Owen Rutter's book "Golden Rain" (Fisher Unwin) is frankly a romance, but sounds so real that it would not surprise me to be told that it was all actual experience. It all fits in so admirably with what the Punkwallah tells us in his memoirs.

Major Rutter, whose residence in Borneo, although for a much shorter period than Dr. Hose's, had an admirable opportunity of knowing the races inhabiting that enormous outpost of our Empire. One feels so convinced as one reads that the whole story is real, that it is difficult to disassociate the one from the other. Nor is there any need to do so. It is a stirring story of adventure. It makes its appeal to the lover of excitement, to the lover of Empire, who sees it in the making, and to the philosophic mind who gains a new psychology through the wisdom of the many mature sayings.

It makes its appeal to the lover of excitement, to the lover of Empire, who sees it in the making, and to the philosophic mind who gains a new psychology through the wisdom of the many mature sayings.

Jerry Huntley was in the Borneo Political Service, and he tells first-handed the story of how one little part of that wonderful country was pacified, and how the Malayan Chief Jeludin—he has a terribly long name, really—wavered between allegiance and revolt. Long treks, head-hunting, jungles, the burning of villages, the storming of strongholds, succeed one another rapidly, nor is there a moment of dullness. Major Rutter as a rule does not complicate his novels with women, but as a concession to things as they are, he has introduced two into "Golden Rain," one shadowy and impersonal, and the other Nareen, who plays the devil with everybody as is due to her Irish nationality. She is the typical heroine of an adventure story, and I guarantee the quickening of the pulse of every male reader of "Golden Rain."

Last Words of Mother

By Irene McMillan Glanville

*The last words of mother's when I left the farm—
A bright happy boy never dreaming of harm—
She wept and she left her sweet kiss on my face
While looking to God, in the parting, for grace,
And then as I galloped away she called, "Roy,"
I turned in my saddle—"God bless you my boy!"*

*The years quickly vanished, I wandered afar
Grew reckless and weary. It seemed every star
Was blotted from Heaven, so dark was my night.
So cruel my fate when at last shone a light
In the heart that sin's curse had long sought to destroy,—
The last words of mother, "God bless you my boy."*

*The waves rolled between us I ne'er saw her more
And yet as I'd done in the sweet days of yore,
I sat in the twilight and sang mother's songs
And wept bitter tears o'er the past and its wrongs.
When other's have cursed me these words gave me joy
The last words of mother, "God bless you my boy."*

*Methinks in the light of that beautiful home,
When toiling is over, no longer to roam,
The words that recalled me from sin and its charm
When I went a-roaming and left the old farm,
When mother shall meet me, perchance their in joy
She'll murmur those loved words, "God bless you my boy."*



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*"Look, Mother
—it's dry!"*



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The Young Man and His Problem

Books and Promotion

IF THERE was ever a time when young men thought that there was little to be learned from books, once school days were over, that time probably exists no longer to any considerable degree, for today, young men who have eyes at all to present-day methods of obtaining information, must realize that accounts of much of the world's experience are quickly committed to books and are on record for all who care to study them.

Recently, many books have been issued that have a distinct value for young men interested in self-improvement, and with a view to providing space for some account of these, the regular study articles have been omitted this month, but will be resumed in June. With the fine weather at hand, it is not expected that the purchase of some or any of these books will be thought advisable, but young men might at least make a note of the titles and bear them in mind for possible use in the fall in connection with plans for the more popular study period—the Western Canadian winter.

The Yankee of the Yards

IN THE new Shaw book, "The Yankee of the Yards," one reads a story of destiny—and beef. From a small New England butcher to the founder of a meat-packing business known and respected throughout the world is the biography of Gustavus Franklin Swift.

"Biography" of a recognized big business success is not its only claim to high praise. Written by Louis F. Swift, the son of the great founder, in collaboration with Arthur Van Vliissingen, Jr., it deals with the actual business life of the senior Mr. Swift. It points out the characteristics which typify an outstanding and successful man and reveals a personality which enhanced the value of the strong character he possessed.

The book is packed full of business methods that won success and the story leaves the reader a sense that this man's progress was inevitable. Yet with all, his personal ability, gluttony for work, unlimited energy and persistency, and his efficient and time-saving use of the abundance of common sense he possessed, destiny presided at his birth. Destiny swept him on to accomplishment extraordinary in any one man's career. His abilities and the world's changing needs come together to produce a career as exceptional as it is interesting.

Filled with incidents of Mr. Swift's actual contact and conversations with employees and business associates, bankers, customers, creditors, the book is easy, swift and pleasant reading.

Shaw books, by the way, are published by the A. W. Shaw Company, Cass, Huron and Erie Streets, Chicago.

This Economic World

"THIS Economic World and How It May be Improved," is the title of another Shaw book by Thomas Nixon Carver and Hugh W. Lester.

Escape of any kind is one of the greatest thrills of life. It is one of the most fascinating things in the world. But man's escape from the villain Want—The Great Escape—is certainly the most thrilling of all. And instead of being a dismal science—economics, which recounts the story of The Great Escape, is a drama of hitherto untold interest. Scattering—migration; Work—cultivation; Organization; Protection against predation; Invention; Responsible Parenthood; Balancing the Economic Functions—these are the Seven Great Escapes from Want which all mankind has had to make.

What the great "outlines" of art, history and science have been, this vivid tale of escape, is to the art of making a living. To watch the drama of economics unfold, chapter by chapter, as the world has escaped time after time from the clutches of Want, is to gain a new understanding of how we live—and why we live as we do.

The following paragraph is representative of the readable style of the authors:

"Failure to see the difference between getting rich by predacious methods and getting rich by productive methods is at the bottom of much of the radical and loose thinking of the day. The one who gets rich by production makes others rich in pro-

By H. C. Russell, F.C.I.

portion as he gets rich. The richer he gets, the richer he makes others, and the more rich men in the country who get rich by production, the richer everybody else in the country becomes. Precisely the opposite is true of predation. The richer one becomes, and the more there are who get rich by predation, the poorer everyone else becomes."

Window Display

MANY Western young men find opportunities in the stores of our towns and cities and among these opportunities are those which come to the man who is trained in the principles of window display.

"Principles of Window Display" is a third Shaw book, freely illustrated and substantially bound which leaves little to be said on this important means of business development.

The author, James Hamilton Picken, well-known merchandising and advertising counsellor and lecturer at Northwestern University, establishes the fundamental principles of window display and attaches to the selling power of the window, the attention it merits.

Following the presentation of the whole retail selling problem as a background, the book tells clearly and interestingly how to dress windows, how to select goods to feature, how to arrange merchandise, how to construct the background, how to avoid mistakes in using manufacturers' display helps, how to use window cards most efficiently; in other words, how to put human interest in display space.

An eight-page index enables the reader to turn quickly to any section to which he may wish to refer for practical help in window display problems.

How to Punctuate

"DESPITE its admitted importance to writers and readers alike," says David Frew, the author of "Hints on How to Punctuate," "punctuation, with the best of us, is too often a matter of haphazard."

This little handbook, published by Blackie & Son, Glasgow, Scotland, is another help towards the attainment of the ideal of correct English throughout the length and breadth of Canada. In "Hints on How to Punctuate," the author has clearly expressed those rules by which the masters of English prose and verse were themselves guided, and his book will be found helpful, if not actually indispensable, to all who wish to write well.

"The aim of the writer," says Mr. Frew, "like that of the speaker, is the communication of thought, and in both cases its attainment has to be considered from two sides: (a) from that of the speaker or writer, (b) from that of the hearer or reader."

"The speaker or writer seeks to communicate the thought, as clearly as possible, and with as little effort as may be necessary. The important thing is that the hearer or reader may get the thought the speaker or writer wishes to convey, and not something different. But that is not enough. The speaker or writer wishes to communicate the thought in such a way that it may produce on the hearer or reader the exact impression he wishes it to produce."

"In trying to attain these ends the speaker, besides the words he uses, can bring to his aid a number of important helps to complete expression. Among these may be mentioned: the pitch of the voice; the modulation of the voice; the stress or emphasis on words; and the grouping of words. In addition to these aids the speaker has the help of facial expression and of gesture. He is often able, therefore, to convey his meaning more clearly and more emphatically than the words alone would convey it."

Of most of these aids to expression the writer cannot avail himself; but some aids and these of the very greatest importance he can use. By the points, or punctuation marks, the reader is shown how the writer wishes the words to be grouped; where he thinks pauses should be made; what he considers should be the duration of the pauses in different cases.

The English Way

AT A recent general meeting in Winnipeg of the Imperial Daughters of the Empire, the hope was expressed that Canadians would do all in their power to preserve the use of the English language in its purity.

The extensive circulation of two books recently issued by a well-known British firm, Macdonald & Evans, Publishers, 8 John Street, Bedford Row, London, England, might do much towards a realization of this idea.

The book is published in two editions, both of convenient size. The larger book contains a full course, and the smaller a junior course. The author, Dr. B. L. K. Henderson, apart from his high academical qualifications, is specially equipped for writing such a course, since he has been teaching and lecturing upon the subject for the past twenty years. The sections on grammar, while plain and practical, have been reduced to a minimum.

Some of the chapter headings are as follows:

The eight parts of speech; The analysis of sentences; Punctuation; Words; Idioms; Prefixes and suffixes; Writing from notes; Letter writing; Style; Vocabulary in connection with style; Figures of speech; Pitfalls; Pronunciation; and Books and characters.

An introductory heading to one of the chapters on sentence study, includes a quotation from Alice in Wonderland, which furnishes a good illustration of the need for care in the use of words.

"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare went on.

"I do," Alice hastily replied; "at least I mean what I say—that's the same thing, you know."

"Not a bit of it!" said the Hatter. "You might as well say that 'I see what I eat,' is the same as 'I eat what I see.'"

A Punctuation Test

THE following paragraph from Mr. Frew's book on "Hints on How to Punctuate," occurs therein as an illustration of the various uses of comma, semi-colon, colon, and dash. It is reproduced here without punctuation marks. Readers who wish to try their hand at inserting the necessary marks correctly, are invited to clip the passage and send it in corrected. It will appear in its proper form next month.

These bright accounts of travels good humored and witty discussions of question lively or pathetic story telling in the form of novel firm fact telling by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history all these books of the hour multiplying among us as education becomes more general are a peculiar possession of the present age we ought to be entirely thankful for them and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them.

Learning By Mail

ALMOST weekly one hears of the possibility of learning at home by lessons through the mail some subject that previously has been taught only at some centre to which students had to travel if they wished for instruction.

The art of teaching by mail has now developed to such a point that it is difficult to think of a subject for which some institution is not prepared to furnish instruction. Even languages are now offered through mail instruction, aids to pronunciation being furnished through the means of phonographic records.

The learning of business subjects by mail has been popular for some years and instruction is now offered through the post in shorthand, typewriting, book-keeping, business correspondence, commercial law, advertising, salesmanship, penmanship, spelling, English grammar, business arithmetic, business forms and office routine, principles of business, and many other branches.

While the student may miss something of the inspiration, he has, under the mail lesson plan, the advantage of personal attention to his problems.

The editor of this page will be pleased to place any readers in possession of information concerning sources of instruction through the means of postal lessons.

They bought two new Hupmobiles *instead of one*



Man and Wife So Charmed They Decide Each Must Have Own Car

The new Hupmobile Six is greatly accelerating the two-car tendency in its own favor, if the action of this Harrisburg man and wife can be taken as an indication.

The husband went alone to the salesroom for a demonstration. He had not driven the car five minutes before he headed for home to have his wife see it.

Of course, the wife wanted to drive the new beauty, and she was at the wheel on the return to the salesroom.

There the couple decided at once that each must have a personal car, instead of the one they had intended to share. The wife chose a coupe and her husband bought a sedan.

Hardly a day passes that other incidents as unusual and astonishing as this are not reported from all over the country.

In Oklahoma, the seven members of a banker's family unanimously chose Hupmobile in secret ballot. A New York man offered \$2500 cash to be permitted to drive away immediately the particular car he wanted. Whole groups of people in Nebraska, Utah, Texas and half a dozen other states have appraised the car at a figure hundreds higher than the actual price. Small wonder that enthusiasm for the Six of

The New Hupmobile—the Six of The Century—has developed more astonishing incidents than have been recorded since the automobile industry and this century began. The one here reported and others to follow are “taken from life.” Names and full particulars on request.

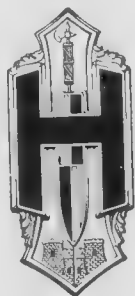
the Century is growing greater all the time.

Newly-created beauty to charm the eye. Performance to satisfy, and more than satisfy, the most exacting and par-

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But the greatest satisfaction of all comes with the knowledge that a car which looks and behaves as though priced from \$2500 to \$3000 can be bought for hundreds less.

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The Six of the Century

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Clean-Compact-Economic and gives a perfect surface for wall paper paint or kalsomine

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The House of Stucco



Written for the Western Home Monthly

By V. W. Horwood

Registered Architect

The skit which Pope made on the planning of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Century homes might be applied to many of even today's houses:

"'Tis very fine,
But where d'ye sleep
And where d'ye dine!"

It would be interesting to write a history of comfort, its rise, development and its misconceptions. Disraeli said that "the English mistook comfort for civilization" and no doubt many of us do the same. A history of comfort would be the history of our homes. That is why I would like to write it. Men began to plan for comfort and pleasure when Elizabeth was Queen and the Spanish Armada threatened her Kingdom. There was Drake and Raleigh and Hawkins and a host of others sailing the purple seas and looting the best from the world's trade—and after their rough and tumble life they would no doubt settle down and bring into their portion of the country side some of the refinement they had seen abroad.

Submit the plans shown in the Western Home Monthly to a careful analysis. Every plan has been designed using certain basic rules—rules that have been developed from the conditions which have evolved as the house has become a home. There is a difference between a house and a home. I hope it is never my lot to just plan merely a house. It would be a most uninteresting work, but a home.... so many memories cling to it, and in its planning so much thought and love enter into its design.

The developing of the plan first recognizes two general divisions—the main rooms and the halls or passages for communication between them, and as the house increases in size these divisions are again subdivided into servant and family rooms, all inter-related. The plan shown will illustrate the system in a small way. The entrance through the vestibule into the hall is the logical lay out for a house of this character. Bungalows are an exception to this rule as in many of them the front door opens directly into a living room. This is to a large extent due to the fact that the bungalow owes its origin to India and a warm climate, and

another reason is to the radical change in our ways of living, home privacy not being such an end as in the past. What is the first impression that you get when you enter the hall? It no doubt depends to a measure on the family who occupy the house. This plan was made for the every day home-loving person, and naturally the hall should partake of this hominess. The vestibule can be treated quite severely and simply as it is only the buffer between the weather and the home inside. The stairs would no doubt be the prime factor in this hall, with a window cunningly let into the roof slope to lighten it. The floor of polished oak with one large rug on it, the doors oak in one panel with gleaming brass hardware, and the stair treads of oak with risers painted white enamel, with the rail oak. I would fume the oak or use the finish equivalent to fuming.

We have now our basis for the hall finishing. The walls would be papered from the base to the ceiling in a rather striking pattern of reds and golds. Put a small hall table on one side with a mirror not too heavy above it, reflecting the surfaces of the polished woods and

the long vista of the hall. Have two brass candlesticks with long candles and a brass card plate on the table, a formal straight backed chair and as a climax a Grandfather's clock ticking solemnly at the end of the hall, making an appealing entrance to your home.

From the hall I will take you into the kitchen. This is rather a reversal of the accepted ideas. What trials and sorrows many a housewife has undergone, with help that will not remain, with weariness of limb and fag of brain, because the kitchens have been generally the last thing thought of—and planned accordingly. We often exclaim on the suitability of the kitchens shown in the old farm house of Quebec or New England. There is a reason. In these past days the kitchen was generally the family room. I have been in farm kitchens in Ontario

where the whole room radiated livableness, in fact the kitchen was the most cheerful part of the home and it is a sad thought and yet one we are to blame for, that we have put the kitchen in such out of the way cheerless places that it either quenches the ambition of the housekeeper or the servant. Luckily in the past decade there has been a revival and I hope that this kitchen will prove acceptable. It has a work pantry, a serving or pass pantry with its cupboards and sink for the finer ware. In the work pantry are bins for sugar and flour, and drawers for the table ware and napery, cupboards for ordinary use, and a dumb waiter from the cellar cool pantry. In the vestibule is the refrigerator with hidden beneath the handsome exterior the glistening white compartments, the temperature controlled by electricity, where at a moment's notice can be taken a cool crisp salad. The floor should be covered with a good linoleum, and the walls either treated with hardwall plaster with a white cement wainscot, or tile having washable (Continued on page 69)



Privacy should be one of the objects in the library planning

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DODGE BROTHERS
Senior Six

The Unprofitable Prophets

By Edith M. Russell

"GOT another baby at our house!" were the first words that greeted Mabel Armstrong, the new teacher, on her fifth day at Glenhurst school. "Want you to come over right after school to see it."

"A new baby! Well, well! When did it arrive?"

"Last night, 'bout midnight. Same as if it was Santa Claus."

"Well, Mickey, I'll be sure to pay it a visit, but not this afternoon. I fancy your mother's so taken up with the newcomer that she won't be wanting to see visitors. I'll be over in about a fortnight."

"You mean two whole weeks!" exclaimed Mickey. "You ain't a bit curious."

But before the expiration of that long term, as Mickey considered it, Mabel Armstrong found herself face to face with a very commonplace looking bundle of flesh and flannel held in the motherly arms of a buxom woman of about forty.

"Your twelfth!" she gasped. "And you appear to be as proud of it as if it were a novelty—the very first! Mickey didn't tell me he had so many brothers and sisters."

"Neither he could, for he hasn't any sisters; they're all boys."

"All boys! And have you decided on a name yet for Number Twelve, Mrs. Smith?"

"We have, but there was no deciding; his name will be Malachi."

"Malachi! Malachi! O please, Mrs. Smith, do let me suggest a more suitable name. I never named a baby in my life, but I'm sure I could find something prettier than that. He'll stagger under the weight of such a heavy name. He'll be—"

But she was interrupted. I'm sorry to contradict you, as you're the teacher and have a sight more learning than I have, but even for the teacher we can't upset the plan. And it's turned out so well, too; not a girl between to spoil the order. Malachi completes the minor prophets. You know Micah already. I noticed that you called him Mickey awhile ago."

Miss Armstrong gasped again. "The minor prophets! And Mickey is Micah, and not Michael as I had supposed. When I asked him his name he said 'Mickey Smith,' so I put him on the register as Michael."

"Then you'll have to put him off again, but it's easy to change the name. Just put an 'a' between the 'c' and 'h,' and scratch your pen through the rest."

"I'll fix Micah on the register, Mrs. Smith, and if you won't think me very rude I'd love to know how you came to give all your children those outland—I mean Scripture names?"

"Well, it's just this way. Of course we didn't know we'd be blessed with twelve sons, just like Jacob, but we thought it would be a nice way to fix these books of the Bible in our minds, and that as sons came along we'd give them the names of the prophets, so we called our first-born Hosea. It seems as if the scheme has met with divine approval, for here's little Malachi, and they're all healthy, hearty lads—every one of the twelve living. The doctors and undertakers haven't got rich off us."

Miss Armstrong showed unfeigned interest in the wonderful record of this patriarchal family.

"It's really remarkable!" she commented. "They should all be featured in the colored section of one of the big weeklies."

"Not in the colored section! Not in the colored section, if you please."

"I mean the pictorial section," explained the once more surprised teacher. "But wasn't it a bit hard on these poor little lads to fix Bible books in your minds at the expense of their comfort and happiness?"

"Not at all. They're all perfectly happy, and they'll thank their father and mother for saving them a lot of bother in after life. There were other reasons for choosing those names, Miss Armstrong."

"How interesting! Do let me hear them."

"In the first place our name is Smith. If you look through a city directory you might find John Smith the ninety-first, so the name Smith should always be linked up with something not too common."

"That is certainly a good point, Mrs. Smith."

"Then there was no bother thinking of names to give each child when it was born. People spend so much time picking and choosing, and then, after all, ten chances to one, the child isn't named to suit either father or mother, but some old aunt or uncle, grandfather, grandmother or neighbor."

"You and your husband are certainly both long-headed," commented Miss Armstrong.

"Then another idea," continued Mrs. Smith, "is that it makes it easy to remember them in order of age. No, heights won't do it. They're not like steps. There's Jonah almost a head taller than Obadiah."

"You certainly have taken everything into consideration."

Just here the door opened and a curly head of nine was thrust into view. Dancing brown eyes surveyed the visitor for a moment before a pair of rosy lips smeared with molasses made known the fact that Habakkuk had stolen his ball, and that Jonah, who was acting as referee, wasn't a bit fair, and had let Habby have it.

"There, there, Nahum! Run away and don't quarrel over a ball. You see I have a visitor."

"I guess all youngsters do that. He's our seventh, as you can tell by his name, and we've set our hearts on making a doctor of him. The seventh son, you know, is supposed to have great healing powers. Habby is a bright boy. You'll have him soon."

"I shall be delighted, and what about the older boys? Where are they?"

"Jonah should be in school, but he's helping his father gardening most of the time, though he's home today, and Obadiah is running errands for a printer. They call him the devil—poor little chap. But he knows now what it means. It's just a nickname that goes with the job, for they all like Obadiah. Everybody does. Amos is learning to be a plumber, and he'll make big money someday."

"I don't see how you ever do the cooking and washing and mending for such a huge family of men and boys," hazarded the teacher.

"There are only ten home, the two oldest are in the city, and their father's sister Sapphira has been with us ever since Joel was born."

But I see you're rising to go, and I haven't told you yet the big idea for choosing the prophets."

"Why, you already have given me a number of excellent reasons."

"I suppose," continued Mrs. Smith, "that all parents are sort of selfish. I know we are. We both agreed that we'd be more apt to keep our children with us to be a comfort to us in our old age if we gave them ugly names. You are right, Miss Armstrong, they are not pretty names."

"But what have the names to do with them staying or going?" inquired the bewildered teacher.

"A great deal, Miss Armstrong. I've read novels when I was a girl, and I know what I'm talking about. All the girls are running after hifaluten names like Reginald and Aubrey. They'll be sure to let the Zephaniahs and Zechariahs alone. Our boys will be ours always—just ours!"

"But you can't be so sure of that," protested the teacher. "I am sorry to contradict you again, but 'what's in a name?' as Shakespeare says? There's my pupil Micah has a mouth like Cupid's bow, and that Nahum who popped his head in

the doorway a few minutes ago has eyes that will break some girl's heart, even if he never becomes a doctor to treat heart disorders."

"Not around here, Miss Armstrong. You don't know Glenhurst girls. They wouldn't have the handsomest boy in the village if they didn't like his name. The girls gave Obadiah the worst time of his life when he went to school. Used to shout after him: 'O bad, O bad, Obadiah!' He often came home crying. And I guess that's why Micah gave another name, though I did not know of it until today."

"Yet, in spite of poor little Obadiah's persecutions, you have continued these names—even worse ones—on your younger children."

"Of course!"

"And what of your eldest boys? You say they are not at home."

"No, they are away, and neither of them ever had a sweetheart. Hosea is third engineer on a freight boat. Good position and big pay for his age, for he isn't twenty-two yet. Joel is only twenty, but he's big and dark and looks older than Hosea. He's a policeman, he's so strong. You see I can't exactly have them all with me. There isn't enough for everyone to do in a small place like this, but they send money home, and they'll always belong to us, always!"

"There's Micah now. Well, what is it?—a letter? Don't hurry, Miss Armstrong. It's from Hosea. Wait till I read it."

"O thank you for the privilege of hearing it. I shall be glad," beamed Miss Armstrong, as she watched the proud mother give a preliminary glance at the pages before her.

There was a low sob, and the woman almost fell over the tiny pink bundle shortly to be christened Malachi.

The teacher sprang toward her. "What is it?" she urged. "Is he ill? Is there anything I can do to help you? I see how proud you are of all your boys—not one too many—and that any injury to one of them must upset you."

"Upset! I should say! Read this!" and she thrust the sheets into her visitor's hands.

Miss Armstrong read:

"Dear Mother:

"The best of news! I am going to be married to the dearest little girl in all the world. I was afraid my awful name Hosea would queer me with her, but she says it's enough punishment to have an ugly name without having to forego the blessings of a wife because of it. She says that need only be my business name, as personally she will continue to call me Harold, a favorite name with her that she gave me soon after we met. Her name is Mary Wilson, and she is a stenographer in the office of the shipping concern that employs me. You and father will be sure to love her. And here's the greatest news of all! Last week I had a letter from Joel. He says he's become engaged to the dearest girl in the world named Kitty Macdonald. Well, I won't quarrel with him because his dearest is not my dearest. He says his girl lopped the 'l' off his name the moment she heard it, and that he is Joe to her and to everyone on the force. I don't suppose he'll be married until he's a little older, so you won't have to fork out two wedding presents the same year. Hope all at home are well. Love to all, and a kiss to little Zechariah. Your dutiful son—Hosea."

"Well, now, I call that a very nice son-like letter!" declared Miss Armstrong, as she handed back the letter. "But Hosea doesn't know yet that the line of prophets is complete."

"But, Miss Armstrong, you don't understand. They are all leaving me in the order in which they were born, and we shall be left alone—alone!"

"Cheerio!" laughed the light-hearted little teacher. "I admit time slips away amazingly fast, but it will be awhile yet before Malachi leaves the home-nest, and who knows but that a line of apostles may cheer your path after the prophets are all gone."

"Heaven forbid!" gasped the mother of twelve. "I think I have done my bit for my country in raising the minor prophets, and this shock from Hosea will be the death of me, so the twelve apostles will have to be looked after by Jehoshaphet's second wife."



Only strong clean looking hair is healthy

Is your hair thick and strong?

PROTECT it from those two common ills—*dandruff* and *falling hair*. Either of them, unchecked, leads to baldness!

Yet you can restore your hair to health even if they have long been sapping its vigor, with this simple treatment:

EVERY MORNING moisten hair and scalp generously with Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Just shake the bottle, with its convenient shaker top, over your head. Then with the fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic thoroughly into every inch of the scalp. Comb and brush your hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

This quick daily care will give your hair new health and vigor. Dandruff infection will disappear. Invigorated scalp circulation will feed the hair to new growth. Your hair is worth the trouble!

You will find Pinaud's Eau de Quinine in all drug and department stores. Each bottle bears the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red.

Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, 204-206 King Street, East, Toronto, Canada—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.



PINAUD'S
Eau de Quinine





**You're particular
about the guests
you invite to dinner**

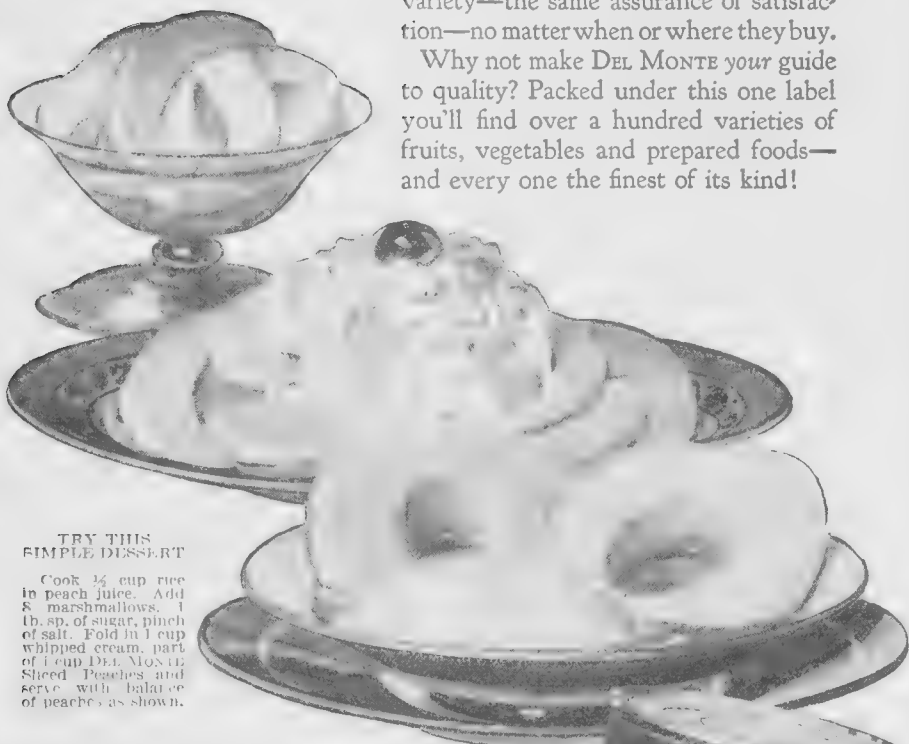
*Are you as careful about the canned
fruits you bring to your table?*

You should be! Certainly nothing is more important than the quality of the foods you serve to your family!

And there is nothing easier to get than quality in canned fruits—if you'll only make certain of the reputation that stands behind the brand you buy.

That's one reason why so many women who are particular about foods insist upon getting DEL MONTE. They know in advance exactly what DEL MONTE stands for—the same uniform goodness in every variety—the same assurance of satisfaction—no matter when or where they buy.

Why not make DEL MONTE your guide to quality? Packed under this one label you'll find over a hundred varieties of fruits, vegetables and prepared foods—and every one the finest of its kind!



**TRY THIS
SIMPLE DESSERT**

Cook ½ cup rice in peach juice. Add 8 marshmallows, 1 tb. sp. of sugar, pinch of salt. Fold in 1 cup whipped cream, part of 1 cup DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches and serve with balance of peaches as shown.

**Everyday dishes, too,
are royal treats with peaches**

Here's why! Add DEL MONTE Peaches to almost any favorite dessert or salad—and you make it a little fresher, a little different, a great deal more likely to please.

Almost any pudding, for instance, is just naturally better with peaches. Gelatins gain new flavor, salads a fresh, delightful touch—when you serve them with peaches.

And who doesn't enjoy peach tapioca, peach sundae or DEL MONTE Peaches with left-over cake and whipped cream? Even bread pudding gains a touch of distinction served with this luscious summer fruit.

For economy and convenience, DEL MONTE Peaches are packed two ways—Halved and Sliced. Why not keep a supply of both on your pantry shelf?



**Brand New Peach
Recipe Book—Free!**

Our latest recipe book is called "Peaches—11 Food Experts Tell Us How to Serve Them." It contains many simple, new ways to use this delightful fruit. Wouldn't you like a free copy—together with "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book"? Address Dept. 37L, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

Just be sure you say
DEL MONTE

IT PAYS TO INSIST IF YOU WANT THE BEST

Cousin Phyllis Tells of Showers and Leap Year Parties

By Muriel Langston

APRIL showers are not only going to bring May flowers to Nancye Lamb this year, they are bringing her a whole May wedding. Nancye herself says that May weddings are not supposed to be lucky, but that, so far, the showers have been simply bountiful, which may be a good omen.

Furthermore she got the flowers too, at Helen's "blossom time" tea. Flowers were everywhere, whilst the basket Nancye carried home had everything from calico flowers, concealing darning to orchids and violets for her evening wrap.

In her joy at these lovely gifts, she hardly noticed how wonderfully Helen had carried out the idea, but the rest of us made up for it, and simply stood open-mouthed in wonder. For our energetic Helen, who has the name of being able to make people do more for her than any other woman in the district, had calmly walked off with the apple-blossoms we had made for the Amba Club's ball. These blossoms were made from shaded pink crepe paper mounted on shrub branches, procured from the florists, who use them for sweet pea trellises. The effect had been rather lovely at the ball, but in Helen's living room and sun room, they gave all the glory of an orchard in bloom.

It was a shower of flowers, and we all brought our little nosegays over to Helen's the night before. Then our efficient little hostess planted them around in effective corners, among the blossom screened window seats, and mantle, so that the most enjoyable event of the afternoon, was watching Nancye collect them in a gardener's basket, with which Helen presented her.

The nosegays were the quaintest I've ever seen. You know, when Helen asked us to bring flowers, everyone groaned, because she is most extravagant, and two dollars for a bouquet would not bother her at all. It took Lettie to come to the rescue. At the bride's club luncheon she suggested that we make them. And that started everyone thinking.

As a result we succeeded in assembling a remarkable collection. Janie's was the loveliest of the "made" ones, I thought. It was a mass of flowers made of brightly colored scraps of silk and velvet, in a mid-Victorian bouquet effect, surrounded by silver lace, with long loops and ends of black ribbon velvet hanging from it. As Nancye said it would simply "remake" any evening frock.

Rosalie brought the calico rose, in the heart of which nestled a darning, thimble and scissors, whilst Margot's lingerie

flowers and bunches of violet crepe de chine grapes, and my sachet were rivals. My sachet was of organdy, cut handkerchief size, with five petals drafted on it, in pencil, which were painted with gilt paint, and cut, not too deeply towards the center. I filled the center with sachet powder, and tied it. Then I plunged the petals into wax. The whole effect was that of a coral rose, inexpressibly fragrant.

Helen served us a real blossom tea, even to floating a jasmine blossom, which you can buy in Chinatown, in the tea cups of the girls who take it "neat." The sandwiches were minced chicken, and cut with a five petalled cutter, whilst the tiny cakes were iced in violet and pink and white, with crushed violets on the mauve ones, and rose leaves candied on the pink ones, whilst Angelica made realistic leaves on the tiny white puffs.

This shower was the nicest thing this week, with the exception of Larbalestier's hectic Leap Year party. Although the twenty-ninth of February has gone by, Irma reminded me when she phoned that it was still Leap Year. So we sallied forth, the girls all dressed as boys, and the boys as girls.

The costumes were a scream. Bessie in plus fours and a moustache, and tortoise-shell glasses, looked strikingly like Roddy Talbot, whom she loathes. Most of the boys wore Oxfords, and sports costumes, thus eliminating the shoe difficulty, but Sidney Tyler, who can never resist an opportunity to really excel, found pumps of rose satin, at a costumers, and an evening frock. With his golden hair, marcelled into an Eton crop, and a huge feathery fan, he was perfect.

But he didn't get the prize for the man who acted most like a girl, as he is too correct, and kept fetching and carrying. Little Tommy Sifton won it, as he not only sat in a corner until he was asked to dance, but managed to lose everything detachable he possessed, and to make Marge find the missing articles, maintaining the while the most pained innocence.

I really don't remember what we ate, but I am sure Ted doesn't usually drink as much coffee at a dance as he did when I was getting it for him. I never seemed to be able to lift my cup up, without finding that he was ready for more.

The thrilling part of the evening was when we had our pictures taken by flashlight. Ted and I got ours in the mail today, with a smart little card in it, explaining that here was a belated favor. It "started the day right" as we laughed and laughed at the absurd group.



In days of old when knights were bold, they carried a falcon on their wrist when they went to war. Dorothy Gulliver, Universal featured player, goes one better and lets the falcon ride on her head



*J*ane went to town with a twenty dollar bill
 [JUST AS YOU MIGHT]

And purchased twice the silverplate she expected
 [JUST AS YOU CAN]

W

HAT a surprise! What a very pleasant surprise. To find (like Jane) that your money will buy twice as much silverplate as you thought. The famous Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate, too!

The set shown here, for instance (and isn't it good looking?), contains twenty-six pieces. And it costs (you'd probably guess twice as much) only \$20.

For the difference between what you thought it would cost, and what it actually does cost, you can add salad forks, butter spreaders, iced-tea spoons, servers—all the pieces you have ever wanted—the extra pieces that are so essential. The set and the extra pieces for what you'd expect to pay for the set alone—that is good news, isn't it?

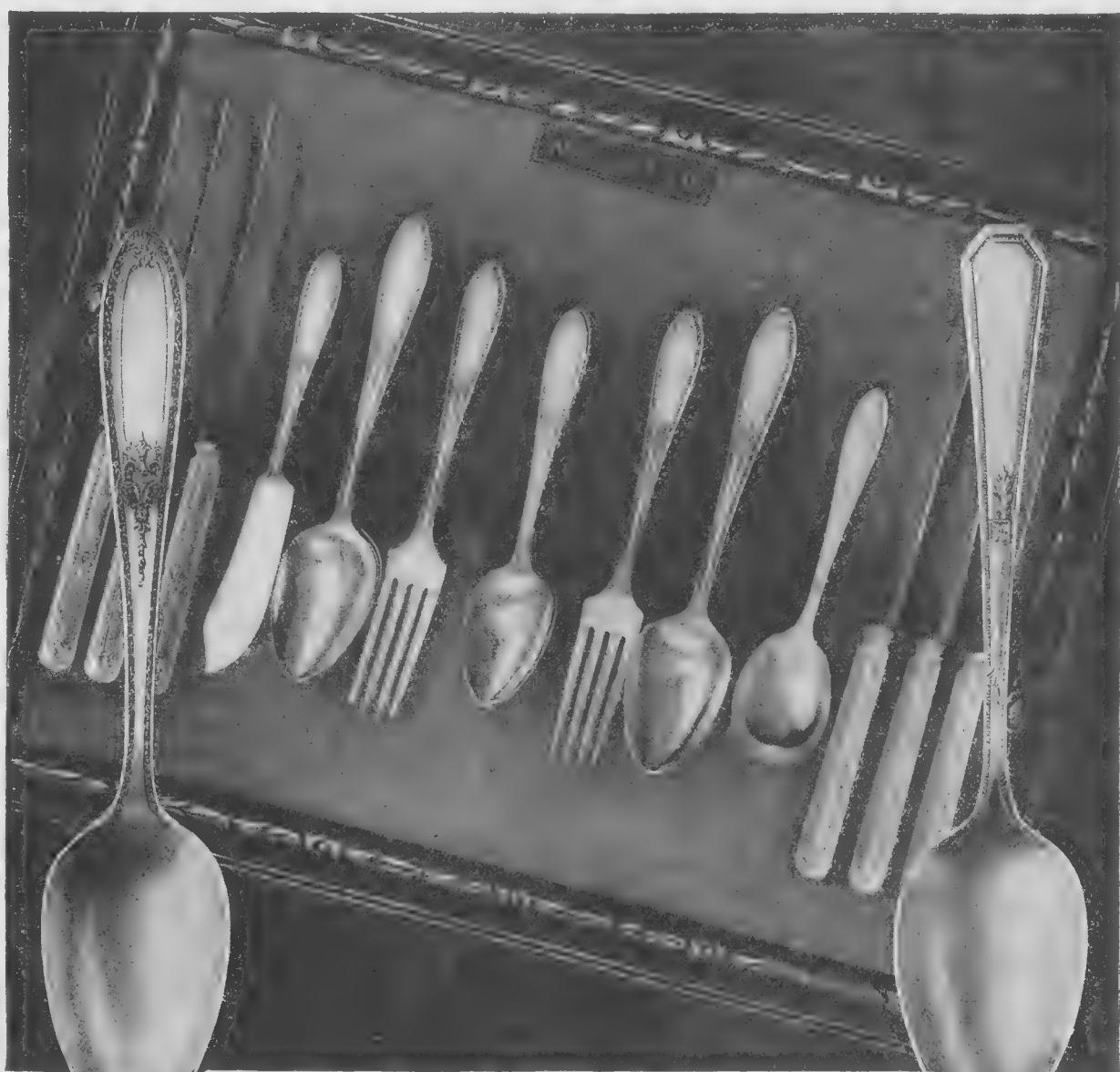
And the quality of this silver (if you know plate) will amaze you. Each piece is heavily plated with pure silver, and the pieces you use most are reinforced with extra silver where the hardest wear comes. Each piece carries an unlimited guarantee of satisfaction. Think of it! If, at any time (that is, as long as you have it) you are dissatisfied with the service this silverplate gives, it will be replaced. Amazingly fine silverplate—and you can have twice as much of it.

Now, a last word—about the patterns! They're the smartest things you ever looked at—Triumph and Mayfair.

See them both at your jeweler's. See them in sets of from 26 to 86 pieces. (Open stock, too, of course). Compare the prices with what you thought you would have to pay for similar sets. Compare the quality with your own ideas of what really good silverplate should be. Then (like Jane) go happily home, carrying twice as much silverplate as you thought you could buy. And by the way, when you ask to see this silver...

—don't say "Rogers"—say
 "Wm. Rogers & Son"!

Won't you write for our booklet "How to select twice as much silverplate"? It shows every possible assortment that can be bought with from \$10.00 to \$96.00. Address Wm. Rogers & Son, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada.



THE TRIUMPH PATTERN
 A dozen teaspoons
 \$4.00

26 pieces—6 dinner knives—6 dinner forks—6
 teaspoons—6 tablespoons—sugar shell—and
 butter knife—complete with tray... only \$20.00

THE MAYFAIR PATTERN
 A dozen teaspoons
 \$4.00

WM. ROGERS & SON
Silverplate

The plate with the unlimited guarantee of satisfaction

WM. ROGERS & SON, LTD., NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO

EVERY-BODY'S CHOCOLATES



CANADA'S
CANDY



240

From Stumps to Floral Paradise

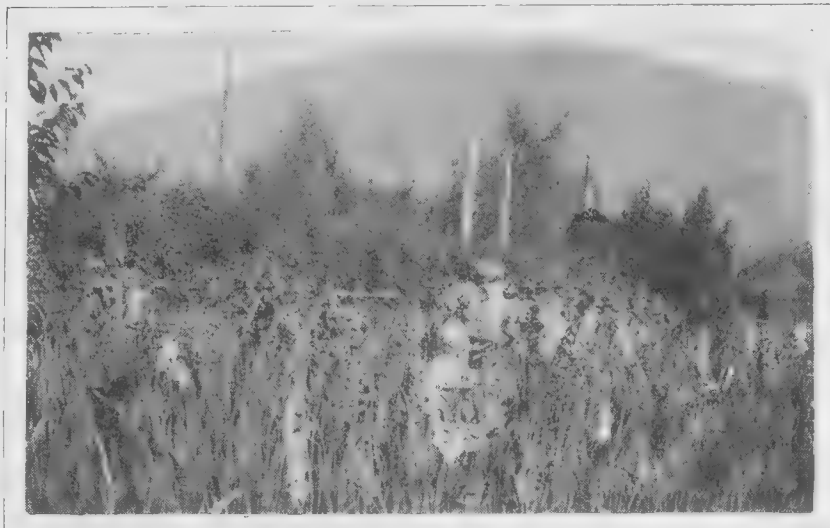
By "An Observer"

A QUARTER-ACRE of stumps, underbrush and general desolation, suddenly turned into a velvety green lawn and beds of beautiful flowers, was not accomplished by the magic wand but by persistent hard work.

In March, 1924, when Thomas W. Bundy, C.P.R. agent, took over the station at Erickson, British Columbia, he found the adjacent strip of ground a

gardens kept up by professional gardeners are, of course, not in competition.

The next year he decided to change his scheme somewhat in the large beds and to introduce dahlias, gladioli and cannas. Down the entire length of the lawn at the back, he ran a sweet pea trench, digging deep and wide, and the mass of blooms throughout the summer was the wonder of all the travellers.



Some of the 4000 Gladioli in bloom

thing of unloveliness. The station had been newly opened there and the surroundings had been untouched. To some, it would have been an almost impossible task to create beauty out of such chaos, but to the new agent it offered great possibilities.

He did not hope to achieve fame the first season, for there was much to be done. However he went doggedly to work. Stumps were cleared out, sod broken, ground levelled, carloads of loam brought in and grass seed planted. As a proof of his strenuous efforts during that spring and summer of 1924, Mr. Bundy captured the first prize, that fall, for the best new garden on his division. But he did not intend to stop at this and that same fall and the next spring saw him continuing the improvements.

Bedding facilities were improved and enlarged, hundreds of plants were started in boxes in the house, transplanted into cold frames and finally set out into the beds.

In the summer of 1925, the C.P.R. garden at Erickson was a thing that

By this time, Mr. Bundy operated a regular nursery where he started his hundreds of bedding plants in the spring. That fall he again carried off the grand prize. Encouraged by the result of his labors he extended his gardening efforts still further by reclaiming a large piece of bush-land at the rear of his garden and conditioning it for a few fruit trees and as a plot for experimenting with gladioli and iris.

When Lord and Lady Byng were en route from the coast, the train stopped at Erickson, Lady Byng walked through the garden, plucked a bouquet of flowers and congratulated Mr. Bundy on his remarkable success. In fact, when any personage of note is en route over the "Kettle Valley," word is sent ahead to Erickson and the agent invariably has one of his beautiful bouquets ready to grace the car.

The summer of 1927, saw the garden at what one might have called the height of perfection. It was a far call from the quarter-acre of stump-land. In the large plot of ground at the back were four



From the back of the garden—in early summer

caused comment for miles. The garden area then covered a plot, 270 x 30 feet—a splendid lawn which sloped gently up to the garden at the back and contained seven beds of bloom. The whole presented a riot of color for the hundreds of tiny, nondescript plants in the cold-frames had now evolved into salpiglossis, carnations, asters, phlox, zinnias, snapdragon, delphinium, verbenas, stocks, lobelias and provided a constant source of bloom from June until October. That fall, Mr. Bundy attained the notable achievement of capturing the grand prize for the best garden on the C.P.R. in British Columbia, the

thriving apple trees, one peach, two cherries, one pear, one plum and one apricot. A raspberry patch of two one-hundred foot rows yielded an abundance of berries last year as did the healthy currant bushes. The vegetable garden—ah! that was a treat for the eye, such a one as is always shown in the seed catalogue and which always fires our enthusiasm each spring—long rows of wax beans, heavy with golden pods, beds of curly lettuce, peas in abundance, cucumbers, really on the vines, dozens of them;

Continued on page 71

The VOICE

**[The Telephone is the
Voice of the Nation]**

If one could but listen in he would hear the speech of the market-place, the language of the law-makers, the talk of the home.

If nature's great boon to man is the gift of speech which embodies in it so much of the personality behind it, certainly that of science is the ability to transmit that voice and the accompanying personality over thousands of miles of space.

The four corners of the earth are searched for the materials which contribute to the making of the telephone on one's desk in the office and on one's table at home. Cotton, copper, gold, silk, antimony, lead, rubber and other fibres and minerals are hidden within the modest dress of this indispensable little instrument upon which so many of our skilled workmen are continually employed.

One of the best uses to which electric power in Canada is put is in the daily operation of the more than a million telephone sets, with their accompanying wires and cables, switchboards, and all the rest of the paraphernalia which go to make up Canada's great telephone systems.

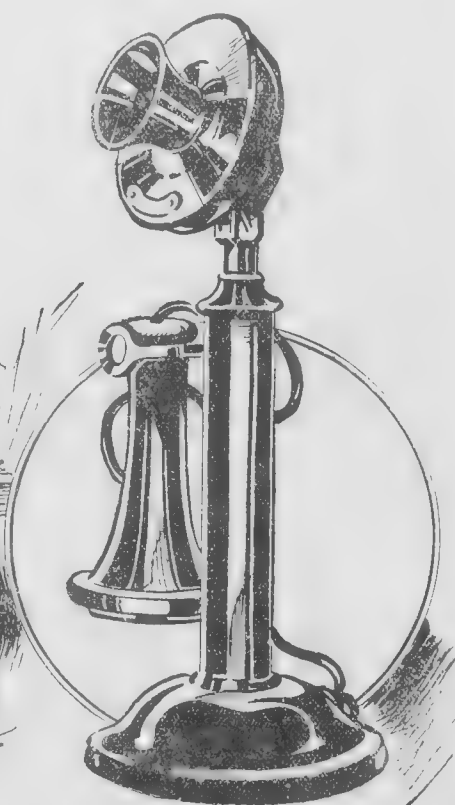
Northern Electric
COMPANY LIMITED

Equipment for the Transmission of Sound and Power



Information ...

The NORTHERN ELECTRIC COMPANY is gratified at the part it has been able to play in manufacturing so useful, so necessary and so civilizing a medium for the transmission of the human voice.





Gnawing the very roots of health ...Yet easily prevented

THERE are women whose beauty fades—men who just fall short of success, because, gnawing at the very roots of their well-being is that dreaded scourge: Constipation.

Well does the medical profession know that Constipation "is the mother of most illness". Over and over the physician will tell you that insufficient roughage in the diet is a chief cause of constipation.

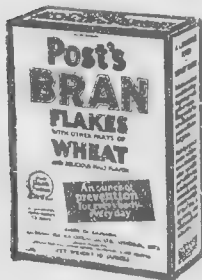
Post's Bran Flakes provides roughage of the regular kind in the diet—is not only good for you, but *good to eat*—and, taken regularly, will nearly always bring relief.

Make this two weeks' test and note the difference

It is dangerous to experiment with patent medicines and drug laxatives. They bring only temporary relief and may make matters much worse. Ordinary cases of constipation caused by too little roughage in the diet should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, don't experiment. Consult a competent physician.

Constipation must not be neglected. Start a two weeks' test now. Order a package of Post's Bran Flakes from your grocer.

Start by eating a dish of Post's Bran Flakes for breakfast. Eat it as a cereal with milk or cream. You will be delighted with the crispness and the delicious flavor. You will find it as good as any cereal you ever tasted. Do this every day for two weeks. We predict you will find a real difference in the way you feel and that you have been "regular" all the time. But don't stop at the end of two weeks. Eat Post's Bran Flakes every morning for health and regularity. Post's Bran Flakes is sold by all grocers in a wax-wrapped package. Ready to eat.



FREE TRIAL PACKAGE

CANADIAN POSTUM CO., LIMITED, B-56-28
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Please send me your free trial package of Post's Bran Flakes.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Prov.....

POST'S BRAN FLAKES



Who Was at Fault?

By Emma Gary Wallace

Not very long ago—and this is a true story, the time approached for a man to be discharged from the penal institution where he had been "doing time." In the parlance of the law, "doing time" is paying the price of one's misdeeds against society and against the laws of the country.

During the time this man was in prison, he had learned many things, that he had never known before. He had been required to keep regular hours and to live on an abundance of plain, wholesome food. Because of a system in vogue in this prison, he had associated with men who were superior to him in many ways, and he looked forward to going out into the world and to taking a better place in it than he had done before his sentence. He even dreamed dreams of a position of some importance, for ambition had awakened.

He desired to leave behind him all suggestions of the days he had spent behind prison walls. As the time approached when he would be free, he was especially proud that he was getting a year and two months off for good behavior. He wrote to his mother, a hard-working, burden-bearer, who had been all but crushed by the fact that her son had been convicted of a crime—that he wished her to make every effort to be at the prison when the hour of his discharge arrived.

He told her that the State furnished each prisoner with a suit of clothes and a certain amount of money to start out into the world with. But he did not care to accept or wear the suit. He wished nothing about him which would remind him of the prison, nor enable anyone familiar to the type of clothing furnished to recognize him as a jail-bird. He asked for a complete outfit, so that he might go forth as he desired.

Mother fashion, she was at the gate, her own clothing poor and worn, but happiness and expectation upon her face, for her boy would soon be free. When she was admitted to the prison and her son brought by the guard to the room where the two would meet, the man about to be freed, unwrapped the package of clothing eagerly. Then rage possessed him. Holding up the cap derisively which lay on top, he snapped, "What do you mean by bringing me a cap like that? I wouldn't wear it across the prison yard in a rain-storm. And such a shirt! I wouldn't be seen in it." And he threw it angrily upon the floor.

In the same temper, he examined the suit of clothes and the other things she had brought him. Then his rage burst forth anew, and he reviled her for insulting him with such cheap garb.

"I might better," he growled, "take what the State gives me than duds like those. You could have done better, if you had tried."

The mother bowed and weeping bitterly protested that she had worked early and late to get this much ahead to bring him, as he had asked, and she was bitterly disappointed that it failed to please him. Her explanations only seemed to anger him more. Suddenly the man looked up to see the warden of the prison regarding him intently.

"Stop such talk immediately. Not another word," commanded the officer, "and put on the clothes your mother has brought you, and be a man or you will stay here that other year and two months, as your record for good behavior will be changed without delay, if you continue this conduct."

With lowering face, the man took the clothes he had despised and followed the guard. A little later, he went through the prison gate with his mother, and it was noticeable to those who watched, that she sank timorously to one side.

The question comes to mind, "Who is to blame?" Had the man as a boy been allowed to use abusive words and to intimidate? Had his prison associations given him false standards of life? Or had he only partly learned his lesson, for which he had been removed from society?

Should not those who are under the penalty of the law be helped to reinstate themselves with God and man? But should not there be a sense of humbleness because of the past as well as a determination to do better in the future? In commenting upon the fact that large numbers return to prison sooner or later—a well-known worker with these people declares that this is in part at least, due to the fact that many of them go out with revenge in their hearts and determined to get even with those who have been instrumental in bringing them to justice.

This shows that back somewhere in their training has been a great lack—the lack of teaching that if we do right, we have nothing to fear; and that in such a case if justice seems to miscarry, that sooner or later the tangled threads will be unwound and we will be vindicated. In short, Safety First demands that we keep on the right side, and then God will be with us. If the home fails to teach this, the church and society should sound the message in no uncertain terms. It is the message of manhood and of courage.

Somewhere, who can say where, whether in heredity or environment, was a weak link in the mental equipment of the man who reviled his mother because the clothes she brought him with which to emerge from prison were not fine enough.

Whose fault? Who can say! But the lesson for us is that we shall not in any way fail in the duty of today as parents lest, in some tomorrow, we feel the weight of woe.

The Boy

By Irene Armstrong

Just a little baby
A little while ago
Then to sturdy childhood
I watched my baby grow.
No more, rock-a-bye-o.
How the days have flown.
Never more the baby,
Never all my own.

Just a little school boy
With his strap of books,
Such a world of questioning
In his puzzled looks.
Then the lessons over,
Hear his merry call,
"Where's my glove? Oh, Mother!
Where's my glove and ball?"

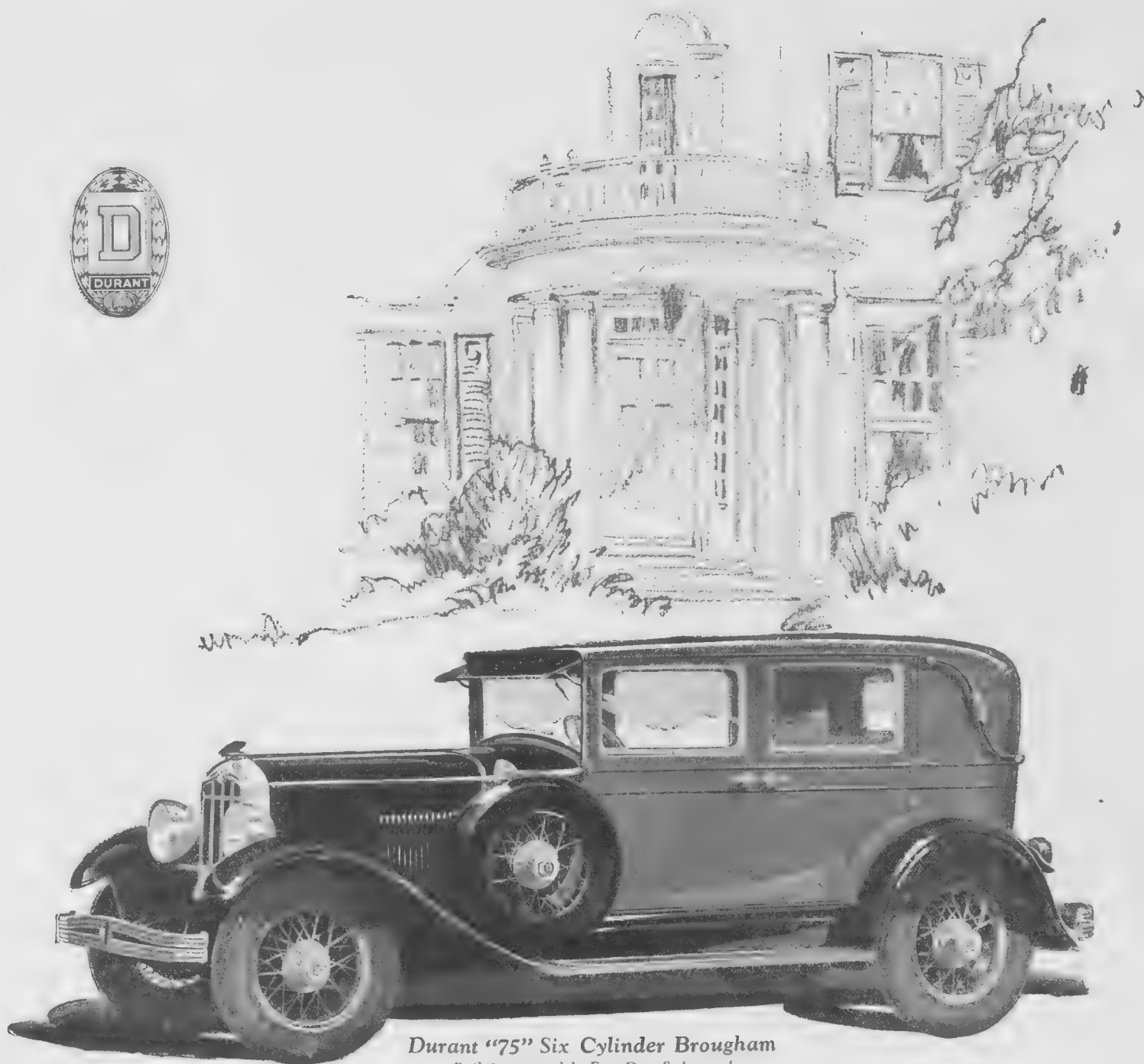
Father Time steps slowly
Do not kill my joy
Let me have him longer
Just a little boy.
All oh! all unheeding
Swiftly striding on,
How the boy is growing!
Boyhood almost gone.

Studying, working, playing,
Swiftly pass the days
Ever bringing nearer
The parting of the ways.
Would I thwart ambition?
Would I bid him stay?
Mine the little baby
The man, to send away.

What would I, if asking
I could have for mine?
Would I call him to me
Be the clinging vine?
No, Dear Lord, for holding
I might only lose.
I'd ask that he stand foursquare
A man, that God could use.



“Establishing A New Standard in Automobiles”



Durant "75" Six Cylinder Brougham
Built in two models, Four Door Sedan and Sport Brougham (illustrated)

THE DURANT 75

Passenger Cars
Fours and Sixes

from \$725 to \$2195
f.o.b. Leaside, Ont.
Taxes Extra

THOSE who are accustomed to the best in automobiles . . . the big expensive cars . . . and who contemplate changing . . . those who are thinking of buying their first "big" car . . . one that meets every demand, for style, speed, comfort—and appearance. Those who want "everything" . . . it is to them that the new Durant "75" has come.

It is no exaggeration to say that in truth, the Durant "75" is the super-automobile . . . and at a surprisingly low figure. It has four forward speeds . . . 119 inch wheelbase . . . the last word in a Red Seal Continental Motor . . . Bendix 4-wheel brakes . . . hydraulic shock absorbers . . . everything . . . and every unit proven over a period of years in the laboratory and on the road.

See it . . . ride in it . . . drive it . . . put it to every conceivable test . . . and see if YOU think it is "the super-automobile."

BUILT BY

DURANT MOTORS OF CANADA LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA

Teeth so white

YET...

4 out of 5
get Pyorrhea

SEEMINGLY safe with teeth so white, 4 out of 5 after forty, and thousands younger, find themselves victims of Pyorrhea.

This grim foe of health ignores the teeth and attacks the gums.

So to be on the safe side, see your dentist every six months and use the dentifrice that does far more than keep teeth clean.

Every morning and every night, brush your teeth with Forhan's for the Gums.

As a dentifrice alone, you would prefer it. Without the use of harsh abrasives it quickly restores teeth to their nat-

ural whiteness and protects them against acids which cause decay.

And in addition, if used regularly and in time, it helps gums to resist Pyorrhea by keeping them sound and healthy.

Get a tube of Forhan's. Use this dentifrice morning and night. Teach your children this good habit which will protect their health in years to come. Also massage your gums daily with Forhan's, following directions in booklet that comes with tube. Two sizes—35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan's Ltd., Montreal

Forhan's for the gums

MORE THAN A TOOTHPASTE... IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

The Box Social

By Frank Miell

(The Ex-Service Bachelor Auctions the Boxes)

LADIES and Gentlemen! Now then there, no talking in the ranks. All heads and eyes straight to the front. Stop chewing on parade, and—no dumb insolence or "narsty" looks.

Once again, ladies and gentlemen! As you all know, there is a foul blot on the ceiling of our fair school, which must be annihilated by a valiant counter-attack of kalsomine. We're the boys that can do it, and we're now massing in the front line trenches with bomb and bayonet, waiting for the zero hour, to go over the top. (Voice: "Don't forget your Hot-air Force and Gas Tanks.")

Aha! Another country heard from. The Brigadier-General of the Hot-air Force has just spoken. Thanks, Brigadier, bring up your supports, toot sweet. The barrage is just lifting.

Here, Bill, hand me up that pink fricasseed box as the opener. Hello-ello! Three young rookie privates over there got the "wind up" and one petite mademoiselle blushing down to her finger tips. One dollar, and a half—six bits, in quick jumps. That's the stuff to give 'em, boys. Come on, now, another frontal attack. Two! And a quarter—half! Aw, come on, Georgie. Sell another railroad tie and make it two-seventy-five! Attaboy! Now then. As a slight token of our appreciation of your services, the guy who makes it the even three bucks first, gets promoted to Acting Lance Corporal without pay. Good for you, sonny! Here, Billy, put Johnny down in Part 2 Orders, as Acting Lance-jack.

Now then, George! Once aboard the lugger and the girls is yours. Good for you, George. Three and a quarter, I'm bid! What about it, Lance-Corporal? Loosen up with another quarter, just on account of your exalted rank. Yes? No? It's yes! Three and a quarter to three and a half in one gigantic raise. All done at three and a half? George? Going—for the last time, going, . . . gone. It's yours Johnny. You've got promotion, a mademoiselle pretty enough to put Mary Pickford in the "also-rans," and enough grub to stock a dry canteen the day before payday, all for the modest sum of three and a half bucks, you lucky stiff.

Here, what's that? Well, well, well! How was I to know whose box it was, Johnny? Never mind, sonny. Shrug your manly shoulders and say, san fairy ann. You'll have a chance to bid on any of the others, too.

Good for you, Bill. That's just the one I was looking for. Whoever would have thought it? Pomme de terre sandwiches, a three layer pate de fois gras cake, cookies the colour of the bubbling vin blink, and pie—oh, glory! There's nothing in La Belle France to describe this pie, I got a dollar and a half bid on this box myself. If you could have only seen what I've just seen, boys! How about it? Who is going above my dollar and a half? Who is going to—well, I ain't saying much about this one. I want it myself, and I've only brought two and a half bucks along with me.

Two! And a quarter! You've gotta beat that, boys. I'm standing pat on the two-and-a-half mark myself. Six-bits! You old kill-joy, Hank, but I'll suffer in a good cause. It's got to reach three bucks or bust now. Three bucks! And to the Navy! Old Sailor Jones. Well, folks I'm getting hungry. Any advance on three bucks? Quick now, if you want it! Sailor, it's yours. Take it and smile.

Next! Aha! Here's a thing, and a very pretty thing, and who's the owner of

this pretty thing? Line up, you fellers. Tallest on the right, shortest on the left. You've gotta bid for this, Army fashion, number from the right, sort of.

One! Two! And a half! Three! Easy to see who owns this little box, folks. Really, little mademoiselle, you hadn't ought to have put the boys wise. Three and a half—six-bits—four—and a half! Gosh! I'm out of breath. It sounds like a fire direction order.

Four and a half is the last bid. Now we'll see who gets the D.C.M. Four-seventy-five—five—and a half! Carry on, boys! It's rapid fire—hand me up my entrenching tool, Bill, I'm getting "cold feet." Six—and a half. Lucky ties and mining timber is a good price!

Six and a half is the bid, and young George is all set to hand over the dough. Not so easy, George, young Freddy made a good stake this winter, didn't you, Freddy? Seven from Freddy! And a quarter! The feller who gets this box eats in the sergeant's mess from now on.

Eight dollars! That's the caper, Freddy. Bring up the howitzers and heavy artillery. Rout 'em out of their deep dugouts. How about it, George? Raise him a dollar, lad. Make him pay for it. Fifty cents, then! Attaboy! Your move, Freddy. Royal Air Force stuff—the sky's the limit. Another four-bits and you'll be sitting in the clouds!

Nine dollars bid from the sportive Freddy. Speaking just confidential, sonny, and not for prying ears, I hope you get the mademoiselle, that is, unless George or one of the others beats you out. What's your say, George? Through? At nine little dollars? Well, well! And I was figuring that ten bucks was cheap for this particular little bit of heaven. All set then? Going at nine—the very last time. It's yours, Sergeant Johnny. Come round to the Orderly Room for your stripes.

San fairy ann, George. I've got one I'm keeping special for you, lad—if you'll pay enough for it. Here it is—and its jake-a-bon. I seen the time back in Ontario, when us youngsters would run a box like this up to eight or ten bucks, and we didn't get the big money the boys get now. This box is real bong ton, chic, toot suite, and all them other French words meaning fine and dandy.

What's that? One poor little dollar bid? There ought to be a law against dollar bids. It's lucky we ain't back in France now, or some of you guys would be bidding in them phoney paper francs the villages used to print to crook the boys with. Come on, now, and be sports. A dollar and a half is my bid. Six-bits—two bucks! That's better. Minds me of the time—two and a quarter, fifty cents. I'll tell you the yarn some other time. But just look at the ceiling, folks, and then look at this box, and ask yourself if them poor kids has got to sit and look at a dirty ceiling all summer, just because the bunch of you was too close-fisted to bid more than two-and-a-half for a magnificent horse-douever like this. Two—six-bits—three! Now we're cleaning up the machine-gun pill-boxes. All done at three, folks? Hurry up, school opens in three weeks time. Last time—going . . . gone. Yours Simeon, and you got the best bargain of the year, it being Leap Year, too . . .

Well, folks, that "napoos" the boxes, fini! In just a second Bill here will have the total totted up. What's that? Bill says he makes it we collected thirty-seven dollars and sixty cents, so the kiddies get a clean school to make dirty again.

Hey, bugler! Sound the "Cook-house." Let's go!

Candle Light

By William Thompson

When the flaming torch of sunset
Is a-dying in the west,
And Felindy sits beside me
That's the time I love the best.
'Cause it means the day is over,
And the toikin' time is done,
When Felindy lights the candle
At the dyin' of the sun.

When the plow rests in the furrow,
And the black-logs burning bright,
With Felindy close beside me,
In the trembling candle light,
That's the time when all my troubles
Seem to vanish with the sun—
When we sits alone together,
And the work of day is done.



Pay Only \$7

Money cannot buy nor skill produce a finer-writing, longer-lasting pen than Parker Duofold. At twice the price it could be no better. More money might add ornament, but that is all.

More than 17,000,000 Parker Pens are in operation. Making so many, we can make them better at a lesser cost.

Thus Parker Popularity pays Parker Users an Extra Dividend in Lower Price.

Almost like A New Writing Invention

*and no need to pay more than \$7 for it. We have given it Pressureless Touch
and a Non-Breakable Barrel to preserve its qualities for lifelong use*

If you are writing with an old-style pen, discard it now. If with any other instrument that isn't feather-light in weight, jewel-smooth, quick-acting, ever-willing, clean and neat, set it aside.

For here is a pen that will keep up with your fastest thoughts, clearing the track for thinking by eliminating all the interruptions that come so frequently from ordinary pens. Writers, scientists, professional men, executives—all depend on Parker Duofolds.

Pressureless Touch is one of its outstanding features. The *light weight of the pen itself* is sufficient to start and keep it writing at touch of point to paper. No effort from the fingers. No fatigue. You simply *guide* this pen. This feature is almost like a new invention in the field of writing.

We've even made this marvelous New Duofold *weigh less* than it did before, by using Parker Permanite Material—28% lighter than the former rubber composition, yet a *hundred times as strong*.

In fact, Parker Permanite Material makes this lighter pen *Non-Breakable*. New Duofolds have been thrown from an aeroplane, 3,000 feet aloft, and from the rim of the Grand Canyon to jagged rocks below without an injury.

To include a fourth advantage we have distributed this lighter weight more scientifically, creating "Parker Poise"—an entirely new "feeling" in a fountain pen.

35 years' experience, 47 improvements, 32 pen patents have all contributed.

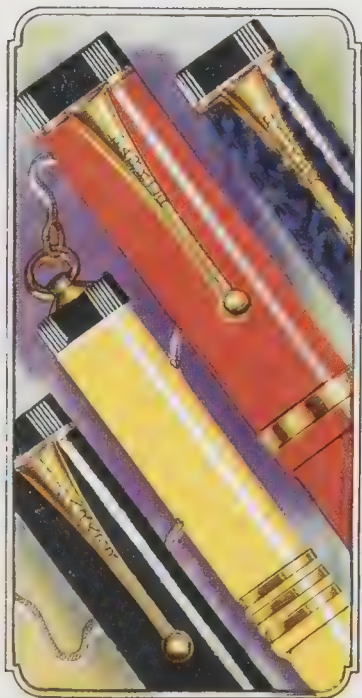
5 striking colours—Lacquer-red, Lapis Lazuli Blue, Green Jade, Imperial Mandarin Yellow [new], and flashing Black and Gold. Duofold Pencils to match.

Six graduated pen points—your favorite—tempered to yield to any hand, yet proof against all distortion.

Three sizes of barrels—the big Over-size, the Junior and slender Lady Duofold. Be sure to look for this imprint, "Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD," that identifies the genuine, and the genuine is what you want.

Parker Duofold Pencils to match Duofold Pens. The lead turns OUT for writing, IN for carrying.

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THE PERMANENT PEN

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\$7 and \$5
according to size
Pencils to match
\$3, \$3.50 and \$4

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Sediment free, non-corrosive, everlasting, it is unsurpassed for fountain pens or general use. All colours, all sizes. Now being sold at leading pen counters.



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Every Need

Firestone Dealers offer you a complete line of tires, each supreme in its class, headed by the famous Firestone Gum-Dipped Balloon. All are made by Firestone in the world's most economical tire plants—an assurance of the most for your money.

Each car owner can take advantage of the exclusive Firestone Gum-Dipping process which insulates every fibre of every cord and prevents internal friction—the arch enemy of tire life. This one feature alone saves the motorists millions of dollars annually.



Firestone distributes tires only through regular service-giving dealers direct from Factory Branches and authorized distributors—never through mail order houses or so-called special jobbers. You are assured fresh, clean tires along with the expert service and advice of Firestone Dealers—who have been trained at Firestone Dealer-Educational Meetings.

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MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Firestone Tire and Rubber Co. of Canada, Limited
Hamilton, Ontario

FIRESTONE BUILDS THE ONLY GUM-DIPPED TIRES

Place Bet

Continued from page 22

"Oh, no. I await the hour of six to go to the Champs-Elysees. The sunset there behind the Arc de Triomphe is one of the most wonderful in all the world if you are there on certain days."

The girl's eyes became two great brown moons of staring wonder. A low gurgling giggle burst from her. Then, as the preposterousness of this mad idea grew more fully upon her consciousness, she laughed louder.

"To see the sun set on the Champs-Elysees! Oh, it was too droll." She rocked back and forth and still laughter swept over her in higher and stronger waves, till her eyes filled with tears at this unwonted merriment. Never in years had she laughed as now.

Martin, at first puzzled, wondering, just as unable to understand her mirth as this girl of the city pavement was to comprehend his desire for a sunset, sat until she was quiet again. Now realizing that gulf of difference in point of view between them which his poor knowledge of the French language did not permit of discussing, Martin turned the conversation to more personal things.

"I have seen you often here at this cafe."

"Yes. One gets accustomed to coming to the same place. Here I meet my friends. We sit and talk—and the days go by. It is my house to me here."

Martin nodded. As he did so he realized again the difference between himself and the countless thousands of Parisians. They met their friends in cafes; around a cafe table discussed life, art, the doings of the day; upon a cafe table played cards, dominoes, or shook dice. The cafe was really "Home" to them. To Martin the word home had a different meaning. Even the little Paris apartment he had taken on the second floor of a building dating back to the Middle Ages, which overlooked a court lined with painters' studios, had become home to him. An hour or so of cafe sitting and he was ready to return to his rooms to read or smoke or dream. Already he had met a few congenial souls from his own land who were also glad to drop in and talk in a quiet atmosphere different from the cafes where the clatter of dishes, the roar of the street, the confused babel of chatter was not conducive to serious conversation.

"And you enjoy life?" Martin said with a questioning smile.

The girl turned her big brown eyes upon him wonderingly. She accepted life without thinking of it.

"Comme ci comme ça," (so-so) she answered.

"What do you like best?" Martin

continued his questioning with a true writer's zeal.

The girl's eyes brightened. She clasped her hands in a little gesture of ecstasy. "Oh, the races. I love best the races. Monsieur will perhaps take me to the races?"

Martin smiled at the enthusiasm his question had aroused. Though he had often attended races at home, he had never thought of going here until the girl's words reminded him that Paris supported more race-tracks than any other large city in the world.

"That's not a bad idea," he answered. "How about going tomorrow?"

"I am enchanted. I will meet Monsieur at the intersection of the Place de l'Opera and the Boulevard Capucines at half-past one. There are special autobuses for the courses stop there."

This agreed upon, they sat the minutes away. When Martin's watch pointed to the hour of six he called the waiter, paid the bill and rose.

"I go to see the sunset," he said gravely.

The girl dropped her eyes. Martin realized she was struggling to control an outburst of laughter, not wishing to offend one who on the morrow would take her to the races.

"Until tomorrow," he said good-humoredly, and, dodging between passing taxis, he crossed the street to where, in front of the Cafe La Rotonde yawned the stairs of the "Metro," the largest underground railway system of Paris.

THE immense oval of the Saint-Cloud race-course on the edge of the Bois de Boulogne stretches an expanse of green circled by tree-clad hills from the top of one of which looks down the crumbling tower of an ancient castle. Beyond the long cement grandstand lies an open space of grassy sward dotted with scattered chairs. Seated here Martin and his companion watched the running of the first race. When it was finished they rose and strolled to the great circular paddock where the twelve slim thoroughbreds paraded a few moments before the race began.

"Oh, how beautiful!" the girl exclaimed. Then, after a minute: "Monsieur did not make a bet the last time. It is much more interesting when one bets."

"All right, little Butterfly, choose your horse and we'll go and make a bet," Martin answered gaily. As they made their way to the twenty-franc

Continued on page 52



He was aware of a slim girlish figure on the pavement before him, who smiled at him a comradely smile

New Heights of Excellence

Higher Speed—Flashier Acceleration—Beautiful Colors
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NOW still further advanced by such modern features as full crown fenders, steel-rimmed roof, instrument board with indirect lighting, optional new colors, remote controls on doors, the improved, finer Willys-Knight Special Six is beyond question a leading value of the year.

And when you add to these many substantial advantages the fact that here is a car absolutely immune from carbon troubles, in which there are no valves to grind... a car whose exclusive Knight sleeve-valve motor, alone of all automobile motors, actually improves with use... you will more clearly understand why over 300,000 Willys-Knight owners are deriving the greatest possible pleasure from motoring.

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A WOMAN, like a man, is as old as she feels. Brimming health is inseparable from the feeling of youth, just as it is from that of charm.

Take care of your teeth! Your health depends upon them just as the youthful contour of your face does and the brilliant charm of your smile. And in caring for your teeth remember these facts: Your tooth-brush cannot reach into the fissures in and between your teeth, nor does it touch the tiny crevices formed along the line where your gums meet the teeth. This is called The Danger Line, because it is there that decay which is most difficult to control occurs. It is there also that Pyorrhea and other gum troubles begin.

Thus in order to avoid trouble you must also neutralize the acids which attack the teeth and irritate the gums at The Danger Line. Squibb's Dental Cream, which contains over 50 per cent. of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, provides just such a safe, effective antacid. Millions are finding in it a real protection against dental troubles and gum irritations.

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Its antacid quality helps counteract improper digestion. Its mild laxative action helps to relieve the system from the burden of fermenting food.

At Druggists—
25c. and 50c.

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

The "Priceless Ingredient" of every product
is the honor and integrity of its maker.

Place Bet

Continued from page 51

booth, he thought amusedly he did not even know his companion's name. He had called her Butterfly, half jocularly, half in vague pity, for the fluttering uncertainty of her days.

"I think number eleven, Feu et Flamme is a good horse," she ventured. "With a name like Fire and Flame the horse ought to be a scorcher," Martin said in English. "Good thing you don't understand English, so you don't suffer from a bad pun."

They stopped in front of the twenty-franc mutuel booth.

"I will bet the horse to win," Martin said.

"Oh, no, Monsieur, bet it to place. It is much more prudent to increase one's chances."

Martin shook his head. As he handed his twenty francs to the ticket seller, he reflected that betting on horse races here was at least made a less expensive pastime for people of small means than in his own country. Here on this track a person could lay a wager of as small as twenty cents, as compared to the usual minimum of two dollars in America.

From their seats upon the greensward they watched the twelve horses speed the eight hundred metres. As the leading four, well bunched, came racing down the stretch, Butterfly, unable to restrain her excitement, ran to the nearby rail, and, leaning far over, screamed useless encouragement to the unhearing steed of her choice.

Feu de Flamme finished second. Butterfly came slowly back to her seat.

"You see, Monsieur, if you had only been more prudent and bet the horse to place, you would now have gain instead of loss."

"Better luck next time," Martin said as they walked once more to the paddock and stood beside the wooden railing watching the horses file before them.

This time Butterfly picked out a little black mare. Looking up her name on the programme revealed the name of Irish Luck.

"Sounds encouraging," Martin remarked as he came to a halt before the mutuel booth.

"Monsieur will this time be more prudent and bet the horse to place."

"All right, and I'll bet a hundred and sixty francs and try to cover our last loss."

From their seats they watched Irish Luck get away to a bad start in that melee of fourteen horses; watched her run half the course in fifth position, then slowly overtake two of the horses leading her and turn into the stretch running neck-and-neck with a huge sorrel. Onward they came, two tense flames of flesh imbued with the fire to pass each other and the horse ahead of them. They flashed past Martin so evenly he could not tell the outcome of the race.

A minute later the announcing board tipped up. Irish Luck had come in third. Martin took the mutuel tickets from his pocket, crushed them in a little ball and tossed them on the grass, remarking as he did so: "Well, we got a run for our money."

To his surprise the girl leaned down and picked up the discarded paper.

"They are good tickets," she said, gazing from them to the announcing board.

Martin laughed good-naturedly at her expression of surprise.

"Poor little innocent," he said in English, "you know less than I realized." Then, in his halting French, he explained: "Don't you see, we bet the horse to place, which means our horse had to come either first or second for us to get paid on our ticket."

Butterfly eyed him strangely.

"Monsieur thinks that?"

"I don't think—I know," he answered indulgently. After a minute he added: "Now you thoroughly understand: a place bet means you get paid if your horse comes in first or second. So you can throw away those tickets you are holding."

Butterfly smiled.

"Monsieur is so good to teach me; and so I will keep these tickets as souvenirs to remember my lesson."

"All right. Now let's go back and look at the entries for the next race."

Once more they watched the horses circle the enclosure.

"Here's the one for me," Martin exclaimed as he compared one of the numbered animals with his programme. "Sack of Paper"; that's certainly the horse for a writing man to place his money on."

At the mutuel booth where the hundred-franc tickets were sold Martin wagered two hundred francs on Sack of Paper to place.

"You see, I am taking your advice about prudence," he said as they moved along in front of the grandstand toward their seats. They had almost reached the greensward when Butterfly remarked hurriedly:

"Please excuse me for a moment. Go on to your seat. I will only be a moment."

She was considerably longer in rejoining him, arriving just as the race began.

Standing at the rail they followed the field of eleven horses as they moved a blur of varied colors around the great course in a thirty-one hundred-meter struggle for supremacy, but the tension of the race was made unsatisfying by the inability of either Martin or Butterfly to locate their horse until it went racing by with three others almost head-and-head contending for second place.

With eager eyes they watched the announcing board rise. Sack of Paper had come in third.

"Gosh, Butterfly, if there was only a booth where we could bet a horse to come fourth we might win some money," Martin said gaily to cover his disappointment. He took the two one-hundred franc tickets from his pocket and was about to tear them up when Butterfly, with a little cry of anxiety, caught his hands.

"Oh, no, monsieur will let me have them also for souvenirs, a remembrance of this day and your teaching me all about racing."

Amused and a little flattered, Martin let her have the slips. He got to his feet.

"Well, there are two more races. Perhaps we may yet win a bet. Goodness knows, I need to. A race-course is no place for a poor writer, or, rather, I mean a writer who is poor," Martin corrected himself, conscious of the ambiguity of his wording. Then suddenly he realized he had been talking English. It was a difficult thing, this unconscious acceptance that everyone should understand his native tongue; a psychological attitude, however, which he had noticed was common to many. Even Butterfly and other French people of his acquaintance who knew his limited vocabulary, still persisted in pouring upon him a flood of rapid-fire French.

Butterfly pointed to her programme. "There is a horse in this race called Wise Virgin. Last night in the cafe I heard a man say it would win. Perhaps Monsieur will go alone and make the bet. I am a little tired."

When Martin returned to their

Continued on page 54

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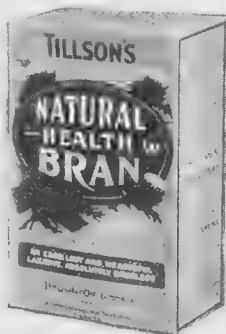
Do the scales shout
a warning to
you?

IS your weight going up and up? Does everything you eat seem to turn to added pounds? Do the figures on the scales shout a warning to you?

Then you should give *natural* bran an important place in your eating. Tillson's *natural* Bran is nature's roughage. It gives you the bulk that satisfies the hungry stomach yet does not add to weight because it is low in calories. Its minerals tone the system . . . its vitamins help the digestion of other food . . . its fibrous roughage sweeps the intestinal tract clean of lurking waste and poisons.

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Tillson's
natural
Bran

Not cooked — Not treated

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY, PETERBOROUGH AND SASKATOON

Place Bet

Continued from page 52

chairs, Butterfly was gone. He looked around and presently saw her emerge from the direction of the *mutuel* booths.

She came to him smiling apologetically.

"After you had gone I found I had smoked all my cigarettes, so I went to get some.

As they sat down, Martin took out the two one-hundred-franc tickets he had just purchased, and handed them to the girl.

"You hold them for luck."

Out of the twenty-five horses entered, nineteen started. Martin saw with sinking heart their choice finish in third position.

"*Maintenant, je suis a court d'argent*," Martin said. "And being short of money finishes us for today. Shall we go home?"

"If Monsieur will wait till I go a minute and have a wash."

When she returned they walked slowly from the course down the flower-lined, tree-shaded alleyway to where the waiting taxis stood.

Taxis in Paris are the cheapest in the world, but the underground railway (the Metro) is ten times cheaper. So now Martin, counting his few remaining francs, ordered the taxi driver to take them to the nearest Metro station at Porte Saint-Cloud.

Butterfly smilingly accepted the less genteel mode of transportation, and they whirled through the grey bowels of Paris, their eyes only entertained by the signs of the Dubonnet tonic wine whose black letters on a yellow background filed past in an unchanging procession.

Coming up the stairs at Vavin station brought them opposite the Cafe du Dome. They sat upon the crowded terrace and drank a cup of coffee. With his last five francs Martin paid the bill.

"Well, good-bye, Butterfly. I must really be going. See you around here some other time."

Ten minutes' walk along the Boulevard Raspail brought him to his apartment. As he entered he remembered with relief that in the kitchen there were eggs, some bread left over from breakfast, and plenty of coffee. Martin had never become accustomed to French breakfasts, and in the morning always cooked himself a substantial meal. So now, with his last franc gone, and the doors of the bank closed till the next day, he set about preparing supper.

He had just finished washing the dishes when Roy O'Connor knocked upon the door. O'Connor was a young American playing at painting on the strength of an income from home.

"Gosh, I wish you had come half an hour earlier," Martin complained good-naturedly, "then I would have bor-

rowed enough to pay my supper at the restaurant around the corner."

"How come you're so broke?"

"Why, I went to the races with a little girl I met at the Cafe du Dome. And we had the most awful luck. I made three bets on horses to place, and every time the horse came in third. It was awfully funny; when I lost the first place-bet, I threw the ticket away. The girl who was with me—I call her Butterfly, picked the ticket up. She thought it was good. I had to explain to her that a place-bet was only good when the horse came in first or second. Poor little innocent, she said she had been to the races before, but she certainly didn't understand anything about betting till I taught her.

With eyes narrowing O'Connor listened.

"How many horses were there running in the races you bet on?"

"Oh, there were big fields. I don't exactly remember. Just a minute, I've still got the programme in my pocket." Martin consulted the entries. "In the three races I bet on there were eleven, fourteen and nineteen entries."

"And all your tickets were place bets, and every time the horse came third?" O'Connor said quizzically.

"Yes. Wasn't it rotten?"

"I don't suppose you kept the tickets for souvenirs?" O'Connor queried doubtfully.

"No. But poor Butterfly did. Perhaps she thought that by pretending to value them, I would feel I was at least getting something for my money," Martin grinned.

O'Connor laughed.

"It was certainly nice of you to explain the rules of betting to Butterfly. Only you forget one thing: that you weren't in North America. They do things differently in Paris, my boy. Over here in any race where there are more than seven horses running, a place-bet is paid on a horse that comes first, second or third. Place bet here means third. Every one of your tickets were winning ones. But you are all right, as you say Butterfly kept them for souvenirs. I think the *mutuels* have a booth for cashing belated tickets. Better run around and find Butterfly."

As the words sank home to Martin there came with vivid clearness recollection of Butterfly's several brief absences from his side after the different races. There followed quickly remembrance also of his own lordly patronizing male manner when he had explained to the poor female of the species the rules of the betting game in her own country. He smiled ruefully upon O'Connor.

"There's no need for me to hunt up Butterfly. The tickets have been cashed. She knew when a place bet was good, if I didn't. As you say, 'they do things differently in Paris.' In future I'll remember that."

I Promise You

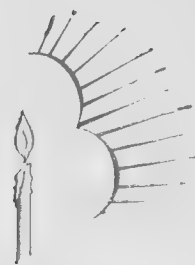
(A Reply to DeKoven's "O Promise Me")

By Donald A. Fraser

*I promise that I will take your hand,
And go with you to that sweet Summerland
Where Love's fair flowers blow for us alone,
And we can cull and claim them for our own:
Those violets that tell of Innocence,
And breathe their fragrance everywhere, and
whence
Our love shall feed and grow more fondly
true,
I promise you, I promise you.*

*I promise you that I will lay my heart
Upon Love's altar there, as set apart
For you, and you alone, for aye and aye,
Till Earth and all its cares shall pass away,
Then Heaven with its endless Dawn of Peace
Shall rise, and straightway shall our love
increase,
And grow all-perfect in God's holy view,
I promise you, I promise you.*





Let Candlelight Discover... You... at Your Loveliest

Though you've raced through the day, though your face feels tired and drawn by nightfall, let evening find you—a radiant part of its enchantment... Coax back your morning freshness with this simple treatment—two beauty rites rolled into one!

By MADAME JEANNETTE DE CORDET

EXCHANGE that brave-but-wan little mouth for your happiest curved-up-at-the-corners one. Substitute for that pallid skin the glowing freshness of its morning tints. Banish the whole oh-what-a-day look of you, in this simple treatment with a cream that does two things at once.

Dual Action, as soon as fingers begin to work

Pompeian Night Cream divides forces, as soon as your fingers begin to work it in. Part goes straight to its cleansing. Part stands by, to give your fingers the texture they need to work their magic.

CLEANSSES... Smooth a generous quantity on your face. Under the circling movement of your fingers, do you feel it seeping in? That is the cleansing part, so penetrating that even deep-down dirt, embedded powder and rouge cannot escape it. And as this thorough cleanser does its work, that taut, dry feeling goes... dust and grime give place to soothing, healing oils...

RELIEVES FACIAL FATIGUE... Your fingers... keep them flying... Beginning at the neck, circling, circling, upward, outward to the hair line. Pompeian Night Cream... so velvety... gives your fingers gentle "hold" as no just-for-cleansing cream will ever do. That is the wondrous other half of this dual-purpose cream; and, aided by its velvet texture, soon your fingers coax fatigue away.

For soon, there's circulation working. Soon, a new tone to muscles. Nerves relax. Drooping lips curve upward. Gradually... an exquisite sense of well-being—that perfect, restful something that happens to you in the chair of a good masseuse.

Now, remove the soiled cream, apply a fresh film of it, and *relax*. Five minutes. More if you can. As you rest, this rich cream penetrates every little pore, to soften, soothe. Then up—your bath—your hair—your frock—and you're ready!—to amaze your friends who left you all tired out just a little while before!

Vivacious... sparkling... who else is so equal to—come what may?

FREE... my little booklet and samples

The movements for relieving Facial Fatigue are clearly set forth in word and picture in my little booklet, and this, with generous samples of Pompeian Night Cream and Day Cream, will be sent you without charge. Won't you write me of any beauty problems that trouble you?

Jeannette de Cordet

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Pompeian Day Cream... astringent... enlivening... Put it on before your powder, to give your skin that cool, smooth, exquisite "feel"... Then your rouge... powder... and you'll go through the day with a well-groomed, even, powder-smoothness—free from "shine"—relieved of the necessity for frequent powdering.

AGAIN AT NIGHT... Give your face this same simple treatment with Pompeian Night Cream before you retire, this time leaving a fresh film on all night to soften... soothe... You'll be lovelier... tomorrow... and in after years!

With fingers flying, circling always upward... outward... soon deep-down soil comes to the surface, muscles are toned, nerves relax, and all trace of weariness is coaxed away.



Pompeian Night Cream

relieves Facial Fatigue as it cleanses

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Dept. 855-E, 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal, Que.
Please send me free sample tubes of Pompeian Night Cream and Day Cream with your booklet on Facial Fatigue.

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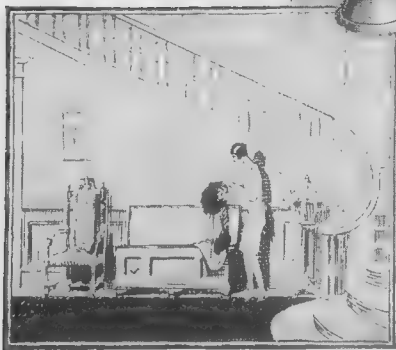
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A Hall Seat that is a beautiful

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THE Chest illustrated here is a wonderful reproduction of an old Credenza, typical of furniture made in Italy in the 17th century.



A beautiful piece of Furniture, a seat at the hall telephone, a sanctuary for valuable wearing apparel—you find a very happy combination of decorative beauty, utility and protection in Red Seal Cedar Chests.

RED SEAL CEDAR CHESTS reflect the good taste and judgment of the lady of the house. The designs, whether modern or period, are authentic, and fit in with the household furniture in Dining Room, Living Room, Bed Room and Hall.

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The Honderich Furniture Company, Limited
Milverton, Ontario.



RED SEAL CEDAR CHESTS

The Bamboo Forest

Continued from page 8

"And how good they were when you lay in the bushes eating them, and the sun made your neck hot, and a Peabody sang in the trees!" she answered. They both stopped and suddenly looked at each other, in the dusty dimness of the littered antique shop.

"You're homesick, Miss Boltwood," said Philip.

"Of course," she answered. "So are you."

"I am less so now," he replied honestly. "You may think it odd, but I have very few friends in New York. I was never cut out for a man about town. And one has no neighbors in this heathenish city. I think my best friend was my barber till—"

"Yes?" she said.

"Till this afternoon," he finished. "You are going to let me be your friend, aren't you?"

She led the way out to the street before answering.

"Aren't you?" he pleaded.

"Why—yes," she finally replied. "I'm silly, I guess, but I'm also old-fashioned. We've known each other a very short time to be asking such questions."

"But you've already accepted a twelve-hundred-dollar present from me," said he.

The girl laughed. "That's so," she said. "I had forgotten. I'd also forgotten that I must be trotting toward home."

"And that is where? I'll trot with you."

"Never!" she said. "It's 'way up in Harlem. I—I live with some friends who think they get fresh air up there. You wouldn't remain my friend if I let you go!"

Again she dropped her long lashes, and Philip was conscious of a pleasant thrill.

"But tomorrow?" said he.

"Tomorrow?"

"Yes, what am I to do with myself tomorrow? It will be harder than ever, now I've had today."

She gave him the merest corner of her eyes. "We go walking on Sundays. Why don't you try that?"

"Where do you go walking tomorrow?"

"I don't know," she answered, waving her hand at a bus. "Sometimes it is one place, sometimes another."

She was aboard the bus now. It started up. She waved a hand at Philip, smiling at him provokingly, and began climbing the stairs. He noticed that she had a charming foot and ankle. The bus went on up the Avenue, swaying above the traffic. He watched her little hat disappear in the gathering twilight. Then he, too, turned toward home. But he wasn't thinking of tomorrow and its boredom. He was thinking excitedly of next Saturday. In Madison Square he noted the last flush of pink sunset on the west wall of the Flatiron Building and on the great white tower, and found them very beautiful.

THE Rutgers Building was twenty-three storeys high, and it housed by day enough people to be classed as a city in the West. The corporation for which Philip Benton worked occupied ten floors. There were innumerable departments. Philip resolved, about bedtime Sunday night, that unless business actually called him to Mr. Thompson's office, he would not go up to that floor till about Thursday. He did not wish to seem hasty and forward. She herself had rebuked him for that! He retired on this excellent resolve—and went down town with it, too. But at lunch time he found himself in an elevator going up!

Miss Boltwood was in the outer office, about to put on her hat. She wore a plain blue dress, much less jaunty than her get-up of Saturday, yet Philip wondered why he had never noticed her before. It seemed incredible. She turned as he came into the room and smiled brightly, putting her hat back on the table and laying her gloves beside it. "Mr. Thompson's not gone out yet," she said. "I'll tell him you're here."

"Do you think it would interest him?" said Philip.

"The company's business usually interests him," she answered, with a quick look.

"But I've not come on company business."

"No?" The interrogation was delightfully impersonal.

"No. I've come to take you to lunch," said Philip.

She looked at him sharply. "Why?" she asked.

"Because I find the lunch hour is almost as trying as Saturdays and Sundays," he replied. "Or it's going to be," he added.

Miss Boltwood had picked up her gloves again, and was twisting them thoughtfully. "I told you I left my business self in my locker on Saturday noons," she finally said. "I don't leave it other noons, Mr. Benton."

"As you wish," said he, making no effort to conceal his disappointment. "Has your screen been delivered yet?" he added with a smile.

"Yes," said she, "it came Saturday night."

"Well, think of me when you look at it."

He stepped back into the elevator, and went off to luncheon glumly by himself. He did not go near Mr. Thompson's office again till Friday. On that day he had actual business there. In the coolest voice he could command he asked Miss Boltwood to announce him, thanked her curtly, and passed in. When he came forth, however, he walked over to her desk and grinned.

"There! That's my last job for the day," said he. "Now I can, perhaps, make bold to be human, with your kind permission. Where are you going to meet me tomorrow afternoon?"

"Am I going to meet you tomorrow afternoon?"

"Certainly. It's merely a question of your convenience where."

"Why are you so confident?"

"Because I'd be the most unhappy mortal in New York if I weren't," he replied frankly.

She dropped her long lashes over eyes which had been mocking him.

"Is that true?" she asked, very low.

"It is true," he answered.

"You really want to—to play our game again?"

"Yes, I want to start a library."

"I—I'll meet you at—let me see, three o'clock, at the book store where we looked in the window."

"Good!" he cried. "Leave all your other self in your locker."

She smiled at him a trifle soberly, and watched him go into the elevator.

At three o'clock she was there, and found him before her. He hastened toward her as she came in the door, and shook her hand. With a smile, he noticed that she had on her finery again, her Saturday clothes.

"Now I shall find out what books you like!" he cried. "Come on!"

"But it's *your* library we are buying," said she. "I don't intend to let you find out how ignorant I am."

"We might as well buy a library for

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Painted Walls

Continued from page 32

far toward successfully camouflaging such shortcomings. The perfectly plain finish really does need a very smooth, level surface, if it is to look its best.

Brush stippling is the leader amongst the various stippling methods. A special stippling brush is used. A small section of wall is coated with the paint (the last coat, if more than one are being used), and the stippling brush is tapped over it; the tips of the bristles will pick up the wet paint, raising it in little points and peaks to give a roughish, textured surface that is most attractive. If a water paint is being used, it is essential that the wall shall have been sized first, because there may be only one coat of the paint used; keep the stippling brush softened by rubbing it over a damp cloth occasionally and then dab it sharply on paper before proceeding with the stippling.

Sponge stippling offers another delightful treatment for the painted wall. You can use as your special tool for its accomplishment, a special sponge roller or just an ordinary good-sized sponge—one that is six to eight inches across is a satisfactory working size. Using a sharp knife or scissors, cut off a portion of the dry, hard sponge, and if the flat surface thus revealed does not show an interesting open pattern, keep on slicing until you get what you want. Moisten the sponge first in warm water, then squeeze dry as possible, and dip the surface in your stippling paint; if using water paint, dip in the whole sponge. Then squeeze fairly dry. Remove any excess by dabbing smartly on a piece of glass or tin or heavy paper, then apply the sponge straightly and firmly, although not heavily, to the wall; lift it cleanly, without twisting or smearing, and put it smartly down on the next spot. You can keep changing the position of the sponge and you will find it better to work round and round, in an irregular fashion, rather than to follow straight lines. You will soon master the tricks of filling the sponge just right (too much paint will give a daubed and mussy effect, too little will make the stipple too faint and light in color), and of applying it in the best way.

TWO colors are, of course, essential for the sponge-stippled wall, the ground-coat and the contrasting or harmonizing color that is used for the sponged-on pattern; but with a little experience the decorator may like to go into the multiple-colored effects, using two or three colors on top of the ground-color. Very soft and lovely effects can be obtained in this way, if care is taken in the selection of the colors; sharp contrasts are to be avoided on the whole—soft harmonies will give much the happiest effects. A pastel shade sponged over with a deeper tone of the same color is always lovely; a deep ivory ground stippled with a warm tan that will give the effect of a dull orange, and a green or soft blue, is charming; grey patterned with a subdued violet or a powder blue, pale green with deeper green and white, and so on, will suggest the way effects can be worked out.

A combination of the brush-stipple and sponge-stipple can be used very effectively; the final ground-coat (if more than one is being used) is "textured" by the usual brush-stippling; when dry, it is then sponge-stippled.

Another stippling method sometimes employed, is called "serumbling." The wall is first given the usual ground-color. When this is dry, a narrow strip is painted with the stipple color; a wad of paper about twelve inches long

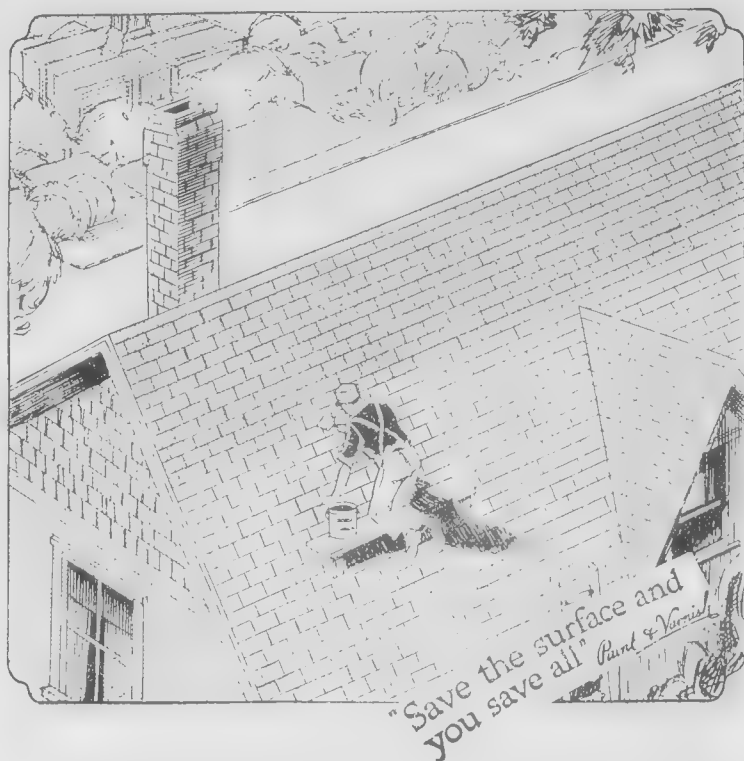
Continued on page 86

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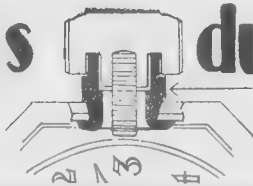
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The Bamboo Forest

Continued from page 56

you, too, while we are about it," said Philip. "You can't escape so easily."

They wandered among the rare books at the rear of the shop, bound in leather and gold, for they decided a library should be bound in leather. But the range of choice was limited. Many books they wanted were not there.

"We'll have to have them bound ourselves," said he. "Now, what will you have first? History, biography, fiction?"

"Will you be ashamed of me if I confess that I should like some poetry?" she asked. "For Saturday and Sunday reading, you know!"

"Poetry! Good! I'm glad to know somebody still reads poetry."

He led the way to the poetry shelves, for it was his boast that he knew this store as well as the clerks.

"Ah!" he said, "here's a nice little two-volume edition of Coventry Patmore, the very first thing."

"I've never read Patmore," she said. "What?" cried Philip. "Really, haven't you?"

She shook her head. "No, Mr. Benton, I told you I was a very ignorant person. Is he nice?"

For answer, Philip took two volumes off the shelf, extracted his fountain pen from his pocket, wrote on the fly-leaf before the girl could stop him, and took the books over to a clerk. He returned with them wrapped up.

"There," said he. "Not for your library in Spain, but in Harlem."

"You shouldn't have done that!" she said severely. "Still," she added, dropping her lashes, "I suppose you've spoiled them now, so they can't be returned." And she took the packet, walking quickly to a remote corner and untying it. Philip watched her read the inscription, and turn to flash upon him a smile of gratitude, over her blushes. Then she hastily turned away again, and re-wrapped the books.

*"To my new Friend
On the best day of the Week."*

he had written.

She came back with the packet under her arm. "Thank you," she said simply. Presently they went out and began walking up the Avenue. "Well," said she, "we've achieved a lot of books. What next?"

"I think we should have some flowers," said Philip. "Where's a flower shop? A house without flowers doesn't look right, you know." He spoke craftily, and the girl looked up at him out of the corner of her eyes.

They soon came to a shop, and he led the way inside, going directly up to a clerk, and asking for violets. The girl laid a sudden hand on his arm. "No!" she commanded.

Philip smiled upon her. "You said blue was your color," he answered. Then he forced the violets into her hand, and Philip saw at once that blue was her color. She looked even more fetching now, more jaunty and gay. But as they went out of the store, he noticed that her eyelashes were wet. "What is it?" he cried.

She would not turn her face to his. "Nothing—nothing," she answered.

"Yes, tell me!"

"You—I—it is so—nobody has bought me flowers! Why do you do it? You mustn't."

"Ah, but I must!" said he. "You—you have put already a new interest into my life. We go on—all of us—living our lonely, selfish lives here in this great town, which is too vast to reckon of such individual atoms. I was nothing but such a lonely, selfish atom, bored by the city, bored by myself, bored by life. Then you came, and led me into

the enchanted bamboo forest, and I found a friend. I want to see flowers on you; I want you to smell of violets, I—I want to listen to music with you. Will you go with me to a symphony concert tomorrow?"

She suddenly lifted her eyes to his. They had drawn close to the edge of a building, to avoid being jostled by the throng on the walk, and were standing still now.

"I—I can't refuse," she said. "I lied to you about my friends in Harlem. I board. I—I have no friends, either."

"You have a friend," said Philip softly, oblivious of the throng.

She let her lashes fall once more, and sank her nose to the violets.

"Thank you," was all she answered. But she shook her head quickly when he suggested dinner. "I must go home and—and put my violets in water!"

HE LET her go, and once more, as he walked back toward Washington Square the town was beautiful in the twilight.

The violets were still at her breast when she came into the lobby of the concert hall, and in her smile of greeting to Philip was a warmer light of intimacy. Her Saturday evening and Sunday morning had been passed he was scarcely aware how in anticipation of this hour, and he sank happily into the seat beside her. The symphony that day happened to be old-fashioned and serene—Mozart's E-flat—and it fitted their mutual mood. A buxom soloist who emitted operatic selections did not destroy their anticipation. They waited for the real music, and when the lovely andante came, so perfect, so melodious, so like a cool, sweet sunset, Philip saw the girl's eyes close, and he could not resist putting out his hand and touching her fingers. She did not stir. She let his hand touch hers till the movement was over. Then she raised her eyes and smiled, and gently, so gently that it was scarce a motion at all, she withdrew her hand. Neither spoke a word. After the concert they wandered a little up the Avenue in its Sabbath hush, and when Philip suggested dinner she did not refuse.

"I—I—it has been such a happy afternoon," she said, "I cannot bear to have it stop—if you want it to go on."

"If I want it to go on!" said Philip.

They dined at a quiet hotel, far off the track from Broadway, and Philip took her home, walking across the snowy park to a west-side car line. The lights of the Plaza Hotel were reflected in the black ice of the little pond in wondrous fashion, and all around the quiet oasis of the park the winter sky was reddened by the reflection of the city lamps. The walks were icy in places, and the girl had to take Philip's arm, after she had slipped once and nearly fallen. Her touch thrilled him. They were almost silent. Once she said: "Oh, Mr. Benton, New York can be nice, and almost beautiful! Think of that skyscraper reflected in the icy lake. And see the red sky?"

"New York can be very nice—now," he answered, drawing her arm still closer to his side.

They were silent again. It was the silence when intimacy is bred.

Philip did not ask her again to go to lunch down town. He made no further attempt to see her till Friday. Then he arranged for the following day's meeting. Saturdays and Sundays were now the days of the week for which he lived. That third Saturday they investigated the important subject of

Continued on page 60



Three-Thread Knit* *makes mending baskets yawn for lack of work to do*

THREE-THREAD KNIT (knit from three threads instead of from one heavy thread) gives Buster Brown Stockings extra strength and therefore longer wear.

Mothers of sturdy, romping boys have far less mending to do. Although Three-Thread Knit costs a trifle more, it saves money and saves much time spent in mending.

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The Bamboo Forest

Continued from page 58

rugs and carpets. They visited many shops, small and large, and selected, in addition to a fine assortment of merely excellent rugs, one exquisite prayer rug which was exhibited under a glass case and cost fifteen thousand dollars. This seemed enough for one day, so they varied their walk by strolling over to the Great White Way to see the lights come on. On Sunday they went again to the concert.

A MONTH had elapsed. In the Rutgers Building they were the young assistant from the engineering department, and the capable, attractive, brisk secretary to the executive in the accounting department, meeting two or three times a week in the latter's office, and exchanging a smile and a word of greeting that nobody could know made all their day brighter. Once or twice they had been to the theatre together, on a week-day evening, but that was all—till Saturday noon came. Now, when they left the building on Saturday they left together, they lunched together, they did not part till evening. And on Sunday they met again, and once more they did not part till night. They were exploring New York on Sunday mornings, walked far afield into nooks the average New Yorker does not know exist, viewing the deep-sea shipping by the wharves, the woods at Spuyten Duyvil, the quaint streets of Greenwich Village, the foreign cities within a city, on the far East Side. But meanwhile they had not been again to see their screen.

Finally the time came when Philip suggested it. It was a warm day, one of those days when winter seems to be going into a senile decay, and spring, like Hilda, is knocking at the gate. As they came out of the Rutgers Building he sniffed the air, and unbuttoned his light overcoat. Then he led her to a flower shop and pinned daffodils upon her, while their eyes met over them.

*"My heart with pleasure thrills
And dances with daffodils."*

she said, letting her face drop over the nodding blossoms.

They did not go shopping that afternoon. The air was too balmy, too tempting. They wandered with the crowds along the walk, in a kind of happy, sensuous enjoyment, a mood that seemed to lie upon the entire city. Presently they came opposite the Japanese store. Philip had known they were drawing near it. Perhaps he had turned their steps that way. He was tingling now with a strange emotion. He held open the door, and without a word, only with a quick half-look into his face, the girl entered.

They went directly up in the elevator, and stepped out into the scented sanctuary of screens. The attendant remained by the elevator door. A window somewhere was open, and the noise of street traffic came rather faintly in, along with a wandering, warm wind. They stepped quickly to the far corner. The screen was still there! Silent, they stood before it, and watched the white water foam over the fall and then wander into the quiet coolness of the bamboo forest, into a mysterious wilderness of slim verticals. The picture was very lovely, very alluring—but they saw more than had been worked in silk by the little yellow artist across the seas.

PHILIP put out his hand and closed his fingers about hers. She did not resist. He drew her gently toward him, retreating behind the outer panel of the screen. No one could see them

now. They were hidden, shut in, as it were, amid the bamboos. He took her other hand then, and holding them both tightly, he looked down in her upraised eyes. Those eyes were deep and trustful—and swimming now with precious tears. "Dearest," he whispered, "I love you!"

She nodded her head slowly. "I know, because there is nothing in my heart but you, Philip. Oh, it is so wonderful!"

Their lips met, and for a long moment they forgot the daffodils.

She patted the crumpled blooms with a little, happy moan, as they parted. "Oh, my lovely flowers!" she said. "You mustn't kiss me again."

"Then throw them away," he commanded.

"I could hold them in my hand," she said. Then she pointed to the screen. "It was in the bamboo forest!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," said he, "I knew it would be when we crossed Thirty-fourth Street."

They both laughed softly. "Dear, beautiful bamboo screen," she whispered, touching it almost reverently.

"Some day," said Philip, "we will have this screen in our house—and the house will not be in Spain."

The girl raised her eyes to his, and the color was high on her cheeks. "But there are other things first," she whispered. "Oh, Philip, won't it be fun just buying little, cheap things, really truly buying them—for us?"

"It will be Heaven," he answered, "but, nevertheless, we'll save up for the bamboo forest, instead of for an automobile."

"Dear, dear forest," she whispered again. Before they came from around the corner the daffodils were crushed once more. She had forgotten to hold them in her hand.

My Own Canadian Shore

By Roberta Edwinna Clare

*I may travel the whole world over,
Many fine things I may see,
But there's nothing finer in this world,
Than the shores of home—to me.*

*I may travel o'er highways foreign,
To wander on shores unknown,
And thrill with the pleasure it gives me,
To explore those regions lone.*

*I may love the pyramids ancient,
And Sphinxes of Egypt land,
The jungles of wildest Africa,
And India's coral strand.*

*The bright laughter of Senoritas,
Whirling in gay Spanish dance,
And the lights of old Monte Carlo,
With it's games of life and chance.*

*I may love dear, merry old England,
With it's roses, fog and rain,
Bonny Scotland's hills and Ireland's lakes,
May I see them oft again.*

*But pungent fragrance of stately pine,
Follows haunting where I roam,
And the mem'ry of tow'ring Rockies,
Draws me back again to home.*

*And the memory of the prairies,
Sweeping grandly through the West,
Where the sunshine is golden glory,
In the land I love the best.*

*So I shall sail upon the morrow,
And my eyes will see once more,
When I've left the Isles far behind me,
My own Canadian Shore.*

A Policy of Conservation

Mexico proposes an extension of the presidential term from four years to six years. This will allow a new crop of candidates more time to grow.—Belleville Intelligencer.

Explore the Joys of Home Music!

Are you collecting the dividends you should be receiving from your investment in home music?

... Particularly the music with an irresistible spell of rhythm that sweeps old and young alike to their feet with its coaxing appeal.—"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined."

Full dividends of joy can always be reaped from that kind of music by those who have been foresighted enough to floor their homes with Seaman Kent Hardwood... "the best that's made in every grade."

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The League of Nations and Its Problems

Continued from page 6

Assistance. They hoped to achieve security by regional alliances with a view to limiting general responsibility and because they felt that members of the League far from the Rhine would not be easily roused in time of danger. The negotiations were protracted and were complicated by the French occupation of the Ruhr. On a change of government in Great Britain this plan was rejected on the ground that regional treaties favored the old alliances which had been a contributory cause of the War. Ramsay MacDonald demanded a universal pact and as a result the Geneva Protocol was mooted in 1924. It suggested the outlawry of war, insisted upon compulsory arbitration, defined an aggressor as one that would not submit a dispute to arbitration, and called upon all members of the League to unite against such an aggressor, though allowing for different degrees of assistance according to geographical or military circumstances.

This plan also broke down on a change of government in Great Britain; and she now, through Austen Chamberlain, objecting to the application of arbitration in all cases, was inclined to doubt the practical value of general responsibility, and to fear that the Protocol precluded the amendment of the Peace of Versailles while it did not adequately protect domestic interests. Through Mr. Chamberlain she proposed a method more in keeping with reality. Instead of trying to provide against problematical disputes he suggested dealing only with those dangers that actually threatened at the moment "by knitting together the nations most immediately concerned and whose differences might lead to a renewal of strife, by means of treaties framed with the sole object of maintaining between themselves an unbroken peace." This proposal ultimately led to the Locarno Pacts, by which treaties of mutual guarantee were signed in regard to both the eastern and western boundaries of Germany and arbitration conventions were provided and conciliation commissions for dealing with all possible disputes. All these agreements were regarded as supplementary to the League, and were to come into force on Germany's admission to the League.

Though the Locarno Pacts have brought into the League the greatest of the enemy Powers, and have enabled Europe to breathe more freely, they have not yet removed all the feelings of insecurity nor do they seem to have furthered the progress of disarmament. This is due partly to the feeling that the Central European and Balkan nationalities are still restive, and partly to the fact that Russia, Turkey, and the United States still remain outside of the League.

Turkey alone could not cause any great anxiety to the Powers of the League, especially now that she has become a republic, has abolished the Caliphate, and has given sign of developing into a state on the Western model; but the outlawry of Russia, with her defiance of Western national organization, together with her vast influence in India, Persia and China, is quite another matter. In spite of her recent sweeping proposals for disarmament she has shown no friendship for the League and has given no evidence of a desire to co-operate for world peace. It is true that she has made several treaties of non-aggression with her neighbors, and in her own internal organization set an example for the

formal recognition of the cultural rights of minorities, but so long as she continues to foment civil war in other states she will remain an outlaw and therefore a cause for delay in disarmament.

On the other hand the United States, in spite of her increase in armaments cannot be said to be a menace to world peace or to have been unsympathetic towards the work of the League. She has co-operated in many ways, financial, economic, and intellectually, and has given a judge to the International Court. Likewise, by her proposals for arbitration she has been trying out alternative methods and must in time find it desirable to enter the League. It is probable that in the long run it will be seen that her temporary aloofness has been of ultimate advantage to the cause of permanent peace. It has compelled Europe to ask itself embarrassing questions; it has made the earlier admission of Germany possible, it probably prevented the defection of France and Italy through suspicion of an Anglo-American combine to dominate the world, and it forced Europe to rely upon itself to solve more in accordance with realities such problems as reparations and the delimitation of boundaries. At the same time the failure of the recent naval conference between Great Britain and the United States will force both countries to clarify an issue that has been long obscure and to find a solution that will satisfy both their own peoples and those of the League.

ON THE whole the trials and discussions of the last eight years have borne fruit. The necessity of the digest and codification of international conventions and theories has been recognized, and they have been undertaken. The number of disputes settled has been large and encouraging. Although no test case has arisen in which a major power has been compelled to subordinate its interest to the common good, an atmosphere has been created that will make it more difficult each year for such a power to defy the League. If disarmament has lagged behind there has been an increase in security and public opinion is getting impatient and will make itself felt in due time. When the workers of the world have united, not to destroy, but to preserve, governments must yield to public opinion, compose their differences within the law, and armaments will be less and less necessary.

But this will not be done overnight, and there will be many nightmares before it is done. China must find itself, Russia must confine its agitation within its own borders, there must be some realignment of minorities in Southern and Central Europe, there must be a softening of racial bitterness, nationalities must see that ultra-patriotism feeds on itself, there must be less vague talk of humanity and more love of men and women, and we ourselves must learn that the dominance of no one Power is necessary to the salvation of mankind.

HIGHER MATHEMATICS

Preacher—"Do you go to school, Elsie, dear?"

Elsie—"Yes, and I like my teacher,"

"What do you learn there, dear?"

"Reading, writing, and gozintas."

"Gozintas—what are they?"

"Don't you know? Why, 3 gozintas 12 four times, 5 gozintas 15 three times, like that."



Fatigue and Worry are woman's enemies

THEY rob you of youth and beauty. You cannot rest or sleep. The nerves get excited and irritable. Then everything goes wrong. There is help for you in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. It has proven itself woman's greatest friend, because it forms new, rich blood and restores the vigor of the nervous system.

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PEARLY THINGS, white things, of exquisite sheen and brilliancy—those are the bride's by tradition and by choice. A toilet-set for her first dressing-table is a bridal requisite; let it be a part of the shimmering picture. It may be Keystone natural pearl, of a delicate rainbow hue, or rose or blue pearl, mounted on a frame of honey-colored amber. Keystone Toiletware is sold at Jewellers', Drug and Departmental Stores in single pieces or presentation sets. Stevens-Hepner Company, Limited, Port Elgin, Ontario. Manufacturers of Keystone Hutax Tooth Brushes.



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"Improvvidence unsettles the mind for every task; thrift in some form of self-restraint steadies it."

—KIPLING

A full-sized Life Policy is the best antidote in the world for all shades of mental unrest. The thrift that invests every dollar it can save in Life Insurance secures protection and profit guaranteed by no other provident institution.



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When sending for Patterns of Fashion Plates, remember to state the size.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg



LAST month we dealt with the question of bonds and debentures and pointed out the manner in which debenture holders were protected by means of a trust deed. This month we propose dealing with the question of preferred shares. As we have already stated, the best security is of course a bond or debenture whether the bond or debenture is secured by means of a trust deed and mortgage or not.

Usually the second security of any company is by way of issuance of preferred stock. The name preferred explains fully the nature of the security, that is to say, the holder is preferred before holders of a lower security. Various conditions may be attached to the rights of the holders; for instance it is a very common practice to issue preferred shares as cumulative. This simply means that should there be no dividends declared in any year the holders are granted the right of having the profits of the company applied in payment of any dividend which has not been paid, so that every holder of a cumulative preferred share is entitled to payment of his dividend in priority to any holder of a security of a lower rank.

It is also a common practice not to permit the preferred shareholders to have any voting rights unless the dividends are in arrears. The right of voting is generally reserved to a preferred shareholder when the dividends are in arrears for two successive periods. In such case a preferred shareholder is entitled to vote but should the dividend be paid such right is immediately cancelled and only revives in case of further default.

A preferred shareholder is only entitled strictly speaking to a certain dividend. If the company should prosper the profits would of course go to the holders of the common shares. In other words the company would have to pay the amount of its bond interest and preferred dividends and anything over would benefit the common shareholders. However, it is sometimes provided that the preferred shareholders shall participate in the profits of the company after the common shareholders have been allotted a dividend. A concrete example will illustrate this. A company issues three types of securities, namely: gold mortgage bonds, preferred stock and common shares. The bonds carry 6% interest and the preferred stock 6½%, with the further right that should the common shareholders be granted a dividend of 8% any profits available after the payment of the bond interest and dividends on the preferred and common at the rate of 6½ and 8% respectively shall be divided equally between the preferred and common shareholders. The Company sells \$1,000,000 each of bonds and preferred stock, and gives the common stock to the preferred shareholders by way of a bonus. The company, therefore, has to provide \$60,000.00 for bond interest, and \$65,000.00 for dividends on preferred stock. Suppose the issue of common stock were \$100,000, \$8,000 then would have to be provided for interest, making altogether a total of \$133,000. If the company made \$200,000 profit this would leave the sum of \$67,000 for equal distribution between the preferred and common shareholders. It must be clearly understood that a preferred shareholder is not in the same class as a debenture holder where the debenture is secured by means of a mortgage.

There has been a tremendous development during the last few months in mining activities and all kinds and conditions of shares, units and interests are being offered to the public. The most common form is the creation of a syndicate and the issuance of a unit. We wish to advise our readers very strongly against participation in any such scheme unless the reader is in a position to investigate the claims of the syndicate and particularly to enquire into the subject of personal liability. A syndicate is simply another name for a large partnership and the rule of law is that all partners are jointly liable for the debts of the partnership. There-

fore if a person were to take units without any restriction on personal liability he would himself become jointly liable for all the debts of the syndicate, which might be a very serious liability according to the circumstances of the case. It is not sufficient that there be restrictions as to liability amongst the members of the syndicate alone for the very simple reasons that if these restrictions are not made known to the parties with whom the syndicate is dealing then such parties are not bound by these restrictions.

In Manitoba an Act has been introduced dealing with this aspect of the question, and it is now provided that it is possible for every syndicate not exceeding forty in number and not involving an amount more than \$25,000 to register with the Government. If all the facts of the Syndicate are placed before the Government, the Government will then issue a Certificate for the Syndicate and the personal liability of every member of the syndicate is then limited. If, for instance, a member has paid up his share he is under no liability and the only liability that can attach to any member is the amount unpaid on the subscription which he has agreed to purchase. In this way, therefore, it is possible to avoid personal liability for any debts incurred by the syndicate. We would therefore suggest that if any person is approached for the purchase of units he should make enquiries first of all as to the restrictions and secondly, in Manitoba at least, whether the Company is registered under the new scheme.

If I Ran the Paper

By W. E. Guy

We buy a daily paper and hunt it through for news,
But mostly get it dished up like mulligan and stews,
We hunt it through for wisdom and what the pages tell,
But what we get are murders and little bits of hell.
There's lots of mushy stories, scandal and bits of crime,
Then we get a little comic and it costs a bloomin' dime.
Now if I could run the paper I'd make up lots of stuff,
I'd feed 'em up with pastry and lots of army duff,
I'd make the folks that read it know what it's all about,
I'd round up all the hobos and fill them up with stout,
I'd round up all the parsons that blow froth off the brim,
I'd fill them up with whisky till they felt like "Uncle Bim."
I'd gather all the lawyers and the wicked cops as well,
I'd tie them all together and pack them off to hell.
I'd have a little parlor where every one sold drinks,
I'd undo all the tangles and straighten out the kinks.
I'd wipe out all the statutes and banish all the laws,
And plead with good St. Peter, won't you help us do the chores?
And if I ran the paper there'd never be no frost,
There'd never be no winter no crops would 'ere be lost,
We'd have a land of sunshine with lots of time to play,
There's never be no work to do but still we'd get our pay.
And now about the ladies they always would be young,
They always would be pretty they'd all have lots of fun,
But folks 'taint I what runs the paper 'taint I what brings the cold,
'Taint I what kills the roses nor makes the folks grow old,
But the guys what runs the paper.



This Department is conducted by one of the best known of Winnipeg's legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with their questions.

HOW far is a railway company liable for damages when a child is playing on the railway tracks and injury results to him through the operation of a train? A short time ago a boy aged between six and seven years was playing on the railway tracks with a number of other boys, and he conceived the desire of climbing on a moving freight car. The boy had been warned by his mother to keep away from the tracks and the evidence showed that employees of the railway company had on several occasions warned the different boys not to indulge in this practice. The boy's counsel took the stand that there was a tacit license on the part of the company in the sense that the officials knew that the boys were in the habit of stealing rides. The Court however, found that there was no such license and that the boy was a mere trespasser and therefore that the company was under no liability to look after him. A part of the judgment reads as follows: "In this day and age every child, old enough to be allowed out of his mother's sight knows, or must be presumed to know that just as fire burns, a moving train is a thing to keep away from, at least not to run into and so I cannot think that to escape liability for negligence railway operations must be held to the necessity of posting sentries in every railway yard and by every crossing and at every other point to which mischievous or other venturesome children could lawfully or unlawfully gain access to rolling stock."

We quote the following from a Manitoba case, which shows the importance of answering correctly all questions proposed by a surety company in the question of binding their employees. The facts are as follows: A surety company to which an employee of a company had applied for a fidelity bond requested the company to answer certain questions with reference to the applicant. One of the questions was, "Is there at present anything due or owing to you by the applicant, if so what is the amount thereof?" To this question the company's manager replied "No." The employee had been given an advance on salary which was to be repaid by the subsequent reduction of his monthly payments of salary by a certain amount, and at the time of the answer the amount of the advance then outstanding was about \$300. The company sued the surety company on the bond, but the Court held that as the answer was untrue and material the surety company was not liable. The bond also provided that on discovery of facts which ought to cause a suspicion that the employee had committed acts on which a claim under the contract might be based, notice of the discovery should be given the surety company within ten days. It turned out that large unauthorized overdrafts on salary account, to which the company's manager was a party, and apparent repayments, were discovered by the auditors of the company, but notice of this unauthorized practice was not given to the surety company until a year afterwards. On these facts the Court held that as the auditors and the manager of the company knew of these practices the company was bound and owing to its failure to notify the surety company, the surety company was relieved of any liability in connection with the bond.

Answers to Queries

(Q) Will you kindly advise me on the following: A Mr. Brown, now residing in the States, wishes to dispose of his property in Alberta, consisting of a house and lot. Although he and his wife parted several years ago, they have never had a legal separation. Mrs. Brown, the wife, is also residing in the States, but her location is unknown to Mr. Brown. Under the circumstances would it be necessary to have her consent and would the pur-

chaser be safe in accepting a transfer without "certificate of acknowledgment by wife" being filled in by Mrs. Brown? The property is in Mr. Brown's name and he has the title. T. V. R.

(A) In our opinion it would be unsafe for the Purchaser to accept a transfer from Mr. Brown without the wife's formal consent thereto under the Dower Act. The Act is quite specific that every such transfer will be invalid, unless possibly the transferee relied upon an affidavit of Mr. Brown that it was not his homestead and the transferee did not know that this was not the case. The Dower Act provides that in a case such as yours where the husband and wife are living apart the husband may apply to a Judge of the Supreme Court for an order dispensing with the wife's consent to the transfer. A notice of application for this order should of course be served upon the wife. In a case similar to the one you suggest, the wife took proceedings to set aside the transfer and was successful in obtaining an order charging the property with her life estate in the property after the death of her husband. If, of course, you are prepared to accept the title subject to the prospective claim of Mrs. Brown for her life estate in the homestead, after her husband's death, you would of course be quite able to do so, and if you sold the property to some other purchaser without notice of Mrs. Brown's probable claim, the other purchaser we believe would have a good title clear of her claim.

(Q) Just a few lines to ask you a few questions. (1) Have I not as much right to be helped out to settle as the new settlers that are coming all the time? (2) I am an ex-soldier and would love to start on a farm for myself but I have not the money to start all by myself. I have worked all my life on a farm. I am 32 years old. I would be so glad if you would tell me where to write for these questions I have asked you.—1,336,486.

(A) You apparently have an erroneous impression as to what assistance is being given to new settlers. The Canadian Government does not assist immigrants. Those who receive assistance receive same from the British Government and not from the Canadian Government. The Canadian Soldier Settlement Board some time ago discontinued making loans to settlers. However, they have plenty of land that they are prepared to sell or rent. If you can obtain sufficient stock and equipment to enable you to cultivate a farm properly and if you have the necessary experience the Soldier Settlement Board would no doubt be quite willing to rent you one of their farms and at the same time give you the option to purchase the farm as soon as you are able to satisfy them of your ability. If you wish to make some such arrangement we would suggest that you apply to the District Superintendent, Soldier Settlement Board, Winnipeg, who can give you full information.

(Q) I have been approached by a representative of Brooks Securities Ltd., Toronto, asking me to buy stock in said Company and as I know nothing about said company I would like if you would give me some information about it through the columns of the Western Home Monthly.—G. G.

(A) There has been a great deal of litigation and dissension among the shareholders and directors of the various Brooks Companies. We would advise you to consult one or two of the large reliable investment houses for full information on this company. Until you have that information we would strongly advise against your making any investment in Brooks Securities Ltd.



1,000 Men Told Us

What men wanted in shaving cream. Now, before you buy, try what we've made for you — at our expense — for 10 days

DEAR SIR:

Politicians know what to expect nationally when an election goes one way or another in a small community. And so, in merchandising, experience teaches that the opinion of 1000 men reflects the average viewpoint of millions.

So, when we decided to create a shaving cream, we asked 1000 men what they sought in shaving comfort and efficiency. Then we set out to meet their requirements.

They told us four things. We gave them five. Now we ask the courtesy of a test—based solely on merit—to prove to yourself the shaving delights we have discovered for you.

Just mail the coupon for a free 10-day test

Our laboratories for 65 years have specialized in fine soap products. One of our toilet soaps is a leader of the world. Others are used in countless homes and institutions everywhere.

With the four objectives we had set, we started our experiments. Time after time we got a fine shaving cream result, yet one or another of the things we sought was missing.

Finally, after the 129th experiment, success came. It was enthusiastically received by men everywhere. Today it is outstandingly the fastest selling shaving cream on the market.

These 5 important factors

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
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Now make the trial, please

No doubt your present shaving preparation suits you, yet there may be a better way. We've tried to find one for you, and will thank you to give it a test. Just send the coupon now.

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Montreal Toronto Winnipeg

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man. Please let us prove them to you. Mail the coupon now.

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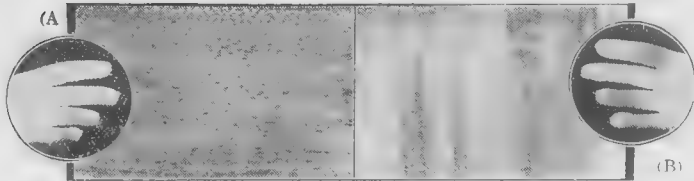


3972-Can.

10 SHAVES FREE and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1497 The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto 8, Ontario.

(Please print your name and address)



NO HARD RUBBING

(A) White-gloved finger tips rubbed over Liquid Veneer are not discolored. Liquid Veneer leaves no greasy film.

(B) White-gloved finger tips rubbed over old-fashioned furniture polishes are soiled by the greasy film.

Above tests made by the Electrical Testing Laboratories, New York.



A LAST quick look before the guests arrive — everything is in order — furniture placed just so — its clean gleaming surface bespeaking welcome — downstairs again —

What a satisfaction to know that ALL your woodwork is mirror-bright

If your woodwork, despite the hard work you have lavished on it, shows a cloudy blue film, it is usually because it has been wrongly treated. By running your finger across its surface, or by using the scientists' white kid glove test, you will quickly find the reason. The surface of the wood is coated with a thick, greasy, dirt-catching film — the product of all old-fashioned furniture polishes.

Today, thanks to the new Liquid Veneer — the polish that leaves no greasy film — you can rid yourself of this hard work and free your furniture of unsightly blue cloud blemishes.

A few drops of Liquid Veneer on your dust cloth every day as you dust

— a few swift strokes — no hard rubbing — yet the old blue cloud is banished forever. Why? The perfectly balanced cleaning content of the new Liquid Veneer removes the old dust-encrusted film, feeds the varnished finish, and leaves no greasy film to which dust can stick.

An improved polish, still sold in the familiar yellow package, the new Liquid Veneer is the one polish scientifically compounded for polishing fine woods and finishes. You can get Liquid Veneer at hardware, china, drug, grocery, department, furniture, or general stores. Also read the special offers below.

1915 Liquid Veneer Bldg. **LIQUID VENEER CORPORATION.** Buffalo, New York

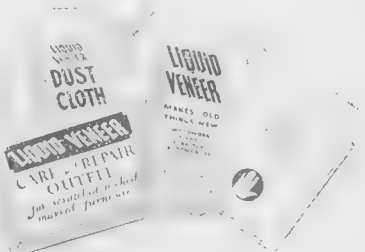
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1915 Liquid Veneer Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.
I wish to take advantage of offer checked:
Offer A Regular Price
Liquid Veneer Care and Repair Outfit..... \$0.50
(2 oz. 15c bottle Liquid Veneer and all materials to repair scratches, nicks, worn spots, etc., on all kinds of furniture.)
Liquid Veneer Dust Cloth..... .25
Book, "The Care of Fine Finishes"..... .25

Total Value \$1.00
Special price postpaid .50

Offer B Regular Price
Trial bottle Liquid Veneer..... \$0.10
(Enough for two weeks' dusting)
Liquid Veneer Dust Cloth..... .25

Total Value \$0.35
Special price postpaid .10



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THE NEW LIQUID VENEER

dusts cleans polishes LEAVES NO GREASY FILM

A FEATURE ARTICLE
IN OUR JUNE NUMBER

by

G. A. Elliott, M.A.
Professor of Political Economy

"The
Departmental Store—
Is It a Menace?"

The author is a distinguished young Canadian who has already won high place as an economist.

MAPS

EXCELLENT pocket maps of Manitoba, or Saskatchewan, or Alberta showing all towns, post offices, railways, range and township numbers, etc. Price only 25c for each province postpaid. For sale at the best stationers, news dealers, drug stores of Western Canada or direct from

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Write for price list or further information

The Middle of Excitement

Continued from page 21

of the precipice as if looking for a place to alight while the water from up the slope was biting holes in them to make them let go and get out of the way.

Kerrin knew it was risky; but the bullion had to go forward and he did not hesitate. There was no lingering to admire the scenery. Tommy hitched the lines and walked behind the wagon. Behind him again rode the guards. They were just heading into the gulch when the first warning sound came from above. The guards wheeled their mounts and made for safety with Kerrin right behind them. The horses did not have a chance and when the men looked back there was nothing in sight but snow packed into the gulch and running up the sides for fifty feet.

Seven Shaft Creek was ten miles away by the trail; but travelling across the ridge the distance was not more than three miles. Kerrin struck out for help, leaving the guards sitting on a shelf of rock. He had no more than reached the little trail of which he knew when the unexpected sound of voices brought him to a sudden halt. The first sentence made him drop flat behind the nearest rock.

Four men were picking their way down the trail and it needed but a glance to identify the first man as "Black Jim" Jakes himself—the same road-agent who was "wanted" in several places. "Get the guards first shot, but not Kerrin 'less he shows fight," Mr. Jakes was saying considerably. "They won't be along yet for a couple o' hours, I reckon."

Kerrin did not linger. He crept off up the trail as soon as the strangers had rounded a rock. From the time he came running into the Nugget saloon until the whole camp was deserted and the citizens riding out across the white-faced landscape with their bronchos' tails blowing—well, it may have been ten or fifteen minutes, but no longer than that. The capture of Jakes alone was estimated to be worth twenty thousand dollars in rewards, including the government's offer.

"McAllister and the schoolmarm started off up that trail not long ago," someone remarked as they were mounting in front of Nolan's place. "If they meet up with Jakes an' his gang God help 'em!"

"By Gander!" swore Tommy Kerrin at that. "You boys follow the trail," he yelled back. "I'm goin' to head 'em off the back way."

For nearly a mile he could see the road below the elbow of the gulch and he swore under his breath presently when he saw two black dots come cantering into view.

Yanking his mount to the left without a moment's hesitation, Tommy Kerrin made for the brink of the precipice. He knew that he took his life in his hands by such a manoeuvre; but he clenched his teeth and spurred forward.

Almost at the same instant he became aware that one of the Jakes gang had climbed the cliff in order to take a pot-shot at the guards before they could give an alarm, picking them off like partridges on a limb. The outlaw saw Kerrin coming for him and opened fire. Kerrin tried to return the greeting in kind but the plunging of his horse in the snow made shooting with any degree of accuracy an impossibility.

He told the animal what he thought about it and just then the horse stepped into a hole and threw his rider over his head. Kerrin got snow up his sleeves and down his neck and staggered to his feet in a rage. It was then

that the stray bullet from the enemy struck him in the left shoulder and knocked him over.

The outlaw sprang from his cover with a whoop of satisfaction; but he whooped too soon. With his arm dangling and flopping about foolishly, Kerrin was back on his feet and stumbling on through the snow, pumping lead with his good hand, teeth shut tight and eyes glittering with determination. "Come on, you son-of-a-gun," he yelled.

In his eagerness to get to close quarters Kerrin had lost all sense of danger. He was out on one of the great overhanging drifts but entirely unaware of the fact that his path lay straight across it. His eyes were focused on the outlaw who was scrambling for cover and it was his turn to let out a whoop as he saw the fellow suddenly throw up his hands and go over backwards, knocked clean down the slope by the bullet.

There was an ominous groan beneath Kerrin's feet. He yelled in dismay; but it was too late. Down went the slide and Kerrin went with it—down, down with gathering momentum, filling into the gulch, taking rocks and trees with it and roaring below to bury the Jakes gang completely.

The posse found Tommy Kerrin over against the rocks, looking as if he were through with all things mundane. They lifted him into a saddle blanket and carried him down to the trail to where Betty Foster waited impatiently; in her agitation she would have flung her arms around him and sat there rocking back and forth until Tommy was beyond all hope of recovery had they allowed it. She was sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Considerin' as I liked the boy a heap," Barney Nolan said afterwards, "an' him lyin' there, hob-nobbin' with Old Cold-Deck, it was queer the feelin' of gladness as come over me. An' when they takes the boy into Betty Foster's own little room next the schoolhouse, even though Doc Bradley on'y gave him one chanst in a hundred, I figgers this is one time when a long-shot was due to win."

So it proved. For under the loving care Betty Foster bestowed on the injured man Tommy Kerrin improved. When he came out of the fever and discovered who was holding his hand and where he was—

"Well, this bein' no moonlight-on-the-river effect," concluded Barney Nolan in telling about it, "an' me never havin' kissed a girl for some few years an' the whole blame thing bein' nobody's business anyways, this is where self-respectin' words just naturally clogs up an' sits right down, fagged out complete. All I knows is that Tommy Kerrin's three thousand in the bank has changed to twenty-three thousand, him gettin' all them rewards for Jakes, the outlaw. An' I closes up 'The Nugget' in honor o' the weddin', which same went off faster an' louder'n the biggest funeral in the history o' the camp."

"Barney," says the boy, callin' me aside just before he mounts the trail wagon, "Barney," he repeats, "you're right and I sure am converted. Yours truly ain't pinin' for anythin' but sunshine an' flowers from now on! I ain't lookin' to get into the middle o' no more excitement and I ain't got no more use for a hoodoo an' I'm handin' you that just when said hoodoo is busted an' canterin' along peaceful-like. For, you know, Barney," he says to me, "come to think of it, old timer, there's been a lot o' things happenin' 'round here recent!"

The Call of the South

Continued from page 24

he remembered his fish-trap, set in the creek below, and when he had chopped the wood he would go down to the trap, and maybe fresh fish would be awaiting him for supper.

His hopes were high now, for the spirits of woodsmen rise when they reach their goal. He knew just where the firewood was, but his frost-bitten hands found it hard to grip the axe, drawn from under his parka. Once it slipped and struck his leg, and he cursed savagely, though he felt no pain. He carried the wood in, and stacked it systematically by the stove. He was intensely weary, but the creek was not far off, and his hopes were still high at the thought of fresh fish for supper. He did not know, of course, that he had reached the limits of his endurance, and was already beyond.

So he went off to the creek, and as he went his snowshoes lost their drag. He walked buoyantly as in his school-boy days—buoyantly over the drifts, whistling a jaunty air, and as he walked, the snow-laden forests about him, the open moonlit aisles, the steely heights above, took on a more familiar semblance. He was treading again the pastures of his youth—down by the little narrow footpath across the meadow, past the old barn with its two swing gates, under the planes and the chestnuts, and beyond. Just beyond lay the river, sparkling and dotted with foam—the river, from which he was to draw his fish-trap, which would become bearded and caked with ice as it met the air.

THE South! The South! The sunny, God-kissed South! So this again was the South! He could hear the cicadas in the hardwood, and the spruce-bugs in the larches. Under his eyes a humming-bird flashed and was gone, and this now was the reality, and all the rest a dream. It was in a dream that he saw himself lying face down, with arms out, flung across the snow, for that was only his poor, miserable body. He himself had fled across the bridges of space and time, and he was south again.

Yet even now he remembered that he had set himself a task. He was going down to the creek to see his fish-trap, and thither his buoyant steps hastened, till there, in the warm and flashing sunlight, he knelt upon the ice and drew the fish-trap up. As he did so, or dreamt that he did so, the present came shouldering back to him, but he forced it aside—forced himself on with the dream, which was the easiest way for him. He drew up the fish-trap by its oiled cord, which froze between his mitts, and there, inside it, glistening in the sunlight, he saw a little silvery fish.

How his boy's soul gloried in the triumph of the catch! He had caught a fish in the wicker trap of his own making, and opening the little side door, his fingers closed eagerly upon it. He walked back across the ice, with the fish between his hands, and set his feet to mount the bank. Upon it the bluebells blew and a cluster of primroses clustered. The wind played in the plane overhead, and winnowed through the willows.

Yet the dream was mixed, as such dreams are, for as he hastened back, it was not to the old stone house of his boyhood, but to the little icy cabin nestling under the larches in the desolation of the North, and on the way he passed a figure which lay with arms outstretched and face buried in the snow. He hardly looked at it, because he did not care. He raised the wooden latch, and again the gloom of the North returned to him. Here again was the

steel-blue ice, keener and harder than tempered steel, the glistening heights, the inky shadows, and he shuddered a little as he looked back over his shoulder at the motionless figure in the snow, lying with arms outstretched.

But, what did it matter? Here was the South, the golden South! He had only to dream this dream, and it would fade; all things would fade, and between his hands he held the shining, glittering, silvery prize, caught from the mystery of the deep in a trap of his own making. He lit a candle, sat himself close to the stove, then cautiously he opened his mitts, and peered at the silvery strip of life they held. He saw a tiny, wan, pale face—a human face, the face of a fairy, for he held in his hands not a fish at all, but a tiny mermaid, gasping for life, and regarding him with dazed reproach for having held her so tightly. He took her closer to the light to see—to assure himself that it was real; and, yes, she was smiling at him, and now she slid from his fingers to the hearth at his moccasined feet—no longer a mermaid, but a fairy, real and proper, with gauzy wings and trailing muslin robes which moved in a gust of wind, and there between his feet, she pirouetted and glided and kissed her tiny, dainty fingers at him.

"My soul!" cried Raymond McGill. "Thank God I didn't crush you! Dance to me, sing to me! Oh, you wonderful, beautiful little thing!"

So, there at his feet, outside the snow and the ice and the great grey loneliness of space, there, in that silent cabin, she danced and she sang to him, and her dances were of the South, and her songs were of the South, and she held out small, white, beseeching hands, bidding him South, where the lush fruit clusters in the shady places. She was entreating, bewitching, yet maddeningly elusive. All those fairies which flit and come and go over the horizon of every man who is a boy at heart, forgotten fairies most of them, since, like the firefly, they glow and vanish over the days of youth, which, looking back, are but a day in all—first one then another she was, changing, as her gauzy wings changed and glittered as she whirled in the light. One moment Marjorie, then Netta, then Sybil, then May, and anon Sylvia, a later love, she flashed and looked up at him and blew her kisses, but ever evaded him as he stretched his big, heavily-mittened hands toward her. Then at length she whirled to his shoulder, and held her tiny fingers to her crimson lips.

"Listen," she said, and he and she listened. And what they heard was not the song of Southern groves, but the silvery tinkle of sled bells, drawing nearer and nearer across the snows—the sound of the North breaking in, as the wolf-howls break upon the exile's dreams of Home.

"Don't! Don't!" he cried, his hands to his forehead. "Shut it out, make me forget it! Sing to me of the South! Tell me of the green woods, bring back the flowers and the glisten of leaves in the sunshine!"

Still she sat, wide-eyed and listening, upon his shoulder, her tiny fingers to her tiny lips, bidding him listen to the silvery tinkle of bells across the snow, till, half angrily, he reached up and clutched her, and this time she did not try to evade him. His fingers closed eagerly, triumphantly, yet tenderly, for fear of crushing her gauzy wings, and he raised her to his lips to kiss her, when—look! He held in his coarse mitts only a fragment of melting snow, running into water between his fingers, before the warmth of the stove! His

Continued on page 71

Teeth That Fascinate All Through the Years!



A smile is a flash of teeth—the more fascinating the teeth, the more radiant the smile! And the charm of glistening teeth depends largely on the dentrifice used.

Thousands of Canadians, whose lovely teeth are an expression of that intangible something we call "personality", have been using Colgate's regularly for ten, fifteen, even twenty years.

Choose your dentrifice on the basis of results—follow the lead of those Canadians who, through the years, have retained exceptionally fine teeth by visiting the dentist twice a year and using Colgate's twice a day!



COLGATE'S

RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Novel Home Way Removes Hair for Canadian Women

Hundreds Here Praise Safe, Inexpensive Home Method

Canadian women find that it is no longer necessary to be embarrassed by superfluous hair on arms, legs and neck—nor is there any need to fear pain or expense! A novel French home method, recommended by noted beauticians, has given numbers of women here the same soft, smooth, daintily healthy skin described below by Miss Amy Douglas, whose experience, druggists say, is typical.

Miss Douglas Tells How She Easily Removed Ugly Hair

By following the advice of her Aunt, who is employed in a well-known beauty parlor, Miss Amy Douglas, like hundreds of Canadian women, got rid of superfluous hair without pain, risk or expense. She tells us how she just applied X-Bazin like cold cream and washed it off like soap, after a few moments.

All trace of hair had vanished and her skin was again clean and healthy with the smoothness of youth. "I now use X-Bazin regularly, at home," says Miss Douglas, "and can recommend it to women in the embarrassing predicament that I was in."



X-Bazin cream depilatory, made on the formula of Dr. Xavier Bazin, the noted French scientist, has helped thousands of women to regain smooth, soft, hair-free skin. A generous tube, with certified directions, may be had of your druggist or toilet goods dealer for 50c. Trial 10c tubes also to be had at the better 5c and 10c stores.

X-BAZIN CREAM

(MADE IN CANADA)

Removes Superfluous Hair
Painless, Inexpensive and Quick

"Put On Like Cold Cream,
Wash Off Like Soap"

STENHOUSE LTD.

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Relief for Eyes Tired by Movies

Often you come out of a picture show with eyes that feel tired and strained. When this occurs, simply apply a few drops of refreshing *Murine*. Almost instantly your eyes will feel strong and rested—ready for anything. A month's supply of this harmless lotion costs but 60c. Try it!

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FOR YOUR
EYES

When writing advertiser, please mention
THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

What Shall We Grow in Our Garden?

By John A. Morris

IT IS pretty well agreed that almost everyone cherishes the idea of having a garden.

Some little time ago I read rather a remarkable statement by a former British Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Noel Buxton, in which he stated that "never in the more serious ranks of crime has a criminal kept even a window box garden."

If gardening is therefore so closely allied to goodness, surely we should all indulge the impulse that is practically inherent in all the pure pleasures of gardening.

One of the concluding paragraphs of the article referred to has the most succinct and terse description it has been my pleasure to read. "A health cure, a mind cure, a cure for shabby morals—this is gardening."

When we speak of gardening it is with particular regard to the growing of flowers, because after all one cannot have good vegetables unless there are flowers around to attract the bees and insects—many of our vine crops have to be pollinized otherwise they will not bear fruit. This can be done by manual labor, but if flowers are grown, the bees, especially, will perform this essential task gratis and with greater efficiency.

Centuries ago, Herodotus, the Grecian traveller, noted a remarkable custom in Egypt. Each Springtime when the palms flowered, the Egyptians went into the desert, cut off branches from the wild palms and bringing them back to their gardens, waved them over the flowers of the date trees. What was meant by this ceremony Herodotus did not know. The husbandmen believed that if they neglected it the gods would give them but a scanty crop of dates. It was reserved for the science of our century to explain that the one palm saved its dates because the other palm lost its fertilizing pollen. When shall we truly understand that man shall not live by bread alone. You will recall the words of the Eastern poet several centuries ago:

"If of thy mortal goods thou art bereft,
And of thy slender store but two loaves
are left,
Sell one and with the dole
Buy hyacinths to feed thy soul."

THE perplexing question with a great many is what to grow or rather what will grow.

The soil of our western country is so wonderfully fertile that a minimum of effort only is needed to produce amazing results.

If you are located in a settled home, no matter where, by all means have a permanent perennial border which will delight you year by year and if chosen with proper care provide flowers and foliage throughout the entire season.

The purpose of the present article is to consider what are termed annuals, that is, plants which grow flowers, produce seed and die the same year. Many of these require a long season to mature and for this reason have either to be started in a hot-bed or the plants purchased from nursery men who raise the seedlings in greenhouses. The first method is somewhat troublesome, especially if only limited space for gardening is available and others are too far removed from nursery men to benefit very greatly by purchasing plants.

There are quite a few annuals which grow quickly from seed, sown direct in the ground. The cost of these is small

compared with the pleasure afforded from having your home-grown fresh flowers.

THE first and most important essential is proper preparation of the ground—no amount of after cultivation will quite overcome neglect of not having first prepared the ground thoroughly.

Having decided where to start the garden let it be in the full sunlight, wherever possible, a southern exposure being best. Dig over the ground to a fair depth, making it fine as possible, the reason for

fully which will keep ground loose and mulchy, preventing evaporation of moisture and also allow air to reach the plants.

For poorer ground, mignonette nasturtium, poppy and Scotch marigold are excellent, as when these are grown in richer soil you get more foliage than flowers. I have seen mignonette grow almost eighteen inches high on first class soil with practically no flower stems. Nasturtiums do well on poor ground, especially if there should happen to be some old lime rubbish mixed up in same—this is the flower to grow where new homes have just been built and what should be the garden is just a litter of builder's refuse.

IT MAY be well to notice here that flowers are just like humans, some are not fussy and can be bullied, others have to be pampered more or less—spoon fed in fact. Again some are bad tempered and do not get on well with others. Hardly any flower likes to be put with mignonette—the blooms droop, yet if placed in separate vases they will revive quickly. Sweet Peas conscious of their own beauty never get on

well with other kinds of blossoms if put in same container. For the annuals that grow readily in ground that is in good condition, you have quite a variety to choose from.

Sweet Peas—The Queen of annuals. No flower gives greater return than Spencer sweet peas. Their popularity increases each year. One of the largest firms of seedsmen who specialize in this flower has computed that at least five hundred tons of seed is disposed of annually.

Annual Larkspur—Grow very quickly from seed and the flowers keep well. Can be had in a variety of colors. If you decide to sow your own seed, in a few years you may have the most wonderful combination of colors imaginable, caused by cross fertilization, carried out by bees and insects.

Galliardia—Give great returns. They are splendid cut flowers. New varieties have enhanced their value greatly and many self colors are wonderfully pretty.

Zinnias—A regular blaze of color. Great development has taken place in this class, some of the flowers being of mammoth size, whilst the range of colors is practically unlimited.

Poppies—Showy and free flowering—Eschscholtzia or California poppies are dwarf variety, other annual varieties grow almost two feet high. If gathered just when buds are beginning to open and the stems slightly scarred with match or flame will last long time in water.

Cosmos—Many early flowering varieties can be obtained which come into bloom quite early and give abundance of bloom—foliage of this plant is very pleasing.

Lavatera—Our splendid cool nights suit this plant to perfection—very profuse blooms will give wonderful satisfaction.

Alyssum—Border Plants—white and lilac colors. Sunny location suits this best, very profuse—should be in every garden.

Nigella—Love - in - a - mist—Delightful cornflower, blue, feathery foliage—fine for cutting, will stand adverse conditions where other flowers would suffer.

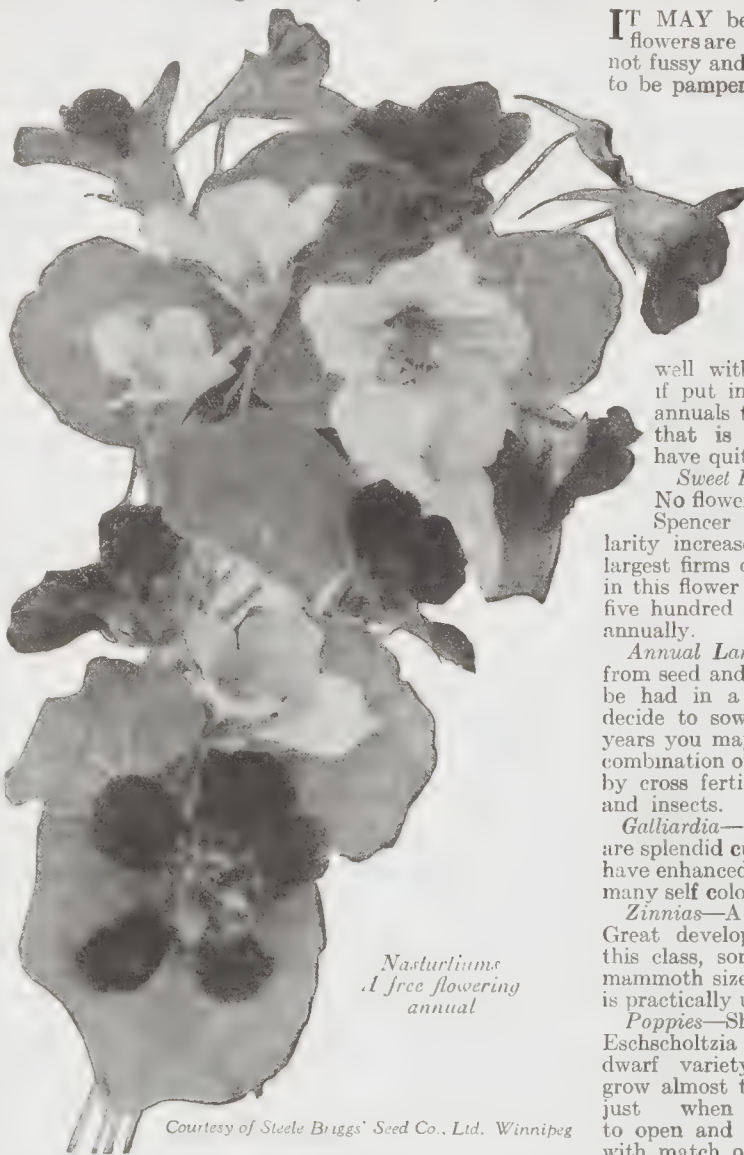
Candytuft—The white variety—pyramidal in shape, will appeal to all flower lovers.

Sweet Scented Evening Stock—*Mathiola Bicornis*. Lovely perfumed flowers, especially in the evenings after a shower—not much to gaze upon but like most flowers greater in influence than bulk.

No doubt the foregoing reads like excerpts from a seed catalogue but you can feel assured that if carefully sown and attended to, the result will be more than you have ever anticipated.

Those who care for something out of the ordinary—just a little different—instead of a border of alyssum or lobelia, try ageratum with a background of red geraniums, it is most effective. Portulaca (Moss Rose) with its multi-colored

Continued on page 105



Courtesy of Steele Briggs' Seed Co., Ltd. Winnipeg

THE WATTEAU BLONDE

Hers a healthy pallor. Hair, pale gold or light brown. Changeable as her moods, her eyes vary from gray to blue. (For her, Naturelle Pompeian Powder with Light Bloom.)

THE CIRCEAN BRUNETTE

Amazing eyes—like clear green grapes . . . her skin flawless, pale. (She should use a bright lipstick, and the Nude shade of Pompeian Powder with Oriental tone of Bloom.)

FRANKLY . . . RED-HAIRED

Skin, fine and delicately colored. Eyes, blue or green, and often requiring slightly darkened brows and lashes. (Her coloring calls for Naturelle Powder, Oriental Bloom.)

THE WATER-LILY BLONDE

Her hair like fine spun gold, her eyes a soft gray blue, her skin white with a hint of water-lily pink. (She should use $\frac{3}{4}$ White with $\frac{1}{4}$ Flesh-Pink Powder and Light Bloom.)



THE CLEOPATRA BRUNETTE

Dark of brows and hair—yes, even of skin! Hers is indeed a striking sort of beauty! (She wisely chooses Rachel Pompeian Beauty Powder and the Dark tone of Pompeian Bloom.)

You...like Cleopatra...
are a *Type*
Study your beauty... make the most of it..

By

Madame Jeannette de Cordet

Which of all the lovely types are you?

Before you've dared to protest, "I'm not really a type, I'm just an 'in-between'" (as if everyone weren't one type or another!) . . . or before you've had a chance to be emphatic about it and say, "I'm a blonde" or "I'm a brunette" . . . let me ask you this:

Do you know how you can be *sure*?

Eyes? Hair? They'll never decide it for you, for only in your skin-tone can the real answer be found.

And you! Are you looking carefully into yours? Then tell me . . . Is your skin-tone faintly amber? Rose-mist, shot with gold? Ivory? Cream? Olive? Petal-pink? Whichever it is, I have a secret for you:

Emphasize your type—delicately accentuate your own natural coloring—and you'll see . . . you've grown lovelier . . . more striking . . . more romantically different in the quality of your beauty!

To gain this flattering effect is not difficult at all! For though Canadian types of beauty are as varied as the lands from which our forebears came, Pompeian

has found true accent for every one! Among the five shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder you will find your skin-tone—matched like thread to silk!* Among the five tones of Pompeian Bloom—the very tint of your cheeks when they're faintly flushed!

And, should you need it, here's further help! For I have devised a little booklet in which all the leading types are described and pictured in full color, so that you will be certain-sure to find yourself among them. Under each, instructions as to Powder, Bloom. Read them carefully. Then, with the little Beauty Sampler containing five vials of Pompeian Beauty Powder in the five true skin-tone shades, make the surest test in all the world—try the powder on your skin!

Now you can purchase your powder and rouge with an assurance you have never known before!

Now you've found your type's true accent! Now your beauty will flower to its fullest radiance—more distinctively, more charmingly you!

**For blended tones, so rarely necessary, see booklet instructions.*

Send for Beauty Sampler Discover your type

My fascinating Beauty Sampler contains five little vials of the five perfect shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder with my new twenty-page booklet showing twenty-four types of lovely women, in natural colors. You will find your type among them. If there's any question about the care of your skin, write me. I am always available and anxious to help.

Jeannette de Cordet

Madame Jeannette, The Pompeian Company
Dept. 805-E, 72 St. Ambrose St., Montreal.

I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for Beauty Sampler and booklet, "Your Type of Beauty."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Prov. _____

POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER
and BLOOM



UP under the rafters where cobwebs used to embroider grandfather's trunk and the old horse-hair sofa, mother's imagination has built this beautiful bathroom. As the children were growing up it was only a dream. Today this extra bath is giving the family the comfort and convenience such a room always adds. Only a cottage bath, it is modest in cost; but mellow,

tranquil, and lovely with its prevailing hue of soft green, its floor of russet cork tile, its varicolored rag rugs, its painted linen closet, and figured curtains of Aqua-Silk. . . . Before building or remodeling write for *New Ideas for Bathrooms and Homes of Comfort*. Then see Crane fixtures at a responsible plumbing contractor's, or visit the nearest Crane Exhibit Rooms.

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EVERYTHING FOR ANY PLUMBING INSTALLATION ANYWHERE

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THE HOUSE OF STUCCO—Continued from page 38

sanitary paper covering the walls. In the kitchen blue and white seem to be the cleanest coolest colors, and these could be carried into the wall covering and window curtains. The cupboards and furniture paint ivory enamel. The position of the kitchen is of great importance. It should serve the dining room conveniently, and yet in the small house be accessible to the main hall and stairs.

The lighting of the kitchen is good. Over the range a hood should be placed with a

tile. The rugs should be in rather dark tones of brown, gold and blue with an over all pattern. As to its furniture, a small size Chesterfield with several easy chairs and a small table would make a beginning. One of the delightfully colored lacquered pieces—a book trough or magazine stand would add to the surroundings.

The library might be anything from a general family reading and writing room to the most secluded retreat of the student.

There is found in almost every house a room set apart almost exclusively for books and the use of books. No exact rule can be laid down for the proportioning of book cases to the number of volumes, as books differ so materially in both length and thickness. It is important that the shelves be arranged so that at all times of the day they may receive ample light, as nothing is more annoying in a book room than to be unable to read distinctly the titles of the volumes on the shelves. As to the book shelves, the built in shelves may suit you. Personally I favor the sectional book cases as it is so

easy to re-arrange and add extra sections when wanted. Privacy should be one of the objects in the library planning. On previous plans the library has been shown opening from a private hall but this is not always practical on account of lack of space. The woodwork should correspond to the rest of the house, and in both the library and living rooms numberless outlets should be left for electric plugs. A Chinese rug would be suitable for this room, one colored like a splash of sun on marigolds, and lamps carrying out the same glowing shades.

The bedrooms are governed very much by the sub-division of the floor below and in this plan by the pitch of the roof, and as the fundamental purpose of a bedroom is undeniably to sleep in, it would appear unnecessary to say that the planning of the room should consider the place for a bed. Yet on many plans it would be impossible to place a bed anywhere except across a window or where it would be in a draught from the door. In designing the bedroom floor after the main outlines are worked out it is always best to select the location of the bed, and then draw it in position before the door or windows are arranged. The plan of the upstairs gives an economical spacing under the roof and has worked out satisfactorily in regard to closets and bath room, which is in a convenient place directly over the downstairs plumbing and at the head of the stairs. Considering its importance and the long and constant service expected of it, sanitary equipment is seldom chosen with the vigilance it deserves. The white beauty of the fixtures alone is often accepted as the symbol of all that the complete sanitation system is intended to be, but the fixtures depend for their utility upon numberless other features all of which must be properly designed.

The bathroom should be above all others well lighted and ventilated and free from dark corners. The fixtures should be good. There are expensive effects in variegated marbles built into bathrooms but in this one I would make the wall of white tile, at least four feet high and the walls and ceiling of a plaster cement. The tub could be of porcelain if expense is no object, or porcelain lined, with the basin a pedestal fixture. I would also put in a foot bath. The shower is built with tile walls and ceiling and has the proper mixing valves and curtain. All the fixtures have hot and cold water. The floor could be tile on expanded metal.

A small medicine closet with mirror in the door should be above the basin.

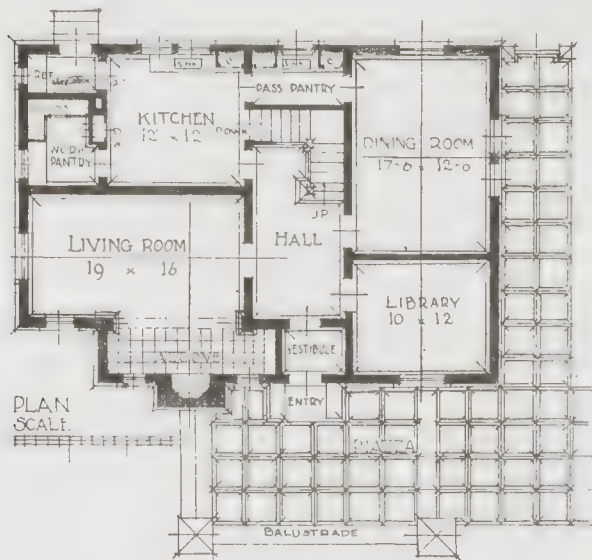
The toilet is in a separate apartment. It is regrettable that it cannot always be so designed. I would strongly advise to get the best in all fixtures.

Now this planning does not go into the question of the large home with its various rooms for music, billiards and servants, but is typical of the average planning of a medium cost house. Everyone should read the Canadian poet Duncan Campbell Scott's poem "The Canadian's Home-Song." One verse haunts me always when striving to design a home.

"Oh! take me back to the homestead,
To the great rooms warm and low,
Where the frost creeps on the casement,
When the year comes in with snow.
Give me, give me the old folk
Of the dear long ago."

The subject of finishing and decorating cannot fail to be of wide and real interest, for there are few people to whom the furnishing does not become of practical import at some period or other of their lives, and fewer still to whom the question of decoration is not a matter of almost annual occurrence. We have the plan of the house. Now to the principles governing its scheme of decoration. I have given a few hints as to the decoration of the different rooms and the chief aim has been restfulness and quiet, for the satisfactory room is one that embodies the qualities which will bring this about. In recent years much research has been devoted to experiments for demonstrating the immense physical effects of color and the different effects produced by different colors and degrees of light upon all forms of organic life from the lowest to the highest. In the case of human beings the effect produced mentally exceeds if anything the mere physical effect. It is hardly possible to over-rate the importance of the color scheme in decoration as affecting the health and happiness of those who may be exposed to its influence. In the selections of colors the aspect of the room should be taken into consideration. Sunny rooms should have cool colors and the north-easterly rooms need warm colors.

Then the size and proportion of the room must be considered. In small rooms an arrangement of decoration should be designed that will counteract the idea of smallness and increase the apparent size of the room. I have written of wall paper. It must be conceded that wall papers add so much and cost so little and are the magic wand that transform an austere room into a cheery one. In choosing wall paper there are several circumstances to be taken into account. The chief one is how will it suit the particular room in which it is proposed to be used. Many papers that look quite fascinating in the small pattern book, when hung take on unforseen shapes and colors which were the very opposite to what you wished. On the other hand there are just as many



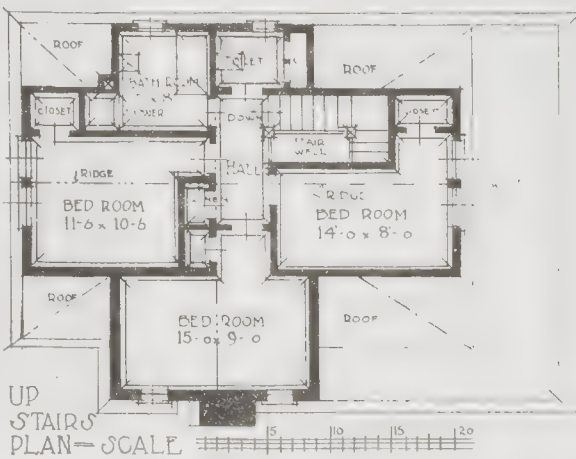
vent to a flue, but never vent into a smoke flue with any apparatus in which gas is used as sometimes dire results may be the consequence.

The dining room illustrates the theory of the art of planning better than any room in the house. The art of planning is the laying out of the house walls so that people can be accommodated comfortably without their realizing the how or why. The dining room must have a certain width. There is the average dining table four feet wide. The chairs take up one foot, eight inches on each side of it, and behind the chairs is the minimum serving space of two feet eight inches, making a total of twelve feet for the width of the dining room. This gives an example of the development of the plan. The sideboard or buffet is at the end of the room where a high up window is put.

The dining room furnishes the key to the development of the entire plan, and by its dimension, location and proportions determines largely the location and size of many of the adjoining rooms. Often a house is built with only an archway between it and the living or drawing room. This should be avoided as it is much better when the dining room is separate from the living room to be able to close it up while the meal is being laid or taken up. Whether the dining room should communicate directly with any other room is a question which can only be decided by the circumstances in each particular case.

Dining rooms take their hospitable atmosphere from their appointments, and the warmth and richness of color that the right wall paper lends to its walls. Mahogany is naturally the traditional furniture of the dining room, but oak in its many splendid tones is almost universally used. In its lighting, if electricity is used it is best to use the indirect method of lighting, either by use of translucent bowls, or by concealed light reflecting from behind a plaster cornice on to the ceiling down on the table. A chair rail divides the walls rather awkwardly but sometimes it will save the walls from rubbing.

The living room is the room around which a great interest in the plan swings, and with its fireplace finished in golden brown tiles gives the key color to the room. Its place on the plan follows the conventional planning in that it is near the entrance and not far from the stairs. It is an oblong in shape with a marked departure from a formal outline by its fireplace alcove. Building up from the scheme of color given by the tiles, I would suggest oak floors either varnished or waxed, and the base board with the window and door trim of the same wood. Quite a nice effect can be had by the lower ceiling level in the fireplace alcove, and carrying panelling to its ceiling of oak, with a wood panelled ceiling. The mantel shelf would continue the lines of the panelling, and the floor is of dull brown



patterns consisting of such simple units that they might very easily be passed as having nothing in them to attract. Others on the contrary are so pronounced in pattern that we are timid in using them, may turn out to be admirable decorations. It is a good idea to try the effect of wall paper, using one or two breadths side by side so as to judge its appearance in the mass. All wall surfaces being backgrounds the degree of subordination varies. In hallways a fairly showy pattern may be used, as it often in itself

Continued on page 105



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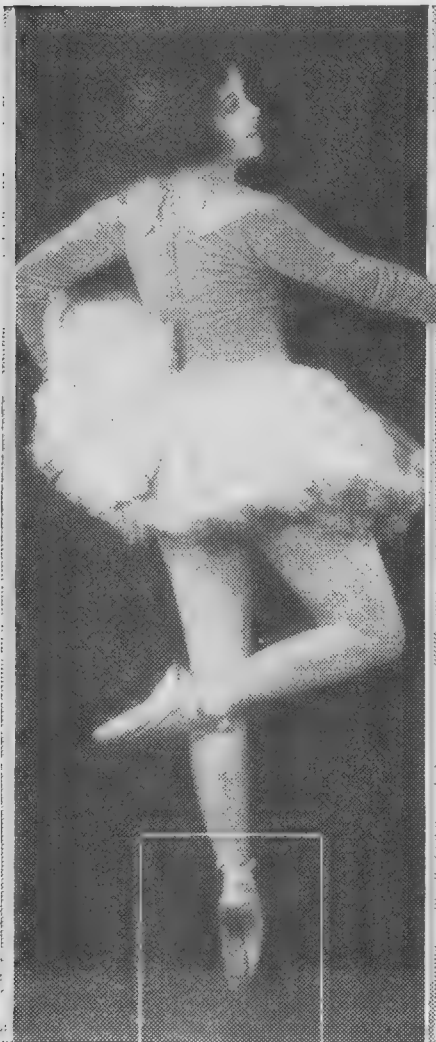


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THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

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Their Second Honeymoon

Continued from page 17

can, but why do you especially want to know?"

For an instant the young woman hesitated. "I'm Elizabeth Warburton," she said at last. "You must know; you can't help knowing, that my husband and I have quarreled. I was going to California, leaving him for good, but now; well, I have been wondering. Perhaps some of the trouble is my fault. Won't you explain how you have been happy all these years?"

"Elizabeth Warburton," for Mrs. Cartwright the words were the key which opened the door to a host of memories. Elizabeth Warburton, the spoiled young beauty whose comings and goings had for years been the topic of the society papers. What could she, wife of a Civil Servant on salary, have in common with such a girl?

As if she understood what was passing in her companion's mind, the lovely woman leaned forward.

"Do tell me," she begged. "I know from watching you together that you and your husband have got something out of life which I and my people never had. Always Father and Mother quarreled. Now I'm quarreling with Dick, yet we used to care for each other. Won't you tell me why you have succeeded where we have failed?"

ALL the rest of her life, Mrs. Cartwright wondered how that afternoon she found words to explain so much. Yet somehow the right sentences formed themselves on her lips. She told about her marriage when she was only twenty, and of the hard days while her husband's salary was so pitifully small. She told about the children and the little girl who died, and the time that her husband had been shot while hunting. Altogether she made a lovely picture of family life unfold before her listener, so that when she finished speaking Mrs. Warburton's eyes were wet.

"I understand. I've got the secret," the young woman said softly. "All this

time I've been thinking chiefly about myself. That's why we are unhappy, Dick and I. Do you think if we started over again it would be different? Could we ever have a Second Honeymoon like you and Mr. Cartwright?"

Looking into the eager, questioning face, Mrs. Cartwright felt hopeful. "I don't see why not," she answered. "It's just a question of how hard you try."

Then Mrs. Warburton leaned close, and brushed Mrs. Cartwright's cheek with her lips.

"I'm not going to California," she whispered, "I'm going straight back home, and it's all your doing—yours and that blessed Bert's."

For the passengers in that particular car, the next quarter of an hour was filled with interest. They saw a telegraph messenger take a despatch from the lady in Section Five. They watched the porter hurriedly strapping bags and suitcases, and saw the conductor bustle in to engage in a long conversation with Mrs. Warburton. At last, when the train stopped at a little town, they saw her leave the car, and observed the grinning porter carrying her belongings to the station platform. Then they tried to settle down to their own affairs, but Mrs. Cartwright, who knew all about what really had happened, smiled contentedly at her husband.

"I'm tired of talking," she admitted. "I think I'll begin that novel Bert put in my bag."

Opening the bag, she drew out the book which Bert had wrapped in several layers of paper. Mrs. Cartwright tore these carelessly and as she did so a cloud of confetti sifted down over her dress, covering it with a rainbow of blue and pink and mauve.

"Are we never going to be free of that stuff?" moaned Mr. Cartwright.

But Mrs. Cartwright was smiling. "I don't care," she admitted. "Look what joy it's brought already. I don't care if it lasts clear to Vancouver."



"CANADIANS' LITTLE MOTHER"

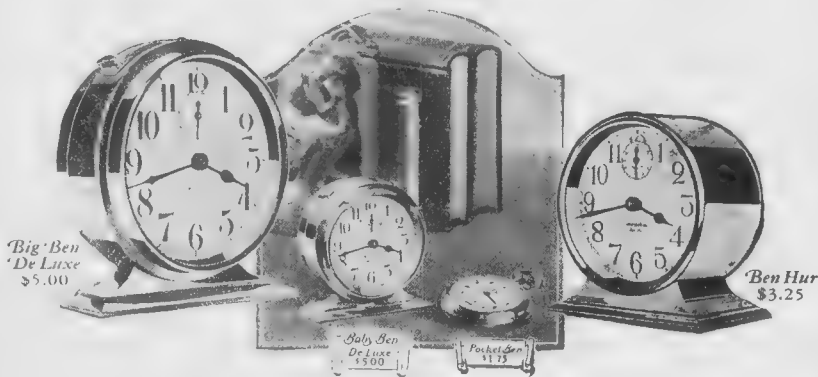
The Western Home Monthly is in receipt of a communication from Mrs. M. E. Bagshaw of England, who during the Great War and since then is known as "The Canadians' Little Mother." During the war Mrs. Bagshaw mothered one hundred and twenty-five Canadian boys and it is in the most glowing of terms that she speaks of them. She states, "I never hear the name of Canada without a thrill, because of the loved ones she holds for me, and I am glad to say they do not forget me as I still correspond with a large number of Canadian soldiers."

Mrs. Bagshaw represents "The Mothers of Canada" at each Armistice Service held in Manchester and has undertaken to represent them for the rest of her lifetime. She desires it to be made known that it is her intention to visit the Canadian Graves in France next August (where her own son rests) and would be happy to pay homage to any Canadian boy's resting place if his own mother would so wish. Letters may be addressed to Mrs. Bagshaw, 7 Laburnum Grove, Prestwich, Manchester, England.

The above photograph shows Mrs. Bagshaw at the Armistice Service last year carrying a large wreath which she made of maple leaves sent her from Canada.

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YOU can depend on these new alarms to wake you on the dot and tell the truth whenever you want to know the time. They stand firm and solid, hard to tip over, a feature that adds to their long life.

They have a pleasing personality all their own—friendly, faithful, unusually attractive. And, like all Westclox, they are thoroughly reliable.

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WESTERN CLOCK CO., Limited, PETERBOROUGH, ONT.

Call of the South

Continued from page 65

fairy, the wonderful dream, were gone, leaving him alone!

No, not alone, for still there ran the tinkle of sled-bells, drawing nearer, nearer, and Raymond McGill, lying where he had fallen, raised his cold face to listen. He heard the "Mush-hie! Mush on there"! of an impatient driver, then after awhile a sound came to his ears which truly carried him back to the days of yesterday—the sound of a human voice.

"WAKE up Raymond! Raymond! Raymond! It was the voice of his brother, his younger brother, Jim, whose arms were about him. "Wake up, Raymond!"

How often before he had heard Jim say that—harking back to the days when he had awakened with never a care, with never a thought for tomorrow, while the apple blossoms clustered about their window, and the birds were already awake, bidding them rise to share the glory of the newborn day. "Wake up, Raymond!" more eagerly now, then "For heaven's pity! See, he is caked with ice! Here, Minook, help me carry him. You, Joe, get his blankets ready. Quick, now, or we'll have done no good."

Four days later Raymond sat up, and, clear of delirium, looked steadily into the face of his younger brother, Jim.

"You, Jim!" he said. "You from the South! Think of it!"

"Yes," Jim answered. "I've come for you. The old folk are growing old; they want you home. They sent me to find you."

"It's been a long trail for you, Jim," said Raymond. "It seems queer to me to see you in that northern kit!"

"Yes," answered the other. "It's been a long trail, but I'm used to that. We've both of us trodden many a long trail since last we met, Raymond. Now we'll hit it for the South!"

"Yes," said Raymond. "God bless you, Jim! The South—the glorious South, where the fireflies flit!" And he buried his face in the shoulder of the man whom, he knew now, to be a man indeed.

From Stumps to Floral Paradise

Continued from page 44

Two long rows, each two hundred feet, of iris, were a mass of bloom for many weeks and a display of one thousand tulips, flaunting their enormous red, yellow and lavender blooms, brought forth many cries of rapture from weary travellers during the spring months. One could not conceive finer sweet peas than those that grew at the back of the lawn, blooms like huge butterflies, four on a stem and in such beautiful colors.

But perhaps the crowning glory of all was the gladioli bed—four thousand of the finest bulbs and what a sight when all in bloom—spikes of enormous orchid-like blooms in the most wonderful hues. Mr. Bundy has certainly discovered the correct method of growing these bulbs, for he has attained a success that is not equalled by many florists.

Needless to relate he again captured the grand prize in 1927 and the fame of his garden has spread far and near, although very few of the passing travellers really know the full extent of his achievement and it would be hard to visualise now the former stump-strewn right-of-way in this restful paradise of flowers.

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A "Standard" one-piece, "comfort height" Sink saves energy, time and footsteps—and provides plenty of room for doing things comfortably.

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WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A GARDEN?

Enjoy a profusion of beautiful blooms in your garden, a bountiful crop of succulent vegetables, vigorous-growing lawns that are a delight to the eye, by sowing

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first choice of Canadian growers for fifty-five years. Choose your favorites from the dealer who displays this Box.

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Here's Speedy Relief for Tender, Aching, Swollen Feet

Moone's Emerald Oil Must Give Complete Satisfaction Or Money Cheerfully Refunded.

Your feet may be so swollen and inflamed that you think you can't go another step. Your shoes may feel as if they are cutting right into the flesh. You feel sick all over with the pain and torture and pray for quick relief. What's to be done?

Two or three applications of Moone's Emerald Oil and in fifteen minutes the pain and soreness disappears. A few more applications at regular intervals and the swelling reduces.

And as for Soft Corns and Callouses a few applications each night at bed time and they just seem to shrivel right

up and scale off.

No matter how discouraged you have been with powders, footbaths or other applications, if you have not tried Emerald Oil then you have something to learn.

It's a wonderful formula—this combination of essential oils with camphor and other antiseptics so marvelous that thousands of bottles are sold annually for reducing varicose or swollen veins.

Every good druggist guarantees the very first bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil to end your foot troubles or your money back.

"Tents of Israel"

Continued from page 27

honest. She deserved assistance. He would speak to the social service people about the family.

When he came up the children had appeared magically from somewhere, drawn evidently by the warmth and the odors of cooking. There was a little lad of perhaps eight, a wee girl of six, and a toddler scarce two years old, and they each had a queer kind of biscuit in their fists, which their parent had just doled out to them from a paper bag—a dry-looking thing like a soda-cracker only it had what appeared to be machine-stitching all through it.

"Matzoths," said Mrs. Rosencrantz, observing the cop's puzzled stare. "We do not this week, *soll huten*, eat any bread raised with yeast."

"Faith, there can't be much nourishment in them things at all," he returned bluntly, and smiled at the small girl, who smiled shyly back. The older boy gazed at the visitor round-eyed with awe and the baby also remained aloof.

Constable Callahan, as he washed and dried his hands, noticed that the baby seemed to have little on except a smock. He kept climbing up and down a chair.

"Excuse me, Ma'am, or Missus, but th' little fellah ought to have the legs of him betther covered—he's blue with th' cold," ventured the cop. "Besides that, it's hardly dacint."

His large and tender heart was touched. Could it be that this was a matter that also fell under the sacred law? Was dressing the child but another chore that had to be neglected because, forsooth, 'twas a holy day? It was all right for a *goy* to light a fire, the mother had said, thus placing the onus, as it were, on himself. That being the case, then, it looked as though there were but one thing for him to do. So he did it.

Mrs. Rosencrantz had failed to hear the remark he had addressed to her for the sizzling of the cooking over which she was bent. His glance then straying about the room was arrested by the sight of a couple of convenient square cloths that hung on an improvised clothesline near the cupboard. Nice clean white cloths. So, without further parley he snatched one down. Constable Callahan came from a large family over in Ireland, fourteen in all and divil a one more than a year older than the next so that there had always been a baby to tend—and he himself had often tended it.

Beckoning to little Becky he whispered: "Bring me a safety-pin, darlin'."

And while the other children looked on in open-mouthed amazement, the cop performed an ancient and honorable rite, a simple and humanitarian act common to all peoples regardless of race, creed, color, or political affiliation.

"There then," he said finally, setting the babe on his feet again. "Now take good care t' keep that dhry, me lad." And Constable Callahan slipped Becky a small coin for her prompt co-operation.

Becky's face was a map of mingled emotions. She seemed unable to decide whether to giggle or cry but she was a true daughter of Israel—she pocketed the reward. Then she backed away to a safe distance to await developments. They were not long in coming. Benny had run over and pulled at his

mother's apron and whispered something to her in a highly excited manner. Mrs. Rosencrantz had had her back to all that had transpired, therefore the news came with possibly a greater sense of shock.

"Oh, Momma," Benny had said. "Oh my Momma! You wouldn't believe it! *The cop just put one of the purim cloths from the tabernacle on the baby!* Yessir, Momma, he did. *On—the—baby, already!*"

Mrs. Rosencrantz wheeled about. She looked from the clothesline to the cop with dilated eyes.

"A purim—from the synagogue—on the baby!"

Her words came in a trio of little gasps. The garlic she held dropped from her grasp and rolled into a corner. She eyed P. C. Callahan as the Israelites of old must have looked upon the Egyptians that swooped down on the fold—and Constable Callahan felt himself wishing more than ever that her name could have been Kelly or Cassidy. Anything but what it was. A premonitory shiver passed over him.

Yes, one of the sacred purims from the *Cheb Sholem* was missing from the line. The *shamash* had given them to her to purify, to make *kosher al pesach*.

But maybe Benny was joking or something.

"Benny, are you telling lies by your Momma?" she suggested threateningly. "Did the gent *really* do it?"

"Yeh," nodded her first-born, "an' he gave Becky a nickel! I seen him!"

And yonder was the baby himself, undeterred by the sacrilege to which he had been an innocent party, blithely turning somersaults on the floor and in this exhibition further proving the accuracy of Benny's words.

What happened after that happened very quickly. Mrs. Rosencrantz seized the nearest heavy object, which chanced to be a frying-pan, and she made for P. C. Callahan. When the Talmudic law and merely civil law seemed at odds, she had, good woman, no choice. The cop had but time to snatch his helmet and duck out the door and he fled to the running accompaniment of a flood of excited Yiddish for she pursued him even to the corner and beyond.

"Thim Sheenies are a quare lot," reiterated P. C. Callahan, at the conclusion of this moving tale. "Sure she's got me that embarrassed I won't be able t' pass th' place anny more—I'll hafta cross over t' th' other side o' the street. Her an' her cuss-words an' her fryin'-pan! It's meself'll be the laughin' stock o' th' disthict. So mind an' keep it under your hat, McDowd."

"That'll learn you to be so sociable," was P. C. McDowd's only comment. "Man, you want to remember the dignity of the force."

But Constable Callahan was unduly pessimistic. For had he but known it, the Rosencrantz family, once their sense of outrage had passed, ever afterward were destined to hold him in the highest esteem. Far and wide in the ghetto they were to boast of their acquaintance with him, and Benny even at this moment was peeking round the corner with a chum, and was informing the chum that he and the cop on the beat were the best of friends.

"Didn't he come to our house and do chores by my Momma?" Benny boasted loudly. "Didn't he give my sister a nickel? And what do you think—didn't he even *put a diaper on our baby!*"

Do You Know of Better Value or Anything More Distinctly Canadian Than The Western Home Monthly?



The Celestial Beauty of Regal Peace River

Continued from page 19

potentialities, and proclaimed to her host of prudent admirers the many substantial blessings that form her dower, it is left only to the writer to herald her charms that go far to attract the constant flow of home-seekers and to impel those who have already acquired land to take as their slogan: "I'm here to stay!"

*"The bee through many a garden roves
And sings his lay of honey o'er,
But, when he finds the flower he loves,
He settles there and roves no more."*

With such a beautiful setting by Nature it is no marvel that not only attractive farms for profit, but also attractive farm homes prove the rule in Peace River.

THE cream of Canadian, British and United States housekeeping, to say nothing of culinary art as represented by women of Sweden, Norway, and other lands, who have come to join the forces, will be found in Alberta, and the Peace River has its full quota. Cleanliness, the foundation of all beauty, is the universal rule, with artistic taste in indoor and outdoor arrangements, while Dame Fashion finds wise devotees at her shrine, following the mandates of the magazines that give useful lessons in personal adornment. With good telephone and telegraphic service at hand, motor cars and railroads to carry them to town to answer the call of the shops, the eminently feminine diversion of shopping is enjoyed and no "frumps" mar the picture of the social side of life. Nearly every home has its piano, organ and violin players; the gramophone and up-to-date victrola finds a place and, especially in the bachelor quarters, the radio gives its programs of lecture, speech and concert numbers. The wily bachelor may thus find a way to pay his social debts of entertainment and at the same time make an appeal to the fair spinster-guest to take pity on his helplessness as a housekeeper.

Nowhere in Canada have I seen such large, well-selected private, country libraries as those to be seen in the twenty or more homes visited while in Peace River, with high-class magazines, newspapers and other periodicals supplementing the attractive catalogues that, in some country homes, used to be considered the only need in the way of reading. There seems to be shelves of good reading matter in all parts of the house, the bedrooms having just the right kind to take up as "night-caps."

In one cheery home the three young daughters have their own shelves for favorite authors, learning the art of entertaining by placing at the elbow of the guest the latest book or magazine or newspaper, and are well versed in current events, especially news of what pertains to Canadian current history and civic events.

Here, again, the superintendent's home at the government station sets the pace, with good books everywhere, and with pamphlets and maps for study of political, industrial and literary subjects. Travel, too, is not neglected, the "going outside" once in a while by motor or over the Dunvegan, Edmonton and British Columbia line, operated by the Canadian National Railway, to Edmonton and other points, or on over that line or under the ægis of that "paternal corporation," the Canadian Pacific Railway, to spend the well-earned leisure east or west.

State functions and important conventions in Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary, Regina, Vancouver, Victoria or Edmonton, have representation from the Peace River as a matter of course, and more distant parts of the Empire are becoming familiar to those who have become prosperous and understand what a good investment travel is for their earnings.

Concerts and theatre parties and dances are attended by those who have learned to laugh at the "allotted span" as a bar to the answering of a call of Terpsichore, and no lighter feet as well as hearts are to be found anywhere than in this happy district.

Summer joys include longer or shorter motor trips, picnic parties, either "just for fun," or neighborhood berry-picking jaunts; excursions by members of the riding club, garden parties and fairs under the auspices of the Women's Institute, the I.O.D.E., or church society; boating, fishing and bathing.

THERE are churches and religious services for all, the places of worship are attended by everyone and the greatest friendliness shown by co-operation. In many cases the country members use the school houses, any denomination having this privilege where there is no church building for the congregation. The offerings are made generously and cheerfully, for, as one woman said: "We have so few of each kind, we must all help one another. Even if the aprons, bedspreads and quilts are not quite as nice as we'd like them to be, we must buy them to help the church, although we don't belong."

So the Anglican minister at St. Mark's church has a Presbyterian of the "Abiding" persuasion, as his and the people's warden, vestry clerk, choir leader and general board manager. He has a coal-shed built by the "W.A.," although there are only three or four bona fide members, and, like as not, when the neighbors fill the coal bin, drawing coal from the nearby mine, the cost, \$4.50 a ton, will be paid by them, though not one of the donors may belong to the Anglican faith.

And the secret of this generous, brotherly co-operation? Why, just because the pioneers remember, with practical gratitude, that, when they reached Buffalo Bay, on their way to this land of hope, and further progress was said to be impossible because of a treacherous bog, a blessed St. Patrick appeared, in the guise of the Right Rev. Edwin Frederick Robins, D.D., Bishop of Athabasca. He had been told of the expected arrival there of a party of thirty new settlers, with their lares and penates, and knew of the condition of the bog over which they must pass to reach their destination. So, like the good patron saint of Ireland, he proposed to overcome the terrors of the bog, and allay the fears of the weary pioneers. He mustered a small force of helpers and built a road of straw, firm enough for the caravan to travel over in safety.

"And there wasn't a blessed one of us that belonged to his church, either," said the Broadview Farm owner, who had been one of the party, "but that made no difference to him—he helped us all the same then, and on many another occasion. So why shouldn't we do a little for his church here, in return?"

Continued on page 74

GOOD TEETH DON'T JUST "RUN IN THE FAMILY"



YOU have to exercise your body to have sturdy muscles. You have to exercise your mental capacities to have a quick, clear mind. You have to exercise through *chewing*, to have good teeth!

Too many modern foods *cheat* you of this important function. They come to you soft, mushy—to be swallowed almost with one gulp.

And *digestion*, also suffers from foods of this kind. For thorough mastication of your foods is needed to stimulate the digestive juices of the stomach.

The delicious food, Grape-Nuts, in addition to supplying five of the essential nutritive elements the body needs, was designed as an aid to good teeth. It is *crisp*—delightfully crisp! You like to chew the crunchy golden kernels of Grape-Nuts. You like to give your teeth and gums the precious exercise that means so much to their life and beauty.

Eat Grape-Nuts beginning to-morrow. Four teaspoonfuls, costing less than one cent, is a serving. Ready to eat from the wax-wrapped package, with milk or cream. Sold by all grocers.

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Authorities tell us that practically one out of three people in this country suffer from malnutrition.

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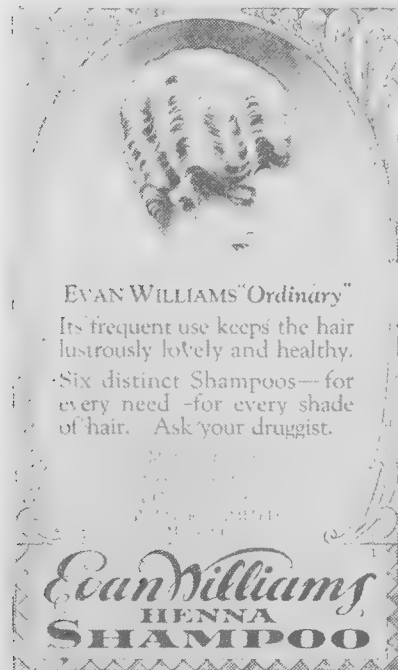
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Evan Williams
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The Celestial Beauty of Regal Peace River

Continued from page 73

St. Mark's church, situated about thirteen miles from Wembley, at Appleton Parish, Halcourt, is one of six built in the Peace River country with funds furnished by friends in England. It seats about fifty and has a glebe of 10 acres, the gift of the homesteader on whose property it is built. The present incumbent is Rev. H. I. Law, whose wife, a bride of a few months, is a niece of Mr. J. W. Armstrong, barrister, Winnipeg, and Mr. C. McNaught is church warden. The bell is a gift from the diocesan W.A. of Toronto; the font-basin, and vessels of the communion service came from the W.A. of the church of St. John the Evangelist, London, Ontario, through the funds of the Bishop Baldwin Memorial.

The best educational facilities available are provided for the district, with adequate equipment of well-qualified teachers, furniture and good libraries. Even better high-school facilities are afforded in the suburban districts and small villages that exist in older provinces, while university privileges of the province are unsurpassed in Canada.

AS WILL be seen by the illustrations, the young people take a great interest in the work of school and home, in the cultivation of flowers and vegetables and in caring for animals. This accounts in a great degree for the air of happiness which pervades among the children, a happiness that is one of the best advertisements for the country. Each school ground has its well-built stable, in the country places, and one and two-horse canvas-covered rigs and saddle horses convey the pupils to and from school, the quite young children being skilled in the care of the horses and in riding and driving, and finding in these duties a great pleasure. They show the greatest friendliness towards one another, and carry out and verify the assertion made by Sir Wilfrid Laurier: "The best way to make good Canadians of the children of foreign parentage is to get them into our schools."

Those who are the proud possessors of vehicles are always willing to give the less fortunate a "lift," on the way to and from school. But woe betide any uninvited person who tries to steal a ride, for the horses are, I was told, trained to hurry past any stranger, and one clever horse has become famous for his clever tricks in preventing anyone the least suspicious from getting aboard.

There is plenty of good fishing and hunting south of Wembley and north on Saskatoon Mountain, and many of the women go in for fur farming. One member of the Women's Institute told me she had trapped enough beaver last year to get herself a coat, and had made over two hundred dollars by trapping muskrat and other animals.

THERE are many elderly people in Peace River, one notices, for with the present comfortable means of transportation, the younger ones easily allure the grandfathers and grandmothers to go where they may enjoy the sunset of life amid the wonderful tranquility and beauty to be found in this celestial part of Canada. The word "celestial" is used advisedly, for there the heavens, as well as the terrestrial sphere, are glorious day and night. So brilliantly and magnificently do the moon and stars shine that the newcomer or visitor finds himself wondering if it really is the same sky he has known in other parts of the world.

The sunrise and sunsets glow with such divine coloring as to be the despair of the most gifted artist in attempting to reproduce them. Even when it is cold there is very little wind and, in the month of January 12th to February 13, not one cold day was experienced in the Peace River country around Wembley, and there was not one day without brilliant sunshine, Candlemas Day no exception.

JUST as it is almost impossible to get the Royal Canadian Mounted Police to talk about themselves and their "toil of heart and knees and hands," so it is hard to get the story of the heart-sinking obstacles that were overcome before "easy street" was reached by the pioneer farmers of Peace River. No glances of remorse are turned the way they came, for have they not changed the very face of the landscape, made good in the great trusts confided in them—the planting, watering, weeding, reaping, curing and storing of the wealth that is Canada's great capital?

Many of them have been farmers for generations. The superintendent of the experimental station, W. D. Albright, inherits his gifts of good husbandry from the U.E.L. forebears who helped make the stubborn clay of Haldimand County yield rich returns, and, at the same time reading and studying the books of his library and placing in the hands of his children and farm help literature that included subjects pertaining to religion, science, education and biography.

The owners of Broadview Farm, Amos Sherk and Sons, are direct descendants of the United Empire Loyalist, Joseph Sherk, first pioneer of Waterloo County, Ontario, and an early bailiff appointed about the time Berlin (Kitchener) became a county town. A great grandson of the founder of Sherkston, Niagara district, Amos Sherk was the owner of a fine farm in that locality, moving to Peace River in 1909 in order to give his sons the privilege of finding greater scope for the efficiency they have inherited. It takes more than one generation to make a farmer or anything else worth while, he says, and he and his stout-hearted neighbors like to do the things that other people say can't be done.

Their motto "Nitor in Adversum," has the literal meaning, I rise in adversity, and Lord Aberdeen says it has the same significance as "A Stout Heart for a Stey Brae," and I thought of this as we climbed the several hills up which the farmers' horses must pull the heavy loads of grain on the way to the elevators at Wembley.

The German settlement has some of the best farm land in the district, bought from homesteaders who were not qualified by the industrial zeal of their neighbors to hold their possession with the stick-to-itiveness that goes to make successful farming. These settlers have large families of sturdy boys and girls, well trained in domestic and farm work, who will help greatly in solving the problem of home and harvest labor. They make valuable settlers.

Page Mr. Volstead.—Here is the best limerick we have seen for five years, clipped from the Bookman.

There was a young lady of Ryde
Of eating green apples she died.

Within the lamented

They quickly fermented

And made cider inside her inside.

—Chicago Journal of Commerce.

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Has the Average Man a Sense of Humor?

Continued from page 30

Don't think that Mrs. Parlyby has no sense of humor. She is possessed of a whimsical wit that is most delightful, an appreciation of and ready laughter for a good joke, or a humorous situation, but, being a woman, she was utterly lacking in a sense of humor with relation to the defeat of another. But how the men chortled and chuckled: "Nellie McClung got left, didn't she? It must have been the surprise of her life!" They found something supremely amusing in that a woman, so successful in all her undertakings up to that time, should find herself defeated.

It was almost as good as a practical joke in which a highly-starched and superior little girl is given a shove into the creek by a humorous small brother, and emerges with all the starch taken out of her! (Ha! Ha!)

This figure of speech suggests another phase of humor which is appreciated by the average man, and doesn't appeal to the average woman. The practical joke! The average man will "split his sides, laughing," over a practical joke to which a woman will respond with the thought: "How unkind!" He thinks that she has no sense of humor because she is pained and embarrassed for the victim, instead of laughing; instead of thoroughly enjoying the spectacle of a fellow-human, looking ridiculous, feeling a fool!

The average woman is not edified when she sees a business man of dignity riding a goat down the main street of his home town, to pay an election bet. Can you imagine her making a bet which would entail such a penalty?

ON THE other hand, the average woman sees humor where a man sees none. She is prone to see humor in a situation which expresses contrast. (So long as that contrast is not expressed in the humiliation of a dignified person other than herself.) The surprising reaction of a child to new and strange experiences will seem deliciously funny to her. A little boy, seriously playing Indian, with blood-curdling yells, and then falling asleep, in war-paint and feathers, with a cherubic smile on his face, brings a delighted chuckle; as does the sight of a wee girl petting and spanking by turns her first doll. Father doesn't see anything particularly humorous in these things, yet he appreciates contrast, too, for he will shake with mirth if the wee boy innocently uses a naughty cuss-word, or the wee girl, with equal innocence, broaches a topic not generally discussed in polite society.

Perhaps the humor of the average man is a bit more primitive than that of the average woman. Have you ever noticed that practically all of the famous "low comedy" stars of the theatre and the movies are men? It is the expression of a more subtle, highly-civilized comedy which has brought fame to women of the stage and screen.

A theatrical manager, noted for the production of exquisite, delicate comedies, once said to me: "I'm not so keen about these plays myself, but they are money-makers, in that they bring countless women to stand in line at the box-office! The audiences are practically 'hen parties,' and we know that the few men there have been brought by their women-folk."

"When a bunch of men goes to the theatre together," he continued, "it's to a revue, where they'll see some good low-comedy acting, and laugh their fool heads off! Men go to the theatre

to be amused." It didn't occur to him that women generally go for the same reason, but that it is a different type of comedy which amuses them.

There are a few low-comedy actresses, I admit. I once interviewed one of the most successful. I asked her to tell me the reason for her success, as she saw it. In a bewildered way, she admitted that she didn't know. "I can't see anything to bring roars of bass and baritone laughter in the 'business' they give me to do, or the 'lines' they give me to say. I sometimes wonder what they are laughing at, anyway. I'd much rather play such lovely comedy as 'Peter Pan.' She was expressing the low-comedy humor of a man-author, but she didn't appreciate it.

HOW about the creation of humor?

Some of our most delightfully humorous books have been written by women—Mary Roberts Rinehart, Zona Gale, Edna Ferber, and our own "Janey Canuck" and Nellie McClung. Women are trying their hand at playwriting these days, too, and producing delightful comedies. A witty Englishwoman, Essex Dane, has written a number of one-act comedies which have inspired delighted mirth, not only all over the English-speaking world, but, in translated form, in foreign countries as well. That speaks well for the universal appeal of her comedy creations. And she is only one of many successful women-writers of comedies.

There is a peculiar and interesting feature of these plays by women, however, which may throw some light upon the subject of woman's sense of humor. It is this: that the laugh and the tear are never very far apart. These women writers won't permit us to laugh at their brain-children unless we sympathize with their woes as well.

It may be said that many men have written just such serio-comedies—Sir James Barrie and his ilk—but then they are not the average men whose humor we are discussing. Their humor is more subtle than that of the average man, as evidenced by the fact that their plays have not an appeal for him that they have for the average woman. Yes, they are a bit different. One could no more imagine the creator of "Peter Pan" and "The Little Minister" swapping smoking-room stories with a group of strangers, than one could imagine it of a woman. (The average man will tell you that the average man does this.)

We cannot deny that, just as there are men above the average in possessing what might be called a sensitivity to humor in place of a sense of humor, so there are women who are below the average. There is a type of woman who will tell an "off-color" story, or be convulsed with a low-comedy performance in the theatre, or delight in playing a crude, practical joke. But she is no more the average woman, than the sensitive literary gentleman is an average man.

This all suggests a rather horrifying idea! Surely it cannot be possible that the average woman's sense of humor is on a par with that of the more-highly-civilized, more - emotionally - sensitive-than-the-average man! One hesitates to suggest such a thing, for it implies that the average woman, far from having no sense of humor, has a sense of humor vastly superior to that of the average man—more highly-developed—less primitive!

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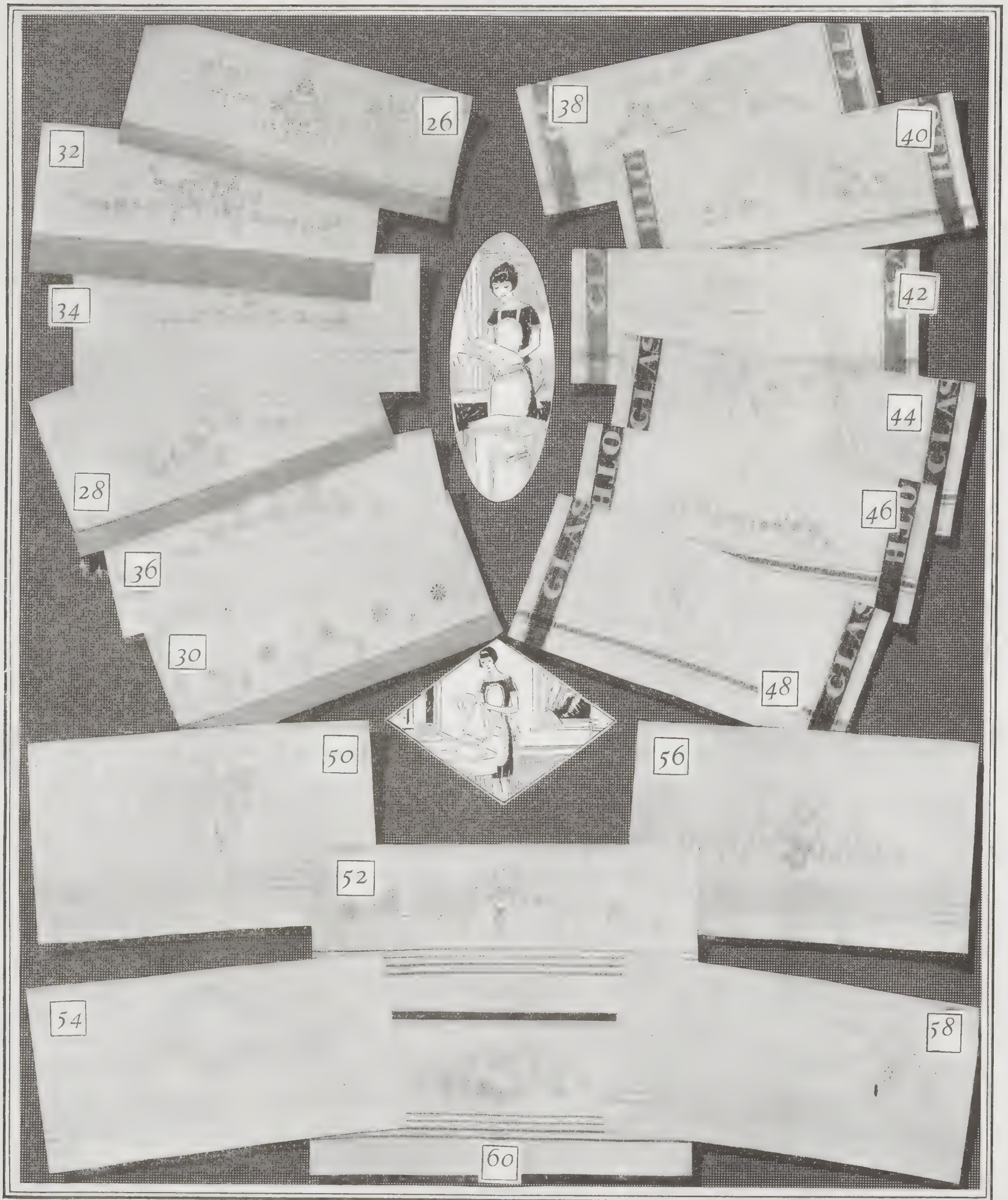
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Sleek Tailleurs-Indicative of the New Season



THE Spring season has brought many attractive style features, greater femininity and softer lines in fabric and mode and a new interest through the scarf and cape effects.

Draperies and panels and uneven hem lines are still holding their own.

Skirts are shown with more length over the back, and belts and trimmings help to achieve a higher waistline.

Tiers, plaits and flares, the circular shaping, greater fulness, and more detail, folds and sunburst plaitings enliven the new skirt modes.

We have now the molded hip line generally becoming with extra blousing above the waistline where the hips are naturally broad.

Jumpers and blouses for sports wear show attractive scarf trimmings which trimming is also used on afternoon dresses.

Deep cape-like collars and berthas are shown on youthful frocks.

The sheer fabrics of this season lend themselves well to plaited and shirred effects to tiers and ruffles.

Satin back crepe is still a universal favorite for daytime dresses. The dull side usually forms the decoration by way of a belt, cuffs or applied designs.

A straight line coat of tan mixed woolen is smart and serviceable for general wear, motoring or traveling.

A coat of black kasha has a polka dot silk lining.

A dress of printed silk in blue, beige and red is trimmed with narrow bands of red.

The new feather-weight woolens are combined with silk for sports frocks of the dressy type. Angora is used with jersey or silk.

The long tunic blouse is new and smart.

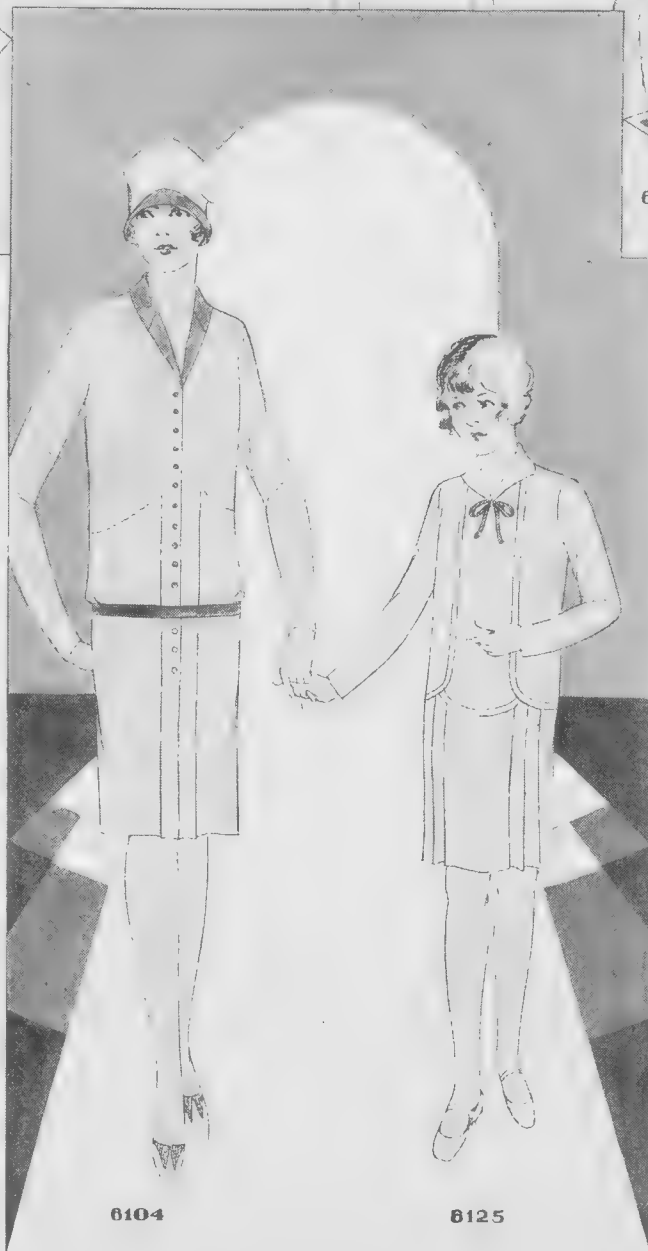
Independence blue, water blue and beige are standard colors for the Spring season.

Green and yellow will also be popular.

Skirts are a little longer, even in sports frocks

Belts are wide and girdles are wider.

Spring costumes call for scarfs as a separate unit, or as part of the frock or coat. The scarf may be draped on the shoulders, or hang from the back of the neck over the front in loose folds, or it may be tied near one ear in a smart bow.



Tailored suits for Spring are shown in navy blue, beige or grey tweeds, rep, homespun, kasha or Oxford cloth.

Satin coats with scarf or cape effects are style leaders.

A charming feminine touch may be supplied to a frock, in a jabot. It may be fastened at the neck or shoulder or at the front or side of a skirt.

A very attractive hip girdle has curved lines outlined by piping in a contrasting color.

Printed georgette and plain crepe combine to make a pretty frock that has a bloused waist, and a skirt with circular inserts in front and at the sides.

Checked homespun may be used for a two-piece Jumper costume. The Jumper has a curved diagonal closing. This shaping is repeated in the skirt above a plaited insert.

Polka dot print was used for a one-piece dress made with a fitted short waist, and flare skirt.

In this style, the skirt on a waist cut decollete forms the dinner or evening dress, and with a bolero or capelet it becomes the afternoon dress.

(For Description of these Models see Page 80)

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WOODS UNDERWEAR CO., LIMITED
70 CRAWFORD ST., TORONTO

Young Fashion and the May Mode

In Playful and

6111. Tweed, crepe, jersey, as well as taffeta or linen could be used for this model.

This Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size will require $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 32 inch lining for the underbody, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54 inch material for the Skirt and Blouse. To face collar and plastron with contrasting material will require $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 32 inches wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6116. Batiste, crepe de chine, radium silk or georgette may be used for this design.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. To make the garment for a Medium Size will require 2 yards of 32 inch material. For shoulder straps and tabs 2 yards of ribbon are required. To trim with edging as illustrated requires $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards. The yoke of lace requires $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 6 inches wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6130. Here is a dainty set of designs. A pretty Dress, a comfortable Slip and a convenient Wrapper.

The Pattern is cut in One Size. It will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36 inch material for the Dress, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard for the Slip, and $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard for Wrappers.

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6129. Flannel, flannelette, corduroy, eiderdown, blanket cloth, silk or crepe may be used for this design. The fronts may be rolled open as in the small views or lapped as in the large view.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year size will require $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 36 inch material.

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6125. Zephyr, challie, georgette, and crepe de chine, are desirable for this design. It may be made with short or long sleeves.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size will require $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 36 inch material together with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for collar and revers facings, if made with long sleeves. If made with short sleeves $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards will be required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6127. Linen, China silk, flannel or jersey could be used for this attractive style. Plait fronts at the sides of the panels add fullness to the dress.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year size will require $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 36 inch material together with a $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar, belt and cuffs.

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6124. Cotton prints, pongee, rep, and linen are excellent for this design.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. An 8 year size will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 27 inch material together with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for facing cuffs and leg bands.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6122. Crepe de chine, voile, chiffon, taffeta or mull may be used for this pleasing model.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4 year size will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 39 inch material. To bind sleeve edges and lower edge of dress and godets will require $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of bias binding.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6128. This design lends itself well to combinations of material. The Dress may be of crepe de chine or velvet, and the Guimpe of china silk, georgette or batiste.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size will require $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 32 inch material for the Guimpe, and $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material for the Dress.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6120. Very comfortable and smart is the little model here shown.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 3, 4 and



New Ideas for the New Season

Ruffled Moods



5 years. To make the Suit as illustrated in the large view for a Boy of 3 years will require $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 32 inch material for the Blouse, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 54 inch material for the Trousers. If made with the long sleeves, the Blouse will require $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6123. Cotton prints, challie, gingham and linen are attractive materials for this model. It shows the new tie yoke, and may be made with or without sleeves. The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. An 8 year size if made with peasant sleeves will require $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36 inch material together with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of contrasting material for facing on yoke and belt. If made without the peasant sleeves, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard less will be required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6121. Dimity, challie, crepe de chine or chiffon will develop this pretty model very effectively. The Dress may be made with or without sleeves.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. A 3 year size will require 2 yards of 32 inch material, if made with sleeves. If made without sleeves $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard will be required. To finish neck and arms eye edges as illustrated in the large view, will require $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard of bias binding.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6106. Wool crepe, twill, crepe de chine or satin crepe could be used for this attractive style. It has length-giving slenderizing lines.

The Pattern is cut in 8 Sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. To make the Dress for a 46 inch size will require $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material together with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar, cuffs and belt. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6108. Crepella, jersey, taffeta, wool georgette, and linen are all very appropriate for this design.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. To make the Dress for a 38 inch size will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material, together with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of contrasting material for facing on cuffs, belt and collar. The width of the Dress at the lower edge is 2 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6104. This will be very attractive in satin, moire, crepe or linen.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make the Dress as illustrated will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 39 inches wide together with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for facing on fronts, collar and belt, for a 38 inch size. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6110. Printed silk, or printed linen, as well as China silk may be used for this pleasing design.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material together with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of contrasting material for facings on front, collar, belt and cuffs. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6109. Taffeta, crepe or crepe de chine could be used for this design.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54 inch material together with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar, belt and cuffs. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

Any of these up-to-date patterns may be obtained by forwarding the necessary sum to the Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg. Be sure and state the size required.

SINGER



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THE only SEWING MACHINE MADE IN CANADA for Canadian Homes

When you buy a sewing machine you buy something that should be "one of the family" for many years to come. For that reason if for no other you want to enjoy the satisfaction of having the best. But there is an added satisfaction when you know that your machine is made in Canada by Canadian workmen and distributed through Canadian Representatives direct to Canadian homes.

Singer sewing machines have long been the preferred machine of women throughout the Dominion. One reason is their built-in quality that has made them famous the world over for 77 years. Another is that they are made in the Singer factory at St. Johns, Quebec. And still another is that wherever you live in Canada there is a Singer shop nearby ready always with instruction, help, supplies, and courteous expert service.

Singer machines are sold direct to the home only through Singer shops and Singer salesmen. Both are authorized to make you a liberal allowance for your present machine, extend to you the convenience of easy monthly payments on any modern Singer, and to carry out this company's pledge of service and satisfaction.

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British Columbia		Chatham,	179 King St.	Toronto,	252 Yonge St.
Nelson,	301 Baker St.	Cochrane,	3rd Ave. and 4th St.	Windsor,	48 Pitt St., W.
Vancouver,	869 Granville St.	Cornwall,	225 Pitt St.	Quebec	
Victoria,	660 Seymour St.	Ft. William,	115 1/2 S. May St.	Chicoutimi,	108 Racine St.
Westminster,	726 Yates St.	Hamilton,	199 King St., E.	Hull,	202 Main St.
Manitoba		Kingston,	269 Princess St.	Levis,	64 Cote du Passage
Brandon,	137 Tenth St.	Kitchener,	12-14 Young St.	Montreal,	530 St. Catherine St., W.
Portage La Prairie,	206 Saskatchewan Ave.	Lindsay,	9 Kent St.	Quebec,	223 St. John St.
Winnipeg,	368 Portage Ave.	London,	122 Dundas St.	Riviere du Loup,	325 Lafontaine St.
	306 Main St.	North Bay,	95 Main St., E.	St. Hyacinthe,	61A St. Francois St.
Maritime Provinces		Ottawa,	106 Bank St.	St. Jerome,	139 Labelle St.
Campbellton, N. B.,	Water St.	Oshawa,	46 King St.	St. Johns,	59 Richelleu St.
Charlottetown, P. E. I.,		Owen Sound,	753 Dundas Ave., E.	Sherbrooke,	63 Wellington St.
	115 Kent St.	Peterboro,	174 Hunter St.	Thetford Mines,	343 Notre Dame St.
Fredericton, N. B.,	321 Queen St.	Renfrew,	361 Raglan St., Haynes Block	Three Rivers,	102 Des Forges St.
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New Glasgow, N. S.,	26 George St.			Moose Jaw,	353 No. Main St.
St. John, N. B.,	45 Germain St.			Prince Albert,	1013 Central Ave.
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(Canadian-made Singer machines are now exported to a number of other countries and are a substantial factor in Canada's growing overseas trade.)

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THE best dressed, the most becomingly and individually dressed, but the least expensively dressed is the lucky child whose mother makes and embroiders her clothes.

Thousands of mothers who never embroidered before have learned with our Beginners' Embroidery Outfit—costs just ten cents and many women have found it worth many dollars. Includes CLARK'S EMBROIDERY BOOK No. 2 with fifty designs, hot-iron patterns and monogram alphabet, explicit directions and explanations of embroidery stitches and a "non-tangle" skein (8- $\frac{3}{4}$ yds.) of CLARK'S ANCHOR STRANDED COTTON that "stays put" to the last loop. Always use CLARK'S ANCHOR COTTONS, either Stranded (skeins) or Pearl (balls). Their strong, smooth thread covers the pattern rapidly and lends a silky sheen and rich finish to the design. Guaranteed fast-to-washing in a wide range of exquisite shades. The coupon below and ten cents may be mailed to us direct or presented at one of the stores that sell and recommend CLARK'S ANCHOR STRANDED COTTONS for Embroidery.

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ANCHOR
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FAST-TO-WASHING

THE CAN. SPOOL COTTON CO. 21 READ BLD. MONTREAL

Herewith 10c for Clark's Embroidery Book No. 2 and a free skein of Clark's Anchor Stranded Cotton.

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Be successful.
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166 Stinson, The Lewis Institute, Detroit

The Busiest Woman In Canada

By Elizabeth Bailey Price

A Sketch Of A Woman Who Is An Outstanding National Figure

SHE is the busiest woman in Canada, —Mrs. H. M. Aitken of Beeton Ontario. In fact, when one gets a bird's-eye view of just what she does accomplish in a year, it seems more than one person can do.

She has, in the beginning, a "steady job" of home maker, for she is the wife of H. M. Aitken, manager of a flour mill at Beeton. She is also the mother of two fine young daughters, aged nine and eleven years.

She is the owner and manager of one of the largest and best known poultry plants in Canada. During the past year it was stocked with one thousand laying hens and fifteen thousand chickens. Two hens hold the exceptionally high egg-laying records of 310 and 323 eggs, these under Dominion government supervision or the Record of Performance Association.

But her farm is not devoted entirely to poultry. Last year she sold two thousand baskets of corn and peas, one thousand bags of potatoes, while her small fruits, especially her raspberries, won her the highest grades. She also has a herd of Jerseys, with a calf valued at three hundred dollars.

She has established a home canning business in the basement of her farm home, one that has become so successful that she cannot supply the demand. Last year the output from this included ten thousand cans of chicken and many of pickles and small fruits.

It was this canning business that focussed the attention of the Women's Institute branch of the Ontario Department of Agriculture upon her. Each year, under its auspices many demonstration lecture courses in foods and cookery are put on, and these by the best demonstrators that can be secured. It was a logical thing that Mrs. Aitken, with her bright, breezy, one might even say "snappy," method of presenting her demonstration, should be engaged. For the past six years she has given a number of months of each year to these demonstration lecture courses. She is also permanently employed by the Ontario Department of Agriculture to give advice to women who are engaged in agricultural pursuits.

IT IS a trite but true saying that "One thing leads to another," for it was her demonstrating ability that drew to her the attention of the Canadian National Exhibition Board. Each year she is "lent" to them to help put over this famous exhibition, and her fertile brain, keen imagination and attractive personality are of inestimable value.

She is the well-known woman in the simple white uniform, who with the boyish figure, the twinkling brown eyes and the dimples that play in and about her mouth, is responsible for the tantalizing odors that emanate from "Canada's Kitchen." She is the woman who demonstrates daily "the biscuits that mother used to make," and the good old Christmas cakes, or the special dishes from each province. Thousands of people have heard her, for men as well as women are attracted at once by her intriguing demonstrations.

She is the woman who plans many of the fair time features of the programme in the Women's Building, of which she is superintendent. She thinks out the delightful luncheons, served there daily to prominent women visitors. She is always ready for any emergency—twenty "extra" guests at the last minute, or Alberta's prize beef not arriving in

time for Alberta Day. Promptly at 1.30 p.m. all sit down, the meal is served quickly, then at the right moment, with the right speech full of whimsical humour, the dimples playing in and out, as official hostess, she welcomes all and gets the brief programme started.

She is the inventor of a very original and interesting budgeting system. Budget-

Ontario, will testify the spectacular success of this idea. This year it was particularly suitable—a parade of the various provinces, impersonated by cleverly costumed children, each disappearing into a huge melting pot, which was stirred by Madame Confederation, and from which came Miss Canada.

NO WONDER this work attracted the attention of other cities. This year a delegation from Chicago waited on the C.N.E. Board to enquire into its working out, with a view to emulating this idea. Mrs. Aitken's budgeting ideas have brought her international recognition. She was invited to demonstrate them at the Chicago World's fair. While there she noticed a certain man who was a regular attendee. After each demonstration he bombarded her with questions, until at last, put upon her mettle she retorted: "I am either going to convince you, or you are going to convince me."

Her daily visitor proved later to be a very influential man who offered her a permanent position with a substantial salary to introduce and demonstrate the budgeting system at the Rockefeller Foundation. President Coolidge and Herbert Hoover also were interested and she was honored with an invitation to luncheon with them to discuss it. While she could not see her way clear to accept the offer of the Rockefeller Foundation, and thus leave Canada, she did agree to give six weeks of her time last year to them.

Besides, one might say this "steady work," between times, during the past year, she has made a hurried trip across Canada, in the interests of the Canadian National Exhibition. She has been to Europe twice on agricultural work, the first time having tea with the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace. Last June she attended the convention of the Federated Institutes of Canada at Wolfville, N.S., where she was an interesting speaker. In August she was one of the four women speakers at the World's Poultry Congress in Ottawa.

ON HER second trip overseas, last fall, she took with her an exhibit designed by her own fertile brain, to attract especially agriculturally minded settlers to Canada. This was a model showing a cross section of the Dominion, and the outstanding agricultural resources of each province. On the back wall space were numerous samples of handicraft made by members of the Women's Institutes in every part of the country. This was shown in the Exhibition of Home Crafts in the Crystal Palace, London, England, an exhibition sponsored by the British Women's Institutes.

While overseas, Mrs. Aitken spoke on "Canada and Its Resources" at Belfast, Leamington, Edinburgh, Copenhagen, Bruxelles, also in France and Finland. So busy and rushed for time was she, that her trips to the continent were made by air service.

The story of how this clever young woman got her start eight years ago is full

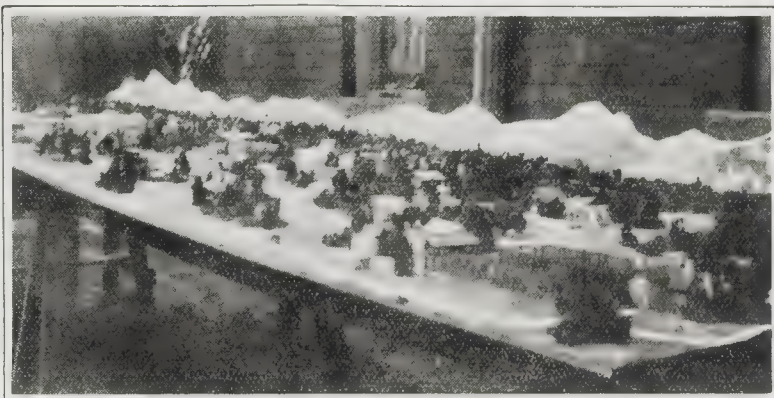
of intense interest. Family reverses put up to her the problem of what she could do to help. Someone had given her a half a dozen hens. She found them an absorbing interest and felt that she could carry this special branch of farming on to a larger degree and make it pay. She decided to buy some land and start a poultry farm and each year her business grew. Yes, indeed she is the busiest Woman in Canada.



Mrs. H. M. Aitken, of Beeton

ing is usually a bugbear to the average wife—a scramble to try and make one dollar do the work of two. Not so when it gets into the hands of Mrs. Aitken.

She takes the John Smiths and their family through the financial problems of every-day life. For instance, Mrs. John Smith has a dinner party. The cost and menu are demonstrated. She goes to a bridge party. Her clothes, their texture, care and cost are shown—also the complete wardrobe the average woman needs. The Smiths have \$25.00 a year to spend on magazines. Again, these are shown with their whys and wherefores. The Smiths have a picnic. The Smiths outfit their two children. This is demonstrated by two attractive children who wear garments that show everything from "the high cost of sleeping" to the correct



A model, showing a cross section of the Dominion exhibited by Mrs. Aitken at the Crystal Palace, London, England

party outfits. Mrs. Aitken makes it a rule in her budgeting programmes never to do the same thing twice.

She is the individual who conceived the idea of pageants as a programme feature of the Canadian National Exhibition, and those who have seen the parades of models wearing exquisite old-fashioned costumes, or the Confederation pageant last year, on the beautiful out-door stage, the lawn that borders the shores of Lake

New Coleman Instant Gas Starter

(PATENTS PENDING)

**Years
Ahead!**

TODAY Coleman announces the perfection of a remarkable new Instant Gas Starter . . . the crowning triumph of 25 years' engineering experience. It is entirely new—an idea years ahead!

In its simplicity of operation . . . in its speedy action . . . in its safety features, this new Instant Gas Starter (Patents Pending) is revolutionary. Just strike a match, turn a valve . . . and it *lights right now*.

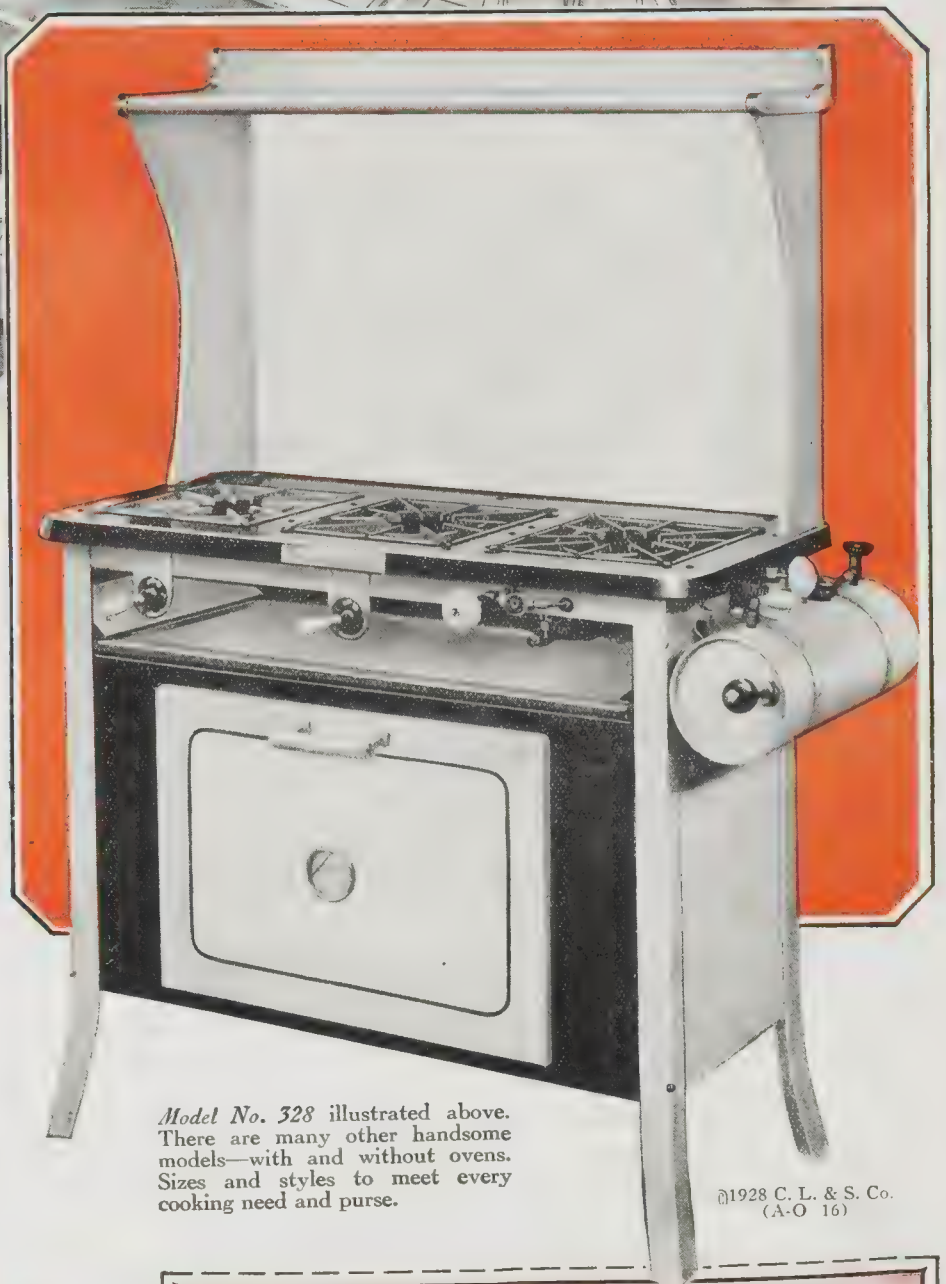
What a great step forward in the operation of gas pressure stoves! It opens a new era of comfort and convenience to the housewives of Canada who live beyond the gas mains.

Instant starting is but one of the many remarkable features of the new model Coleman Air-O-Gas Stove. In handsome appearance, in ease of operation, in providing modern, low-cost gas service to homes everywhere, it sets a new standard of excellence. It meets present-day conditions . . . is as handy and necessary as your telephone . . . and it adds full measure of satisfaction to your everyday home life.

The Coleman Stove makes and burns its own gas. Requires no piping; no installation cost. Just put it in your kitchen and start cooking! Use any good grade of untreated motor fuel.

Ask Your Dealer to show you the Air-O-Gas Stove. See how quickly it starts—how easy it is to operate. With its handsome white porcelain and gray enamel finish it is a wonderfully attractive addition to any kitchen. And a demonstration or trial will immediately win your whole-hearted approval. Fill out and mail coupon for full descriptive literature and prices. Address Dept. 3516.

Just Strike
a Match
Turn a
Valve



Model No. 328 illustrated above. There are many other handsome models—with and without ovens. Sizes and styles to meet every cooking need and purse.

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(A-O 16)

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I want to know more about the new model Coleman Air-O-Gas Stove with Instant Gas Starter and how I can have Modern Gas Service for Cooking in my home at low cost.

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To Freshen Fine Furniture

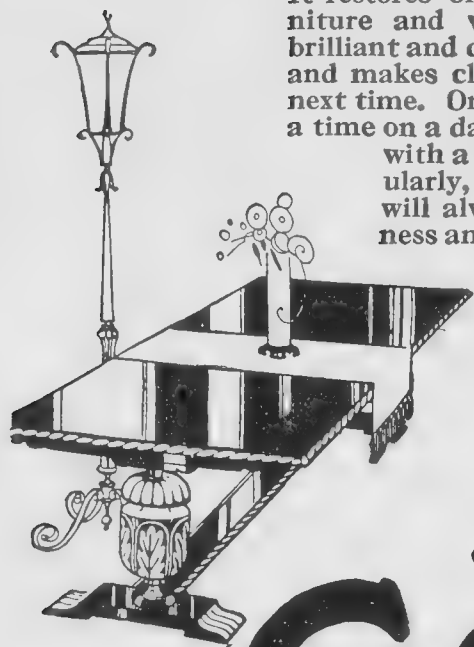
IF you have created a decorative scheme you're proud of, give it an occasional freshening up with O-Cedar Polish—the combined cleanser and polish.

It restores original lustre to furniture and woodwork. Leaves a brilliant and dry finish. Sheds dust and makes cleaning twice as easy next time. Only a little required at a time on a damp cloth, then polish with a dry cloth. Use it regularly, and your furniture will always glow with freshness and charm. Order from your dealer today and see!

For daily dusting, use a few drops on your dust-cloth.

Sold everywhere, with a money back guarantee. In 25c. to \$3.50 sizes.

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TORONTO



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SAFE SUMMER STORAGE for your Fur Coats

Protect Your Fur Coats Against Damage, Fire and Theft

EATON'S Modern Cold Storage Plant offers protection for your furs against all the dangers of the warm Summer months—heat, dust, moths, fire and theft. This complete safety may be had at less than ordinary storage cost.

Storage Charges Have Been Reduced

This season we have lowered our charge to 2 per cent. on a fair valuation of the garment, with a minimum charge of 1.00 and a maximum charge of 14.00. For example, if your coat is valued at 200.00 the storage charge will be 2% or 4.00.

Your Furs Receive Hourly Care

Furs entrusted to us are cleaned by compressed air before being placed in the storage vault. Its temperature is kept by electricity at just above freezing point, and is checked every hour—even during the night by the watchman on his rounds. Clean, chilled air is driven through the vault every few minutes, stirring the fur on the coats which swing high and free on individual hangers. This tested system will preserve the glossy beauty of your fur coat throughout the trying Summer months. When sending in your garments kindly prepay express and remit, as storage charges, 2% on a fair valuation. Address the parcel to Dept. 216, Storage.

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA

Attention of Western Home Monthly Subscribers!

Notice of Change of Address Must be Sent in by 10th of Preceding Month.

Federated Women's Institutes

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Agassiz has pledged itself to raise \$100 in three years for the Otho Scott Endowment Fund. A successful Cabaret has been held and a "Hobby Social" is planned. Second and third prizes have been presented for the Oratorical Contest at the High School. The March meeting being the "Birthday Meeting" eight members were honored with a birthday cake and eight candles.

Aldergrove has given \$32.75 to the Agricultural and Community Hall, \$5.00 to the Crippled Children's Hospital and is trying to get a child into the hospital. The Convener of the Whist Drives reported a satisfactory series and Mrs. Dusterhoeft gave an interesting talk on Institute work.

Arrow Park held a successful quilting bee and gave \$5.00 towards the renovation of the Town Hall.

Bonnington and South Slokan voted \$58 to the Solarium and on Easter Monday a Dance and a Bake Sale was held.

Boswell Sanca is sending thirty dozen eggs to the Solarium since a similar gift last year was so much appreciated. Mrs. Hepher and Mrs. Cumming were elected to the Fall Fair Committee and Mrs. Williams to the League of Nations Committee. It was decided to hold a flower and small fruits show.

Burquillam is having an exchange of plants. Members visited the Crippled Children's Hospital and received a report on the scheme to establish a school dentist.

Burton City enjoyed a demonstration in candy making by Mrs. L. Keffler.

Cawston decided to co-operate with Keremeos to obtain the services of a teacher in glove making. Plans for the Schools Sports were considered and a discussion on the music of Grieg greatly enjoyed.

Cedar was greatly interested in an address on New Zealand by Miss Meldrum, the exchange teacher, from New Zealand. The resolutions re the Bible in Schools and the District Conference were endorsed.

Chilliwack held an exhibition of the work of the Dressmaking Class on April 5th. The Library Convener asked for a Book Shower for the True Blue Orphanage at New Westminster. The Fair Committee suggested three classes for boys' collections of vegetables at the Fair, and the Relief Committee reported useful work. Mrs. Bowlby read a paper on Beverages and their Values, and the District President spoke of the work of the District Board.

Cloverdale agreed to hold a small show of zinnias and asters only in the Fall. It was voted that the Annual Conference take place in Vancouver.

Coghan has invited the District Board member, Mrs. Humphrey to the April meeting. A concert is being planned and a demonstration of painting on cloth proved interesting.

Colwood endorsed the Royal Oak and Shirley resolutions. This was a Public Health and Child Welfare Meeting. Miss Kelly, R.N., gave an address on Child Welfare, Miss Peachy outlined the Health Rules, after which the children gave a demonstration of physical exercises.

Cortex Island has decided to hold a series of three card parties and are making plans for the Home Economics Survey.

Cranbrook had 80 members present at the March meeting which enjoyed recitations by Miss Edna McFea and songs by Mrs. G. McDonald, followed by a darning contest, and button hole contest, in which Mrs. Norgrove was the victor. The Concert Committee reported that \$76.00 had been made for the Solarium, and the question of furnishings for the nurses home was considered. The Library Committee reported the purchase of 15 new books and the Sick Committee reported good work. A tea and cookery sale will be held shortly.

Crawford Bay has received an offer of roses from the B.C. Nurseries on the same terms as last year. Nearly all last year's plants are doing well. Arrangements were concluded for the Easter Egg and Candy Sale. A new set of curtains was presented to the Hall and it was decided to raise funds for much needed

Continued on page 85

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Instantly stops Perspiration and Body Odors
A crystal pure, odorless, absolutely efficient deodorant.
Compounded after a scientific formula and helpful in stopping irritation of the skin and incipient skin troubles.
Women have found Dew to solve their hygienic problems. Men will find welcome relief also from perspiration annoyances by using Dew twice weekly.
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HERDT & CHARTON, INC. MONTREAL

Goddard's Plate Powder for polishing Silver
The shine that lasts
Sold in boxes of 25 cents
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BUNIONS GONE IN 15 DAYS
Clip This and Prove It FREE!
The pedodyne solvent treatment is a boon to those whose bunion joints cause constant foot trouble and an ugly bulge to the shoes. Pain stops almost instantly; actual reduction of enlarged parts begins within a few days. Your next pair of shoes can be a size smaller—often two sizes smaller. Prove it free. Send coupon today and the full treatment guaranteed to bring complete results may be yours to try.
—SIGN AND MAIL THIS COUPON—
KAY LABORATORIES, Dept. S163, 60 Front St. W., Toronto
Please arrange for me to try your pedodyne process, which is guaranteed to dissolve bunion formation and restore ease to affected joints.
Name.....
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This is not an order, ship nothing O. O. D.

Banish Pimples By Using Cuticura
Soap to Cleanse Ointment to Heal
Try our new Shaving Stick.

Federated Women's Institutes

Continued from page 84

improvements to the building. The monthly motto was "If you can't mend, don't meddle."

Creston and District held a Bulb Display in April and offered prizes for bird-houses made by the school children. Mr. C. B. Twigg gave a talk on gardening.

Denman Island has paid their \$5.00 membership to the Solarium and encouraging the purchase of B.C. grown seeds.

Esquimalt—Dressmaking classes are making good progress and two successful card parties have been held.

Field is holding well attended weekly classes in Home Nursing. At the monthly evening meeting Mrs. Milton gave an instructive talk on Food Values and Mrs. Giddie spoke of Current Events.

Grindrod is purchasing shrubs for the school grounds, and has presented \$10.00 to the Enderby Hospital. A gift of appreciation was also made to the Secretary, Mrs. N. I. Anderson. Mrs. Lowes reported on the Dental Clinic.

Harrop and District spent an entertaining afternoon making "Stocking-leg cats for hospital children." The Institute is taking advantage of club rates for rose bushes ordered through the Agricultural Convener and has decided to distribute flower seedlings, instead of seeds for the annual floral competition. A Leap Year Dance proved very successful and also the catering by the Institute for the Boy Scouts social event.

Hatzic—Mrs. Noble read a paper on the Handicraft Exhibits at the Fall Fair (in the absence of Mrs. Dusterhoeft) and Mrs. Dann demonstrated paper flowers. Plans are being made to install a furnace in the hall, and to purchase various requirements for the Hatzic Ward in the Mission Memorial Hospital.

Hornby Island received a visit from the District President, Mrs. Frank Campbell, who in addition to an interesting report brought a resolution from the Shirley Institute re the programme at the forthcoming District Conference. Since the last whist drive showed a good balance it was decided to hold another one.

Hungtindon had the pleasure of an address from the Rev. J. S. Paton on the "Romance of Womanhood." Plans were considered for an exhibit at the Vancouver Rug and Quilt Exhibition.

Kermes held such a successful banquet for husbands and friends that they hope to do it again next year. Rug making classes have been started with a member of the Institute as Instructor.

Langford held a spring Flower Show on April 14th, and also an exhibit in the Institute Class at the Vancouver Island Horticultural Association Show on April 27th. Several members promised to knit and sew for the Solarium and the Secretary had been instructed to ask the Public Works Department to open public paths to the lake and make the shore accessible.

Langley Prairie catered for the Annual Cow-Testers Banquet. As a result of four years "hunting" the children report that it is very hard to find caterpillars for the caterpillar contest. Members are experimenting in glove making and the Institute has pledged itself to help the teachers in any way possible if they enter the "Goodwill" Competition. The meeting voted for New Westminster as the place of the District Conference.

Lazo enjoyed a visit and address from Mrs. Frank Campbell, District Secretary, who at the close of the meeting presented the Secretary, Mrs. E. Phelps, with a shopping bag from the Institute. The Home Economics Survey and the matter of growing potatoes is being considered.

Mackenzie is busy making a quilt and has purchased a supply of dishes for the hospital.

Mt. Ida is appealing to the School Trustees to remedy the "dreadful muddy condition" of the school grounds. The Home Economic Survey is to be undertaken by two members. Three whist drives and a pancake social having netted a good balance during the month, plans are being made for a concert.

Mt. Lehman put on two plays on the evening of April 14th. Flower Show plans are making good progress as is the work of the Public Health Committee. Mr. J. W. Winson read a paper on "Wild Flowers for the Garden."

Nakusp were interested in a talk on Honolulu by Mrs. N. Carter. A concert and dance were held in April to raise funds for a Bath-house at the Hot Springs for the use of campers.

Nelson is regretting that their classes in Gesso work are drawing to a close after a most successful session. The Public Health and Child Welfare Committee is doing good work, chief of which is the Baby Clinic.

New Denver had a social afternoon as a farewell to the retiring President, Mrs. MacFadden, who is leaving the district. She was presented with a small memento at the close of an enjoyable afternoon of music and recitations.

North East Burnaby have decided to help the Community with May Day celebrations. Mrs. Goodall gave an interesting address on Arts and Crafts, in illustration of Weaving.

Okanagan Centre have sent samples of leather flowers, gloves and bags to the Penticton Exhibition. Miss Cartwright of Summerland spoke on pottery. \$10.00 was voted to buy flowering shrubs for the Tennis Court Grounds.

Okanagan Falls held a successful and profitable entertainment on the evening of St. Patrick's day, as well as a sale of work a few days later.

Oliver's financial report shows a comfortable bank balance. Mrs. R. Simpson gave a talk on "Flowers to grow in the Oliver District and how to grow them."

Penticton has given a cook stove to the new Scout Hall. Mrs. Mitchell gave a talk on rugs and rug making, with 170 present. In addition there was a wonderful showing of quilts (one 150 years old and another almost as old), rugs and couch throws of all varieties, as well as leather work, gloves, and many labor saving devices. The Institute has had the operating room at the Hospital repainted.

Peachland endorsed the Board of Trade resolution re a Car Slip, and had obtained the promise of the teachers to co-operate re the school exhibit at the Fall Fair. A stretcher has been bought and presented to the Council for the use of the Municipality. A bazaar is to be held shortly.

Qualicum and District are to hold a fete in aid of the car for the District Nurse. A Welfare Day is to be held at the May meeting when the District Nurse is to be asked to demonstrate bandaging. On her retirement from the Secretaryship Mrs. Playfair was presented with a Fountain Pen as a mark of appreciation.

Robson received a visit from Mrs. Pitts, who demonstrated Gesso work. The Immigration Convener gave a brief account of General McRae's proposed Immigration scheme.

Royal Oak is working to hold a bulb show, a dance and a rummage sale. Two new babies of members were presented with spoons.

Sooke and North Sooke—Mr. M. R. Terry, Chief Poultry Instructor gave an address on Poultry Keeping and the Institute hopes to organize some Boys and Girls Poultry Clubs.

South Saanich received satisfactory reports from the Sick Committee and the Junior Institute, and on the Brownie Pack which is being sponsored by the Institute. As this was the 14th birthday of the Institute the evening was spent in games, etc., to which the Farmers' Institute members were invited.

South Salt Spring Island has received a donation from Mr. Fred James of a packet of lettuce seed for each member.

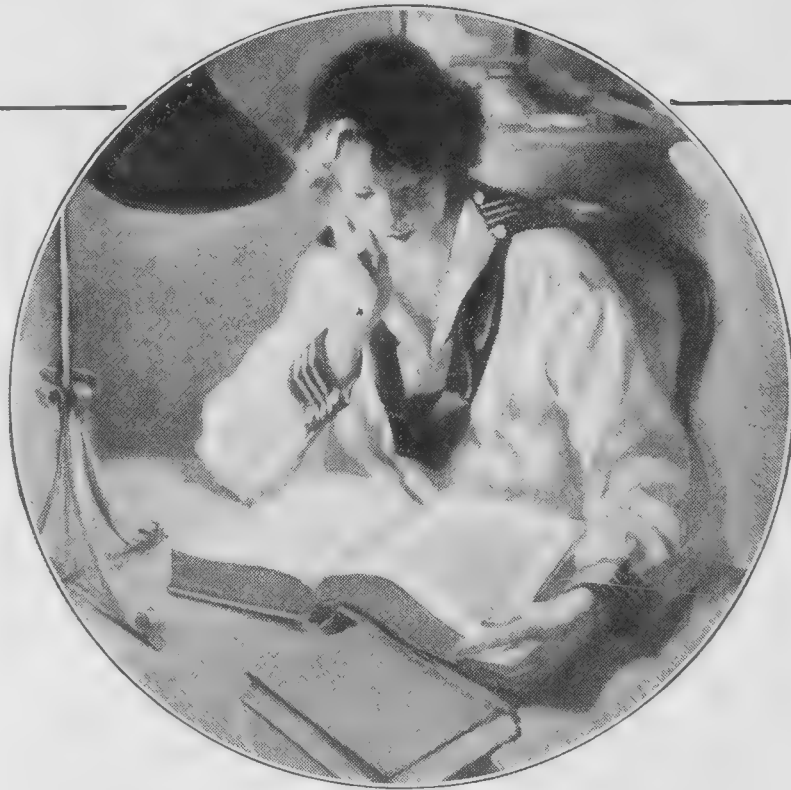
South Vancouver has affiliated with the Provincial Council of Child Welfare. The Child Welfare Committee reports some excellent and much needed social work for a family. The Home Economics Convener also gave a good report.

Strawberry Vale is running a lending library for the benefit of the community. Mrs. Porter has made some most generous gifts to the library. A Children's Masquerade Party was held, followed by a Young People's Dance.

Summerland—Mr. R. C. Palmer gave a most timely address on "Secrets of the Soil."

Surrey voted for the District Conference to be held in Vancouver. The Institute has decided to hold a small show of asters and zinnias only in the Fall.

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Painted Walls

Continued from page 57

is crumpled into a sort of roll, held in both hands against the wet paint at the top of the newly painted strip, and turned and rolled down over the wall; the uneven surface of the paper lifts off sections of the wet paint in quite uneven fashion, allowing the ground color to show through. When the wet strip has all been "crumbled," paint another section of wall and carry on the treatment.

Glazing is another very lovely painted finish, but it requires rather more skill than any of those described, and should be left pretty much to the experienced decorator. If any reader would like to have a description of the process, I'll be glad to send it by mail.

NOW a few generalities about painting walls.

In the first place, call on the manufacturer of the paint you decide to use, for any help he may be offering. Remember that these people go to a great deal of expense and trouble to put helpful literature and advice at your disposal—and that no other person so well understands their products. It may be that some particular way of preparing the wall, of using the brush or flowing the paint, of thinning or changing the shade of the paint, will make all the difference in the final result.

Certain quite general points I can cover for you here.

Walls should always be properly pared. First of all, the surface must be clean—really clean. Whilst paint is sometimes applied to old wall-paper, if it is very smooth and unbroken, more usually the paper is removed. All the paste must be thoroughly washed off—a non-alkaline soap may be used, along with hot water, if necessary; the soap must be as thoroughly removed itself.

All cracks, holes and depressions must be filled. Special fillers are frequently advised for special products—read the directions on your package for this and other advice. Plaster of paris is the usual crack-filler.

As a rule, a wall requires sizing. Walls which have not been painted before will be the better for a priming coat that contains oil enough to thoroughly penetrate the pores and give a good surface for the succeeding coats of paint. This does not apply of course where a water paint is to be used—in that case, the usual clean dry wall is made ready, and a coat of a good sizing preparation is applied; my advice is to use the size put up by the same manufacturer who made the paint. The sizing may seem an extra bit of bother

to the amateur—but really it is most worth while, as it prepares the surface to take the paint perfectly, and it removes any danger from action of free lime, which might otherwise cause spotting and fading of your lovely wall.

No advice in the matter of color will be necessary—except the famous and welcome words of the master painter: "Don't stint yourself." You can bring more real charm and freshness and beauty into your room through the use of lovely color; you can offset more defects with it (if such there be), transform more dull and uninteresting effects into bits of glowing cheerfulness, than by any other means at your command.

And finally—if you are going to do the work yourself—give yourself a chance. Don't handicap yourself and place odds against your success, by working under impossible conditions. Equip yourself with the right kind of brush for the work in hand, and let it be of good quality; then care for it properly—do not leave it to dry and harden between jobs. If you are a woman, a lighter brush than a man would use may be better, as it is less tiring. Put your paint into a convenient container. Have a stick of the right length to keep your mixture properly stirred. Collect whatever other little odds and ends that may be recommended for the particular job in hand, before you begin it.

Read the directions on your package or any pamphlet you may have concerning it—and follow them. They often contain very worth-while tips you would be a long time in discovering for yourself.

Try to rig up a practical platform from which to reach the ceiling and top wall surfaces; you never saw an experienced painter try to balance himself on a chair; a scaffold of some kind should be managed, perhaps by borrowing your neighbor's step-ladder to use with your own to support two or three planks; or perhaps a board across two fairly high small tables will give you what you need.

To coat the ceiling, begin at one corner and carry a strip, not too wide, right across the room. Then go back and paint another similar strip. If you proceed in this manner, you will always pick up the work along a wet edge and will so avoid obvious joins and overlappings.

The wall is painted on the same principle; beginning at the top a strip is carried down to the base-board; the next strip is started at the top and the same plan followed.

Waiting

By Mary Matheson

O Spring, the sweetest songs are of your singing,
And all the world waits by to hear you sing,
Your words are in the flight the birds are winging,
And in each fragrant flower-offering.

I see your lithe limbs swaying, turning, glancing,
Till I would pipe in dreamy woods alone,
Watching in shadows every move entrancing,
Your eyes so sparkling and your hair wind-blown.

So I would play your matins in the morning,
And every vesper till that morning breaks
When one dear chord I'd strike without a warning—
And hold it—trembling—till your heart awakes.

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Flapper Betty's Deceit

Continued from page 28

But Betty Dobson was young, music was bewitching, dancing with nice boys was the very essence of life, bright lights and gay young people, filmy clothes and dainties to eat were so enjoyable, and—youth was fleeting and careless. Besides, so many nice people had homes so much more pretentious than hers, and nice boys liked to think that their girls were on social equality with them.

So Betty forgot the shame of that nasty episode, although she never seemed to forget the humbleness of her own home in Ryerley Street. She fell back on the old game of playing "My Lady" with the Dobson mansion on Walmer Crescent.

Not once, but a dozen times had Howard Turville driven her to the mansion on Walmer and as many times he had picked her up from there to take her, sometimes to a show, sometimes to a first-class supper dance where they might dance all evening with each other, but more often to an orchestral concert, or a good lecture, or a musical recital, for this new boy friend of Betty's had tastes so much different from the others she had known. Yet he loved the merry times too, but he never let them occupy all his time and thoughts as so many boys and girls seemed to do.

After all, Betty really knew very little of Howard Turville, except that he had come in to browse among the books in the store, had made numerous purchases and always gone to Betty to make inquiries or to register these purchases.

Then, one day, he had given Betty two tickets for a concert, without a suggestion that he should accompany her.

Betty and her mother had gone and had enjoyed the concert thoroughly. That had just been a beginning. Friendship ripened, as youthful friendships have a habit of doing, until—well, until he and Betty had become chums and their going out together had become more often than a weekly custom.

She learned from him that he had been in South America for five whole years and that he was now at home with his uncle and aunt, who were his guardians. More than that of himself he had not told Betty, and she had not been forward enough to probe.

But now Betty was just a teeny bit afraid, for she felt she was beginning to like this big, quiet, serious boy better than any other she had ever met and in a way, too, that was different. When she was out with Howard, his pleasures seemed pretty much the pleasures she too loved, after all. The foolish flippancies, with no thought for anything but self and the momentary thrill, did not seem to attract quite so glamorously.

A thousand times she regretted her deceit with him regarding her home, and on several occasions it had been on the tip of her tongue to confess. But always she had held back. She was afraid she might fall in his esteem; afraid he might drop her gradually when he learned of the humbleness of her home and her people; afraid she would lose him altogether.

The shock of this last possibility always left her numb, and cold, and

tongue-tied, and it was the thought of him going out of her life that had apprised her of how much he had become to her; what his company, his friendship, his little courtesies and attentions really meant to her.

Often, after hurrying home alone all the way from Walmer Crescent to Ryerley Street, Betty had wiped tears of vexation from her cheeks, and sometimes in bed she had lain and sobbed, smothering her face in the pillows so that her mother would not hear her.

Then came the day that always comes, when the lie had to be met, when the deceit had to be overthrown, whether or not Betty had the courage to tackle it voluntarily.

It was winter-time. Betty was hurrying one noon hour from the shop where she always got her hot chocolate back to the Allen-Meade Department Store. Everything happened in a flash. She was crossing the street, an auto honked in her ear, she jumped back, slipped and fell, striking her head on the curb.

A crowd quickly gathered. Several autos drew alongside. Through the crowd, curious to see what had happened, pushed Howard Turville. In a moment he was beside the unconscious form of Betty—his Betty. Kneeling beside her he held up her head, speaking softly and anxiously to her. But Betty was all unconscious of it.

"Take me home. Take me home," she kept moaning in a quiet voice. "Take me home. Take me home."

Howard jumped up, to find a policeman by his side. He handed the constable his card.

"This young lady is Miss Betty Dobson, constable. She is my friend. Will you let me take her home? My car is right here. You may come also, sir, if you wish, but I'd rather you'd phone to Dr. Walter Holburn. Tell him to rush to Miss Dobson's home at 627 Ryerley Street."

The constable agreed. "You take the young lady home. I'll telephone Dr. Holburn at once."

In a moment Howard had carried her to his car and was speeding to Ryerley Street.

BETTY was reclining on the couch in the parlor of her home at Ryerley Street. She was almost well again. Her mother, solicitous, but happy to know that her girl had not been more seriously injured, had attended her hand and foot. Dr. Holburn, the most famous surgeon in the city, had been in attendance every day until he had assured himself that he was no longer needed.

The fragrant perfume of roses filled the room. Vases were filled with roses—roses—roses. They had come every day for Betty, without name or greeting, delivered by a young lady who always inquired minutely regarding Betty's progress toward recovery, but who refused to say from whom she came.

Betty was resting in a dreamy sort of quandary over these roses, when the door-bell rang and Howard Turville was ushered in by her surprised mother. Howard could hardly contain himself. He hurried forward and knelt by Betty's couch.

"My dear girl! My own darling Betty," he whispered. "You are nearly better again. How very glad and grateful I am." *Continued on page 89*




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The Pas or Le Pas?

By Kate Ellis

THE modern history of The Pas dates back to 1840, and in that year the Rev. Henry Budd, an Indian Catechist from York Factory, founded a Church of England Mission, known as Pas Mission. On his arrival he had found the place was called Le Pas de la Riviere. Later the Hudson's Bay company anglicized it into its present form, "The Pas."

The tombstone sacred to the memory of Henry Budd is still to be seen in the old cemetery near Christ Church in The Pas. He was the first Indian convert in Rupert's Land.

In 1897 a post office was established to which the name "The Pas" was given. In 1908 the Canadian Northern Railway named its station "Le Pas" and in 1911 the post office changed its name to "Le Pas." The same year the Hudson's Bay Herland was started and naturally adopted the name used by the railway and post office. However, in 1912 a deputation went to Winnipeg to obtain incorporation of the town, under the name of "The Pas!"

The meaning of "The Pas" is given by the British section of the settlers as being a contraction of the Indian word "opasquiaow" which means "water converging into a narrows with high banks and spruce trees on both sides."

The history of the place, however, goes back much further than 1840. In 1739 a French half-breed named Joseph La France had set out for Hudson's Bay from Lake Huron and finally spent the winter at The Pas. The La Verendrie brothers, sons of the famous western discoverer, had started northward and discovered Lake Manitoba, on the west side of which they founded Fort Dauphin, subsequently reached by the Saskatchewan River, established Fort Bourbon on the west side of Cedar Lake, and Fort Poskoiaic, where The Pas is today.

The Rev. E. Petoit states that during a trip up the river in 1862 on arriving at The Pas his half-breed guides exclaimed "La Riviere du Pas!" James Settee, who had lived in the country for years—and his parents before him—stated that the French-Canadian half breeds called the Saskatchewan River, La Riviere du Pas.

Today the eyes of the world are turned to The Pas. From a quiet northern frontier town famed for its Dog Derbies, it has changed overnight almost, into a bustling hustling turmoil—a place seething with excitement from dawn to dark, each train bringing fresh adventurers, until, in a few weeks, the population has more than doubled itself.

The place has gone "speculation mad," men trading claims and bartering town lots with the rapidity of a conjurer. Prices have soared in every direction. Hotels and housing accommodation are taxed to the limit. Plans are rapidly

being got underway for a town planning scheme to relieve the terrific congestion, for this phenomenal growth has given the town council food for serious thought indeed, and it will have a herculean task to take care of the extraordinary situation with which it has so suddenly been confronted.

The cause of this sudden hectic state of affairs arose, of course, from Flin Flon, some eighty miles away. From Flin Flon has come, out of the north a sudden sharp call of hidden treasure, lying for ages unsought and unknown.

Cyril Young, superintendent of development for the Canadian National Railways, in his address to the Young Men's Board of Trade recently spoke most enthusiastically of the future of the mining industry in the north. He said: "When you realize that the total ore reserves of the Sherritt-Gordon, Flin-Flon and Mandy mines far exceed \$400,000,000 and are therefore \$100,000,000 in excess of the total ore mined to date at the mining camps of Cobalt, South Lorrain and Gowganda. . . . we cannot fail to realize to the full the future of this immense new mining development north of the prairie. What this means to The Pas is impossible to estimate. The transportation problem is enough to make one gasp—the very stupendousness of the undertaking is past one's comprehension."

The opening up of the country by the Hudson's Bay Railway and all that it means to The Pas causes one's imagination to run riot. Events have been moving rapidly in the last few weeks in northern Manitoba. The proposed expenditure of \$30,000,000 definitely establishes it as a mining centre.

Three times a week, trains taxed to capacity disgorge their passengers and freight, and it must be only a matter of a short time before daily trains will be required to meet the needs of the north.

The present railway sidings at The Pas are jammed with freight-laden cars. The transportation of this vast assortment of machinery is no easy task.

Huge caterpillar tractors hauling three or four sleighs each carrying ten or twelve tons, snowmobiles for passenger use, and teams by the score, to say nothing of aeroplanes, all provide the means by which this vast stream is regulated.

The start of the railway to Flin Flon is now an accomplished fact and one can visualize the tremendous change that will be brought in the next couple of years to this part of the country.

Golden dreams are beginning to take definite shape, after years of patient waiting and much disappointment. "Natural resources" are no longer too much over-worked words for election campaign purposes—but achieve a tangible reality. Manitoba is coming into her own.



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Mary Pickford reads the palms of the 1928 Wampas Baby Stars and makes glorious predictions. This bevy of beauties was received by Mary at tea at Pickfair. Seated, left to right, Sue Carol, Lina Basquette, Mary Pickford, Lupe Velez, Flora Bramley, and Ann Cristy. Standing, left to right, Alice Day, June Collyer, Dorothy Gulliver, Gwen Lee, Molly O'Day, and Sally Eilers.

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Consider Your Feet

By Julia W. Wolfe

EVERYWHERE we go we hear: "My feet get so tired!" We all know that weary feeling. It is definite weakness needing attention.

To some small extent we are dependent on the sense of feeling in our finger-tips; these highly sensitive organs have been said to be the seat of the "sixth sense." A number of nerves terminate in an intricate network in the palms of our hands and soles of our feet. These are called "feelers."

While every other important colony of nerves has protective bone covering, the eyes and these flat surfaces are only slightly protected. The care of the eyesight is more often insisted on; but the care of these four nerve-colonies is likewise highly important. For every minute nerve-end dispatches its message to the parent branches of the spinal cord, and the message eventually reaches the brain.

That tired feeling of feet after a day's active work may be, to some extent obviated by the posture of the body. If you look at a piece of perfect statuary which shows the ideal posture of the body, you will find that the "erect" position is actually a zig-zag line. There is a slight forward bend of the head; then the shoulders are carried well back; the waist balances that line. Again, the hips are carried well back; then there is the bend of the knee. It is the non-attention to this balance that throws too much weight on the feet and calves—and which is to a great extent responsible for flat feet. There is no need to trouble about readjusting all those curves, all you have to think about—until it becomes natural—is to throw your hips out well. Every muscle, sinew and bone then assumes the normal and ideal position.

When your feet are overtired, your hands will feel limp, indisposed and moist. And when your feet are stone cold and numb from lack of exercise or from a long ride, you will notice that both warmth and the "alive" feeling will return on putting your feet in hot water.

A slight swinging of the arm is natural in walking just because of this co-operation. A walking stick or an umbrella is a good thing to carry when walking

because they aid the natural manner of walking.

All this saves the feet and consequently the hands. But some definite reconstructive attention is due to them both.

Here are a set of valuable exercises for the feet:

Sit on a chair and move the right foot round (from the ankle only); the calf should be kept still, describing a circle. Repeat movement twenty times.

Rest until all tiredness from the exercise is gone.

Describe the same circle in the opposite direction.

Do the same exercise with the left foot.

Put your feet in cold water or as warm as you can stand comfortably. After ten minutes dry them, rubbing them vigorously until soles and toes are perfectly dry. Then press the right-hand thumb firmly on the underpart of the big toe, holding it firmly in position for ten minutes. Do this with all your toes. Keep this work up for two weeks and you will find a pair of new feet on your lower limbs.

Always run cold water on your feet the last thing in your bath. It will make them strong.

In spite of the best intentions to walk correctly, many occupations are conducive to flat-feet. At the very first sign of this, a regular heel-and-toe exercise should be repeated at least twice a day. Try these:

- (a) Stand erect with heels together.
- (b) Raise yourself slowly on the toes.
- (c) Resume position (a), also slowly.

Even if you have to support yourself by your hands for some time until fully strong on your feet, this exercise is preferable to any other one we know, as regards to the effect. And—apart from any alarming symptoms of flat feet—this exercise tends toward natural high instep.

A good rest for tired feet is to stitch together some strips of "chamois" leather three inches wide so that they form a bandage. When the day's walking or standing is over, and the evening bath likewise, rub your feet with lubricant as you would your hands, and bandage them up firmly, though not tightly. Lie down for about fifteen minutes with them on.

It is daily attention your feet need. Remember that.

Flapper Betty's Deceit

Continued from page 87

And before Betty knew just how, he kissed her on the lips, while her arms found a place about his neck.

After a long, long time, Betty asked: "Howard, dear, did you send me the roses?"

"Yes, Betty."

"Did you send that wonderful Dr. Holburn?"

"Yes, Betty."

"Was it you who brought me home the day I got hurt?"

"Yes, Betty."

"Howard, can't you say anything else but 'Yes, Betty'?"

"No, Betty."

Then Betty felt the old pang of fear shoot through her, but this time it had to be out, no matter at what cost.

"Howard, how did you know I lived here?"

He paused a few moments before he spoke, then quite casually he answered, "Oh, I found that out almost as soon as I knew you could not possibly be living with the Dobsons on Walmer Crescent."

"Yet you did not quizz me about it, Howard, or try to make me feel small

over it?" said Betty, with tears in her eyes.

"And why should I have made you feel badly. I knew it was just a foolish little notion that would straighten itself out in season."

"And you care for me after all my silly deceit?"

"Care for you, Betty! I have loved you all the time."

Her head was on his shoulder. She raised it suddenly and there was a little furrow of worry on her brow.

"Say, boy, but how did you know that I could not possibly be living with the Dobsons at Walmer Crescent?"

"Well, you see, Betty, I myself happen to live at Dobson's place on Walmer. Colonel Dobson and Mrs. Dobson are my uncle and aunt, and my guardians. They haven't anybody else of their own. But isn't it nice to think, Betty, that you can live over there any time you have a mind to, from now, on?"

Betty smiled and snuggled, knowing just how nice it would be, for she dearly loved that sandstone house with the Grecian pillars on Walmer Crescent.

River Song

By Edgar A. Wood

Memories of a river,
Running through my brain;—

Caressing of the shoreland,
Soft as sunshine rain;

Gurgling 'mong the boulders—
Noisier refrain—

Then roaring through the narrows,
Flaunting a white mane.

Fading down to calmness:
Once more it is sane;

Sad sighing in an eddy,
Pulsing on again;

An even little murmur,
Happy happy strain;—

Memories of a river,
Running through my brain.

SUNSET SOAP DYES

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF READING DIRECTIONS

Please, ladies, read the Direction Sheet which is included in every package of Sunset Dyes—and read it carefully. Guessing doesn't get one anywhere. And guessing in home dyeing is apt to bring disastrous results.

The Sunset Direction Sheet is simply and clearly worded. You will have dependable and beautiful results if you read it through *before* dyeing your material.

The process of making Sunset Dyes is scientific and protected by patents; but the process of using Sunset is *simple* and *everyone* can use it.

Do not trust expensive fabrics to ordinary dyes—use Sunset and you'll be glad you did so.

Sunset is quick, clean and easy to use—dyes silk, wool, cotton, linen (and mixtures of these fibres) all in one dye bath. And the color is fast.

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BRAZIL

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Send 20c in silver or stamps for our UP-TO-DATE SPRING & SUMMER 1928 BOOK OF FASHIONS, showing color plates, and containing 500 designs of Ladies' Misses' and Children's Patterns, a CONCISE and COMPREHENSIVE ARTICLE ON DRESSMAKING, ALSO SOME POINTS FOR THE NEEDLE (illustrating 30 of the various, simple stitches) all valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

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It is easy to make the cutest wee, kiddie togs. The cutting and sewing are quitesimple, and you can trim them exquisitely with PRISCILLA Bias Fold Tape.

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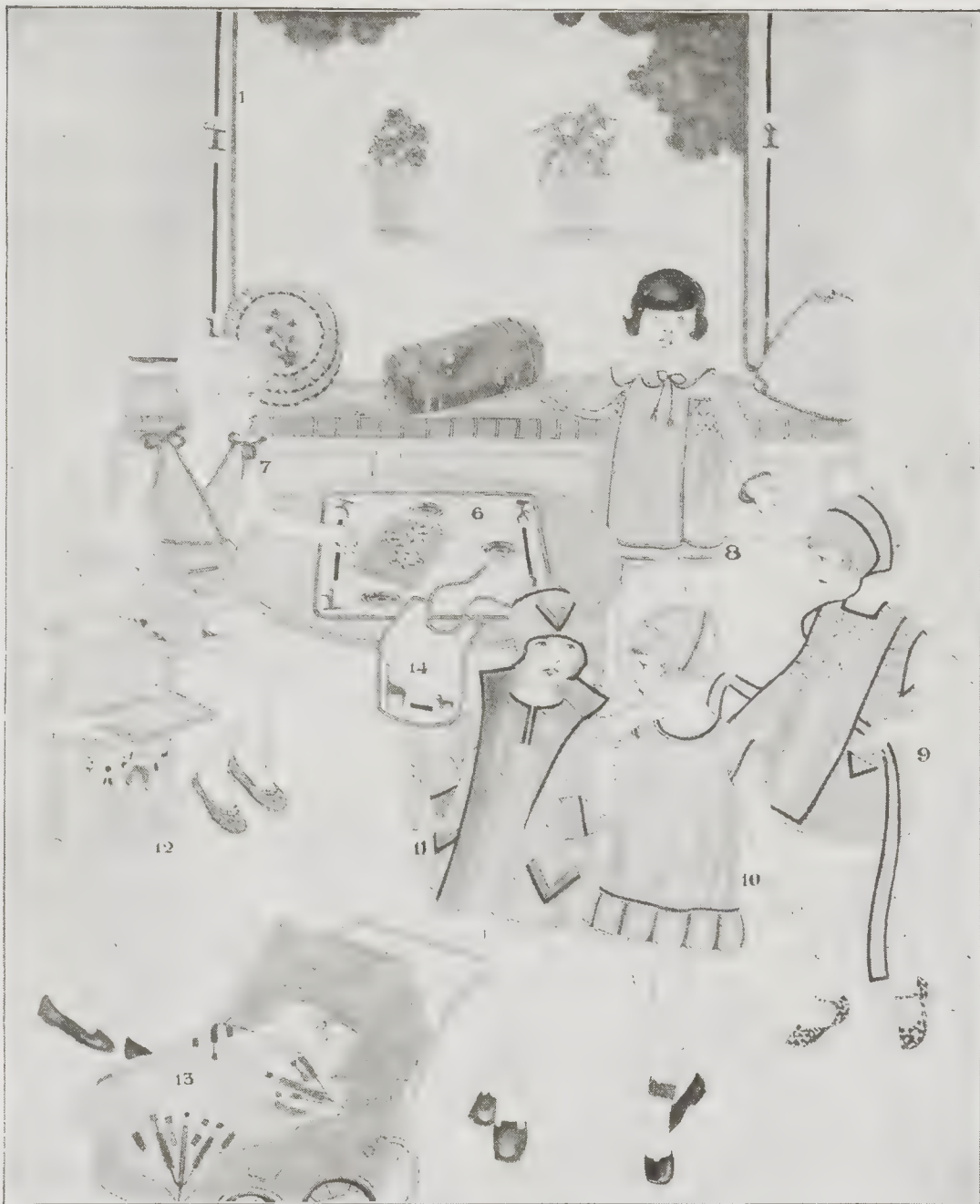
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Address _____

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY



Fashion's Newest Whim

Depicting Charming Novel Designs

THESE togs don't look a bit home-made, do they? But they are, and you, too, can make them if you wish. Who is not interested in making beautiful things to wear, articles of beauty for the home, cunning baby things, charming frocks for kiddies, indispensables for intimate wear and so on, for the list is almost unlimitable for any housewife who takes a pride in having her belongings just a little different. This little difference which means charm and chic is frequently acquired through artistic trimming. Modernistic designs with that touch of novelty for which you are always on the lookout can be obtained through the innovation of bias fold tape and mercerized nainsook tape. We believe that few mothers can resist the fascination of making little dresses similar to those shown above—any more than the youngsters themselves can resist the thrill of wearing them.

Mothers know, too, how much more individual are the little garments they make with their own hands than anything that can be bought in the stores. The nainsook tape, which can be procured in white and black, is very effective on the soft finish cotton fabrics that will be so popular in articles for summer wear this year, as it does not add stiffness or take away from the soft effect. Cushions have become such a useful

universal household decoration that it seems unnecessary to say anything about these shown in the above illustration. They may be easily varied with the use of bias fold tapes.

No. 6—A simple table cover of unbleached muslin bound with red percale tape. The cross stitched animals at the corners and the bands of blue bias tape along the sides make a gay design which will please the children.

No. 1—The unbleached muslin curtains match the table cover in design and color.

No. 14—A bib with material and decoration to match the table cover.

No. 12—A cover-all apron made from a simple waist pattern with under arm open to the waist and neck large enough to slip over the head. Rose colored chambray with a gay chintz pocket and pink bias fold tape for binding are attractive.

No. 7—A little apron made of blue chambray, and edged with dye-fast percale tape in a darker shade of blue.

No. 13—This convenient little baby blanket is made of white flannel with a simple design developed in each corner with blocks of blue bias fold tape in wash silk. Lines of blue feather stitching with pink French knots hold the tape in place and make an attractive motif. The edge of the blanket is bound with a wider tape.

No. 10—This dainty little dress is made from any simple kimono pattern with blocks bound and fagoted to match the neck and sleeves. Green organdie is used with lawn bias fold tape in a darker shade of green and fagoting stitches. The hat matches the little dress in material and decoration.

No. 8—This little smocked dress is made from a Yale blue chambray and smocked with red. The edges are bound with fine mercerized nainsook bias fold tape in black with the tape held in place with the cable stitch made with red thread.

No. 9—The dress has a separate pinafore buttoning on at the shoulders so that it will keep clean longer. The original of the picture is made of figured cotton goods in which old rose and Copenhagen blue predominate. The sash is lined with plain old rose to match the pockets and all the bindings are of Copenhagen blue bias fold tape quality or the new fast color fine mercerized nainsook. The bonnet may be worn turned back or not as one chooses.

No. 11—This little outfit consists of hat, coat and dress. The suit as pictured is made of figured cotton goods, red and black on a white ground. The bindings are of black bias fold tape. The facings are of plain red to match that color in the goods so that the hat and sleeves may be turned up as cuffs if desired.



Spirit of 1853

*"I see that Christie's Biscuits
are still their favorites."*



Moonbeams gleaming through the windows — old heirlooms — treasured memories — a delightful atmosphere of welcome and comfort that quality alone can give. And, of course, the old time favorites, Christie's Biscuits, the standard of quality since 1853.

*"By appointment to
Their Excellencies the Governor-General
and Viscountess Willingdon"*

Christie's Biscuits

The Standard of Quality Since 1853



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**MAGIC
BAKING POWDER**
Does yours?"

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CONTAINS NO ALUM

E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO-CANADA

By Gertrude Dutton

38	33-34	...	...	...	...
39	34-34	...	...	...	...
40	36-36-36	...	...	...	...
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69	135-137-138	...	...	...	...
70	136-138-140	...	...	...	...
71	138-140-142	...	...	...	...

Old Dutch



HEALTHFUL CLEANLINESS is the one thing every home should be sure of. Every cleaning operation, kitchen, bathroom, woodwork, floors, etc., needs Old Dutch.

Old Dutch contains no lye, acids or hard gritty substance injurious to the hands or surfaces.

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Anything More Distinctly Canadian
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PURITY FLOUR

"More Bread and Better Bread" and Better Pastry too.

USE IT IN
ALL YOUR
BAKING



Average Height, Weight Table for Boys

(Height Inches)	(Weight at, Years)															
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	(Weight, Pounds)		
38	34	34														
39	35	35														
40	36	36														
41	38	38	38													
42	39	39	39	39												
43	41	41	41	41												
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58	83	84	84	85	85	86	87									
59	87	88	89	89	90	90	90	90	90							
60	91	92	92	93	94	95	96									
61	95	96	97	99	100	103	106									
62	100	101	102	103	104	107	111									
63	105	106	107	108	110	113	118									
64	109	111	113	115	117	121										
65	114	117	118	120	122	127										
66	119	122	125	128	132											
67	124	128	130	134	136											
68	131	134	137	141												
69	137	139	143	146												
70	143	144	145	148												
71	148	150	151	152												
72	153	155	156													
73	157	160	162													
74	160	164	168													

We consider age at the nearest birthday, weight at the nearest pound, and height at the nearest inch. An allowance of $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 pounds is made for clothing. The weights given above are average. A child may safely vary a little from them, but a big variation should receive careful attention. And there should be a little steady gain till maturity is reached, except in cases of overweight.

Building Up the Underweight Child

AN amazing number of children are under-nourished, and surprising as it may seem, far more of them are in well-to-do than in poor homes. For this there are various reasons, aside from physical defects. Chief among them are over-tiredness, too much excitement, lack of fresh air and insufficient sleep, the spoiling of the appetite with wrong foods at any unseasonable time a child thinks he is hungry.

Every child should have a quart of milk a day, two or three vegetables, one of which should be well cooked potato, fruits, a serving of meat or meat substitute such as egg or cheese or fish, energy food as bread and cereals, preferably the whole grains, and plenty of pure water to drink.

Lack of a proper breakfast is one of the biggest factors in the cause of underweight in school children. Every child, until he reaches the teen-age needs at least ten hours of sleep. If he goes to bed early, as he should, he will be ready to get up early enough in the morning to eat an adequate breakfast, as slowly as he ought, without a feeling of undue haste. Especially must the breakfast be substantial if he has a cold lunch at school, at noon. The breakfast may be a little lighter if the substantial meal is at noon. Many schools have established the very excellent custom of serving to the children a small bottle of milk, with a straw, during the middle of the forenoon. If this is not done, it is wise to give the thin boy or girl a graham cracker, two or three arrowroot biscuits, or a sandwich to eat at recess. That light lunch should not be candy or rich cake or cookies. In the afternoon he should also have another light, easily digested meal.

A warm cooked cereal should start the day for every child. If well-cooked and carefully cooked, neither lumpy, too thick or too thin and sloppy, carefully salted, and varied from day to day, and then taken for granted that every child will eat it with no more question than that

he will wash his face, there should be no problem about getting children to eat their porridge without a fight. There are enough varieties on the market to enable one to serve a different cereal every day in the week. With a double boiler in which to cook it, there is nothing which is less trouble to cook, and there are no other foods which cost so little. Every child should be taught from babyhood to eat his cereal without sugar, then he will not tire of it. Plenty of rich milk with the cereal makes a very satisfying dish. The ready prepared cereals should be saved for very hot weather, or for supper. The addition of dried fruits such as raisins or dates a few moments before serving the hot cereal, adds pleasing variety. Some mothers make the mistake of making a child eat too large a serving of porridge, so that he is unable to eat anything else and is hungry long before noon. Toast or bread is much better for the children than any hot breads such as pancakes or muffins or hot biscuits. Older children might have a little bacon, or an egg. If it can be afforded there should be fruit for breakfast. An orange, or an apple or apple-sauce, baked apple, or stewed dried fruit. Fortunately, the use of vegetables is growing enormously. According to market reports, the amount in this country has increased ten times during the past fifteen years. We are also learning to cook them more wisely. Meats suitable for children are those which will not tax the digestive system, simple roasts, a little properly cooked steaks, boiled meat, lamb chops, chicken. Meats without rich sauces, and not fried meats.

A Quart of Milk a Day

Various nutrition experts have carried out careful experiments to learn how much lime a child must have, to build his body properly. They have learned that this is supplied by one quart a day. Certain other foods rich in lime, such as carrots, celery and spinach, do not give the same results, when used to replace part of the milk, although they have their own important places in the dietary, and should be used for their own sake, but they cannot be used instead of milk. It does not matter in what form the milk is used, whether fresh, dried, condensed, or evaporated, so far as the lime content is concerned. Neither does it matter whether the milk is used as a beverage or in a prepared food, soup, custard, pudding, junket, ice cream (made with milk), or with bread or cereal.



The under-weight child should be encouraged to take more than his quart a day.

In addition to the lime, milk is invaluable for its vitamins, in the butter fat, and its protein in the curd.

Cereals may be cooked in it instead of in water. Especially is rice good when cooked this way. There is no supper dish better than good bread broken into a bowl, and eaten with as much cold rich milk as it will absorb. For a cold night, the milk may be scalded and a little salt added.

Milk Toast

Toast stale bread, cut in cubes, and put in cereal dishes. Pour over it scalding hot milk to which has been added a little butter, salt and pepper to taste. Do not use sugar.

Cream of Vegetable Soup

Milk, 1 qt. Flour, 3-4 tb.
Butter, 2-4 tb. Salt and pepper
Vegetable pulp, 1 c.

Make a white sauce of the milk, flour, butter salt and pepper. Add the strained vegetable, or have it finely mashed. The amount of butter will depend on the richness of the milk. Part of the milk may be replaced by the vegetable juice.

Junket

Milk, 1 qt. Cold water, 1 tb.
Junket tablet, 1 Sugar, 4 tb.
Flavoring Coloring

Crush the tablet and dissolve it thoroughly in the cold water. Warm the milk to body temperature. If one has not a cooking thermometer, a good way to test the temperature is to drop a drop of the milk in the inside of the wrist, and it will feel neither warm nor cold if right heat. Dissolve the sugar in it, add the flavoring and coloring if used. Stir quickly into it the dissolved tablet, and pour at once into serving dishes, then do not move from the warm room, or disturb

in any way till set, which will only take a few minutes. Chill and serve. Fresh or preserved fruits, nuts, cream, jelly, may all be served with it. Chocolate may be mixed and cooked with the milk, which may then be cooled to lukewarm temperature, Pale pink, or green junket with whipped cream and cocoanut sprinkled over the top, set in tall sherbet glasses, is one of the prettiest and most easily digested desserts that can be given to the children.

Baked Custards

Milk, 2 c. Sugar, 4 tb. (¼ c.)
Eggs, 2 or 3 Salt, ¼ t.

Flavoring

Scald the milk, beat the eggs, slightly, using as many as wished. One egg to 1 c. of milk will not make a custard firm enough to turn out on a plate. Baking in cups requires less eggs than if it is made in a large mold. Add the sugar, salt and flavoring to the eggs, then stir in slowly, the hot milk. Put in buttered custard cups and set in a pan of hot water in a moderate oven, having the water come nearly to the top of the cups, and taking care that the water does not boil during the cooking process. Bake till a silver knife, when put into a custard, comes out clean. The custard may be covered and cooked in a steamer instead of being baked in the oven.

Rice Pudding

The possibilities of rice and tapioca and sago and bread puddings are almost unlimited. The following is one of the simplest.

Rice, ½ c. Milk, 4 c.
Eggs, 2 Sugar, ½ c.
Salt, ½ t. Vanilla, 1 t.

Carefully cook the rice in the milk in a double boiler so as not to mash it. When soft, add the beaten egg yolks mixed with the sugar and salt, and cook till

Continued on page 96

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Hospital Dietitians testify:

"Cream of Tartar Baking Powder is the most healthful"



SPECIAL diet for this one—just tempting food for that—but certainly the most healthful food for all her patients, is the hospital dietitian's daily concern.

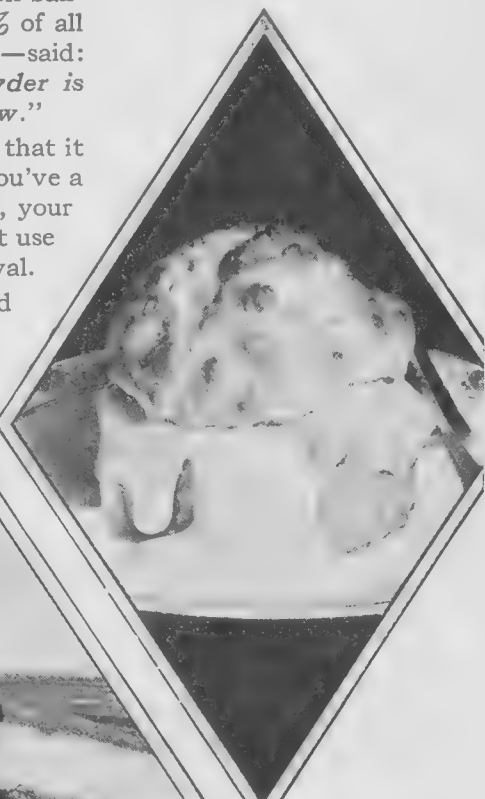
What kind of baking powder does she choose? Several hundred hospital dietitians not long ago told their views on baking powder and 406 of them—82% of all who expressed a specific opinion—said: *"Cream of Tartar Baking Powder is best from a health point of view."*

You know as well as any expert that it is best for fine cookery. When you've a family that boasts of your cakes, your muffins and hot biscuits, you won't use any other baking powder than Royal.

Royal has never failed you and you know it never will.

For 50 years it has been made always with the finest cream of tartar, which is a natural fruit product. Pure, wholesome, dependable. Royal never leaves a bitter taste.

CHICKEN SHORTCAKE—Sift together 2 cups flour, 3 tps. Royal Baking Powder and ½ tsp. salt. Add 4 tps. shortening and mix in thoroughly with steel fork. Add 1 egg and sufficient water to make soft dough (about ½ cup). Half fill greased muffin rings which have been placed on baking pan and bake in hot oven (475° F) 10 to 12 minutes. Makes 6 cakes. Split, butter and fill with hot creamed chicken or mushrooms.



The Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. Contains no alum—leaves no bitter taste.

Made in Canada

MOCHA LAYER CAKE—Beat the yolks of 4 eggs until very light; add 1 cup powdered sugar slowly, beating continually; add 1 cup pastry flour sifted with 2 tps. Royal Baking Powder; then 3 tps. cold water, ½ tsp. vanilla and 1 tbsp. mocha essence; mix well and add the stiffly beaten whites of eggs; mix batter thoroughly without beating. Bake in three greased and floured layer tins in moderate oven (325° F) about 25 minutes. **ICING**—Add 1 tbsp. mocha essence, 1½ tps. powdered sugar to ½ pint cream. Whip until stiff.

Free—a famous Cook Book. Mail this coupon.

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8 St. Lawrence Blvd., Montreal, Quebec
Please send my copy of the famous Royal Cook Book—free. Gives nearly 350 recipes of all kinds of delicious foods.

Name

Street

City Prov.



An Overweight Girl

This girl at twelve was one hundred pounds overweight. Her physical growth examination failed to disclose a single defect, nor did an X-ray examination of the sella turcica, etc., show any abnormality. Her overweight condition was due to faulty food habits. The right half of the picture shows the result of restricting her diet to about eight hundred calories per day—a loss of seventy-five pounds in thirty-two weeks. An increase in height at the same time brought her into better proportions.

A few Unsolicited Compliments

Since my marriage 18 years ago I have always used Blue Ribbon Baking Powder—found it quite satisfactory and have never tried any other brand.

Mrs. R. J. S., Oakbank, Man.

I have not used anything else but Blue Ribbon Baking Powder for a long, long time and am never without two 16-oz. cans on hand because it is so satisfactory.

Mrs. R. J., St. Vital.

I want to tell you how pleased I am with Blue Ribbon Baking Powder. I was satisfied with other materials till I used Blue Ribbon and I know now that I wasn't getting full results. My biscuits, etc., are of such delightful and fluffy lightness that I am now a booster for Blue Ribbon.

Mrs. H. B. H., Edmonton, Alta.

I have been using Blue Ribbon Baking Powder for many years and find it better than any other kind. I have tried others, but always came back to my old favorite.

Mrs. F. B., Moosehorn, Man.

Thanks to the good Blue Ribbon Baking Powder. To it I owe my success in taking the prize I did.

Mrs. J. L., Garonne, Sask.

I am a constant user of Blue Ribbon Baking Powder and have had great success with it.

Mrs. A. O. A., Elphinstone, Man.



And they are being handed to us all the time

Try It—Your Grocer Sells It

56

One of the fine things of life all of us can have

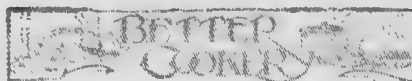
Good Tea —

Chase & Sanborn's

SEAL BRAND

Orange Pekoe

109



Continued from page 95

thick. Add the flavoring and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites as soon as it is removed from the fire. Or the hot rice and milk may be mixed with the egg and other ingredients and finished in the oven.

Spanish Cream

Gelatine, 2 tb. Sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Milk, 3 c. Eggs, 3
Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t. Vanilla, 1 t.

Scald the milk, dissolve the gelatine in it, soaking first in a little of the cold milk. Beat the egg yolks, add the sugar and the hot milk. Return to the double boiler and cook till it coats a silver spoon. Add the vanilla and fold in the beaten egg-whites. Chill and unmold when ready to serve, with cream. If preferred, the stiffly-beaten egg-whites may be folded in when the mixture begins to stiffen. In this case, the cream will be of a fluffy texture throughout. Otherwise there will be a jelly-like layer on the bottom.

Ivory Cream

Gelatine, 2 tb. Milk, 3 c.
Sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Vanilla, 1 t.
Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.

Reserve a little of the milk to soak the gelatine. Scald the milk, add the sugar, soaked gelatine and salt. When cool add the vanilla, and pour into a mold. Serve with cream. It may be colored a dainty color if wished, but would not then be "ivory."

Lemon Milk Sherbet

Milk, 4 c. Sugar, $1\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Juice of 3 lemons

Dissolve the sugar in the lemon juice. A little more sugar than the amount given may be liked by some people. Slowly stir in the milk. The curdled effect will disappear in the freezing. Freeze as any ice cream.

Buttermilk Ice Cream

Buttermilk, 4 c. Sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Egg, 1 Lemon juice, 4 tb.
Fruit juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.

The fruit juice may be any kind liked or a mixture of orange and some other juice. Beat together the beaten egg, sugar and buttermilk till like a custard. Partly freeze and add the fruit juice, and finish freezing. Remove the dasher from the freezer, pack well with ice and salt and let stand for an hour to ripen.

Lemon Sherbet II

Sugar, 3 c. Water, 4 c.
Lemon juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Egg whites, 2

Boil the sugar and water together 5 minutes to make a syrup. Cool, add the lemon juice, and partly freeze. Fold in the stiffly-beaten egg-whites and continue freezing.

Apricot Sherbet

Canned apricots, 1 qt. Boiling water, 4c.
Juice of lemons, 2 Sugar if needed

If the apricots are not very sweet, more sugar will be needed. Make a syrup of it (in any case $\frac{1}{2}$ c. at least will probably be necessary) and the water. Cool and add to the finely chopped apricots, the apricot juice and the lemon juice, and freeze.

Cottage Cheese

Sour milk, 2 qts. Salt, 1 t.
Cream to moisten

Put the sour milk in a dish set in hot water, and let stand till it separates into curds and whey. Strain through two thicknesses of cheese cloth. Put the curd in a bowl, mix well with salt and enough cream to moisten it. Use in any desired way. The whey makes a refreshing and nourishing drink if thoroughly chilled, sweetened and flavored with lemon juice.

DESSERTS THE CHILDREN MAY ENJOY

Prune Whip

To a package of orange jelly powder add a cup of prune pulp. Set the jelly in the required amount of boiling water. When it begins to thicken, beat till thick and fluffy. Fold in the stewed prunes, which have been drained, pitted and chopped. Pile in dishes and chill. Serve as it is, or with cream or with custard.

Continued on page 97



FOUR POINTS IN ONE

1. H.P. is a splendid appetiser. It creates a healthy hunger.
2. H.P. is an economy. It makes left-overs tempting.
3. H.P. is healthful. It is wholesome, and aids digestion.
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Jellied Apple

Make apple sauce, keeping the quarters of apples whole by cooking them till tender in syrup. Set a strawberry jelly powder. Put a little in the bottom of each individual mold, and a piece of apple in it. When the jelly sets add enough more of the liquid jelly to cover the quarters of apple. With an egg beater, beat the remaining jelly and put in the molds. When turned out on the serving plates, the fluffy pink layer will be on the bottom, covered with the red jelly with the apple in the center of it. Garnish with a few more pieces of apple.

Apple Jelly II

Cut firm apple sauce in cubes. Set in orange jelly powder just beginning to stiffen, and stir enough to keep the apple from sinking to the bottom. When ready to serve, cut in cubes and pile in pretty dishes.

Strawberry Snow

Cold water, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Sugar, 1 lb.
Boiling water, 1 c. Egg whites, 2

Strawberry jelly powder
Dissolve the powder and sugar in the boiling water, add the cold water. When it begins to stiffen, beat till frothy with an egg beater. Add the stiffly-beaten egg-whites, and continue to beat till it holds its shape. Pile in sherbet glasses, and chill. Serve with custard.

Lemon Custard Jelly

Make a custard of 2 c. milk, 4 tb. flour, 1 egg, and a little salt. Cool. Set a package of lemon jelly powder. As soon as it begins to thicken, stir in the custard, and mold. Use only one cup of boiling water to dissolve the jelly powder.

Banana Whip

Set a package of lemon jelly powder. When it begins to thicken, stir in 3 or 4 ripe bananas mashed. Beat till light and fluffy and pile in glasses.

Date Pudding

Milk, 2 c. Sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Eggs, 2 Vanilla, 1 t.
Cooked rice, or cream of wheat, 2 c.
Chopped dates, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Mix together all but the egg whites, put in a buttered bakedish and bake $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Make a meringue of the egg whites and 2 tb. sugar. Pile on the top of the pudding, and return to the oven to brown.

LATE WINTER VEGETABLES

Fresh fruits are scarce and expensive at this time of the year, so we must make the best possible use of all available vegetables.

Cabbage Au Gratin

Cooked cabbage White sauce
Buttered crumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Grated cheese
Have about two thirds as much sauce as cooked chopped cabbage. Arrange the cabbage and cheese in layers in a buttered bake dish, pour the sauce over it and

cover with the buttered crumbs. Put in a hot oven till the crumbs are browned.

Cabbage and Tomatoes

Boiled cabbage, 4 c. Tomato sauce, 2 c.
Bread crumbs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. Grated cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ -1 c.

Butter, 1 tb. Salt and pepper
The tomato sauce should be rather thin, and may be strained or not, as one wishes. Put alternate layers of cabbage, chopped, tomato, bread crumbs and cheese, in a buttered baking dish. On top put a layer of crumbs mixed with the melted butter. Brown in the oven.

Baked Cabbage and Cheese

From a small firm cabbage, remove the hard center and the outer leaves. Boil till tender in salted water. Drain and put in a bake dish. Separate the leaves, fill the center with cheese sauce, sprinkle with buttered crumbs and brown in the oven.

Cheese Sauce—Cook together till thick, 1 c. milk, 2 tb. flour, 1 c. grated cheese, salt and pepper to taste.

Potato and Egg Scallop

Cold cooked potatoes Hard cooked eggs
White sauce Cheese

Cut the cold boiled or baked potatoes in slices, and slice the hard boiled eggs. Put alternate layers, with white sauce, in a buttered bake dish. Sprinkle with bread crumbs, and a sprinkling of grated cheese. Brown in the oven.

Vegetable Souffle

Butter, 4 tb. Egg yolks, 3
Flour, 4 tb. Egg whites, 3
Milk, 1 c. Salt and pepper
Cooked vegetable, 1 c.

Make a white sauce of the flour, butter and milk. Add the beaten egg yolks, and the vegetable pulp, or very finely chopped vegetable, which may be any kind desired. Fold in the stiffly-beaten egg-whites, season, and put in a buttered bake dish. Cook in a slow oven till firm which will take 20-30 minutes. Spinach, carrots, mashed parsnips, corn, are all specially good.

Scalloped Turnips

Peel and slice the turnips and cook in salted water till tender. Drain and cut in cubes. Arrange in a bake dish with alternate layers of grated cheese and white sauce, cover with buttered crumbs, and brown in the oven.

Stuffed Onions

Use one large onion for each person. Peel and parboil till nearly tender. With a spoon scoop out the centers. Chop the onion from the center, add a little chopped cooked meat, bread crumbs, salt and pepper, and if the meat is very lean, a little butter or bacon fat. Fill the onion cases with the mixture, put in a casserole, add a little milk and bake till quite tender. If covered, the milk will not evaporate too much.

The Neglected Age

By Phoebe Cole

Parents should not think that because they have brought a baby safely through infancy and the dreaded second summer, that they can relax all vigilance. Child specialists and organizations like the American Child Health Association say there is much neglect of the "pre-school" child, that is, the child from two to six, when he enters school.

Many mothers are scrupulously careful about the care and feeding of a baby for its first year or two, and then, perhaps because there is another new baby in the house, the "big baby" is treated as though he were an adult, able to share the meals, the trips, the pleasures and excitements, the same hours and bedtime that the rest of the family observe. Yet when he starts to school and the school nurse or doctor examines him, he may be found to be very nervous, underweight, and in every way below par.

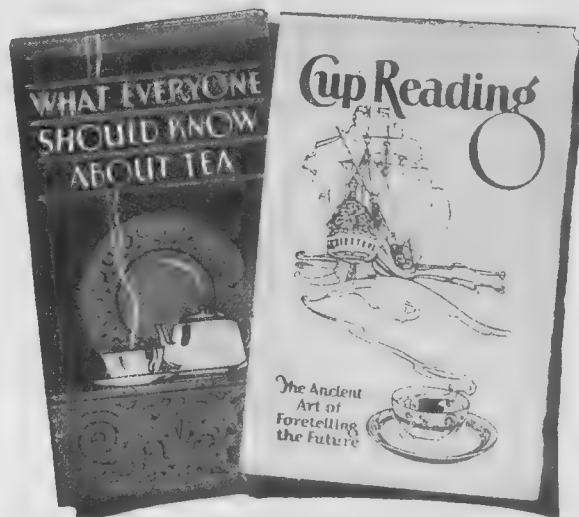
The diet of the child from two to six should be just as carefully chosen and

prepared as that of the infant, though of course he may now eat a greater variety of foods. Great building activities are going on in the little body, so his food should be chosen to supply his building without taxing his delicate digestion. Often the family meal is entirely unsuited to the little one.

In the first place, many children are not given enough milk after they are weaned from the bottle or breast. Now milk is vitally necessary for growth and health. It is very rich in calcium (lime) and so is needed for bone and tooth building. The child should have at least a pint and a half a day (three glasses) and by the time he is seven or eight this should be increased to a full quart and continued until he is twelve or thirteen, or until all his second teeth are in.

Then the orange juice that should be added to the baby's milk diet when he is two or three months old should be

Continued on page 98



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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
WINNIPEG



continued daily. This is no mere fad of the baby specialists who cater to the rich. All doctors recommend orange juice for babies, and there is a good reason. It has been definitely proved not only that the citrus fruits (oranges and lemons) contain valuable mineral salts that babies need for bone and tooth structure, but that when orange juice is included in the diet the child actually retains more of the mineral elements eaten in the other foods. It is highly important for the little body-builder that he should retain such mineral elements and incorporate them in his body building.

Every child from two to six should have well-cooked cereals once or twice a day, with milk but no sugar; toast or zwieback (never fresh bread or rolls) baked or mashed potatoes and at least one fresh green vegetable daily, a codded egg two or three times a week, nourishing soups, custards, a little meat (fish, chicken, beef or lamb but not pork in any form) stewed fruits, a little pure jelly or jam, simple sponge cake figs or cookies (never pastries or rich puddings) and such natural sweets as figs, dates, ripe bananas, raisins, apples and oranges.

Regularity and the simple life are as essential to child health as to infant welfare. The pre-school child of two to six needs plenty of rest, a nap in mid-day if he will take it, but an early bedtime in any case, not later than seven. Fresh air, direct sunshine, happy play without intense excitement, are also necessary. Avoid taking these older babies into crowds, into strange and bewildering excitements, on shopping tours where they will get too tired, and on trips that will upset the quiet serenity of their regime.

Care of the teeth should begin as soon as the first tooth is cut. By the time the child is two years old he will delight in having a tiny toothbrush and cleaning his teeth after every meal. If the first teeth are kept free from decay, the second teeth will be more sound and straight, so it is important to keep even "baby" teeth perfectly clean.

Strenuous Duties for Gotham's Only Woman Judge

IN THE ancient, historic Jefferson Market Court, New York, a woman occasionally presides over a very interesting court of law. She is Judge Jean H. Norris, able and busy jurist.

It seems almost a paradox that in this atmosphere, full of lurid criminal histories of the past, a thoroughly modern woman should be meeting out justice at the bar. The old, stern barrenness of the court-market-prison contrasts with the friendly, human note of the present. Yet the fallen and misguided are dealt with as firmly and justly as in the past.

The court in which Judge Norris presides is open 7 days a week, 365 days in the year, and besides her judicial work, the Judge is a member of a dozen clubs.

"All this requires a lot of energy," says her Honor. Although she boasts of tremendous natural vitality, sometimes the strain becomes almost too great. "In that case," she says, "I avoid indigestion and the insomnia that follows by eating Yeast in orange juice or hot water."

SIMPLE MOUTH HYGIENE

THE clean mouth is not only a distinct beauty asset, but an important health factor as well. In a recent issue of "Health Culture," in an article on "How To Look After Your Mouth," Dr. George Starr White writes as follows:

"Inasmuch as keeping the mouth clean is of great importance in keeping the alimentary canal healthy, I shall first discuss a method that I have found to be best of all for mouth hygiene. This method will not only prevent pyorrhea, but it will actually cure nine out of ten cases if the ulceration has not advanced too far. It is so simple that it is ridiculed by many, but it is never ridiculed by anyone who has tried it or seen it tried, as I have. The technique is as follows:

"In the morning as soon as you arise, take a fresh lemon and cut in two. Squeeze the juice of one half into a glass of cool water, mix it, and gargle, so as to get the solution into all parts of the mouth and

throat. Then squeeze the other half lemon into another glass of cold water, and drink it.

"Next take one half of the lemon peels, and place in it a teaspoon of cold water. Take your dry toothbrush and work it well into the pulp of the peel. Use this to brush the teeth, and do this thoroughly. After this has been done, take hold of the tongue with the fingers or with a cloth held in the fingers, and with the other hand rub the pulp side of one of the lemon peels on the upper side of the tongue, reaching as far back as possible. Rub and scrub the tongue vigorously. Then 'taste your mouth' and see how fine it is. I think that you will agree with me that your mouth never tasted so well before."

"There is a reason for every detail given. In the first place, the lemon juice in the water has a very beneficial effect upon the stomach and bowels if taken immediately upon arising. It is one of the greatest aids in overcoming constipation.

"In the second place washing the mouth and teeth with water acidulated with lemon juice is the remedy par excellence for the prevention and cure of pyorrhea. This is not theory. I have tried it so long and with so many people and have cured so many patients of this stubborn mouth disease that I can vouch for every statement made above. Loose teeth will begin to tighten, the slippery or "scummy" feeling on the teeth will soon disappear, and the teeth will become white. After using a lemon as described every morning for two or three weeks the patient will begin to see a decided change for the better in his mouth, stomach and bowels.

"For washing the teeth after meals, any good tooth powder or paste will do; the object of cleaning the teeth after meals is too remove particles of food which would otherwise decay in the mouth or between the teeth. Many patients use the pulp of a lemon several times a day, because of the pleasant feeling and taste it gives the mouth. Clear lemon juice cannot injure the teeth or mouth, so it may be used as freely as desired."

SPRINGTIME SALADS

SALADS, like flowers, have a universal language, and are understood by all nations and climes. They may serve as the relish of the meal, or the prelude, or the dessert; they may be substantial or light, but certainly in every case they are attractive and wholesome.

The good salad maker prepares her greens very carefully. The leaves should be cut apart from the centre and carefully washed. If used at once after cleansing, every piece should be carefully wiped until quite dry. If not used at once the lettuce may be put into a bag and placed near the ice where it will keep crisp and ready for use for several days.

An appetizing salad may be made by grating a little raw carrot and turnip and sprinkling the particles together with a few shreds of Spanish onion over a bed of lettuce. A very effective salad may be made by stuffing a green pepper with cream cheese, after having first removed the pepper seeds. Place on ice and when very cold slice it with a sharp knife and lay on lettuce leaves, where the green rings with their white centres are very attractive. Another salad that is simply made is the French endive salad. Place sticks of endive on the individual salad plate and by the side of these sticks place a cream cheese ball that has been rolled in minced parsley. Small tomatoes may be made into very delicious individual salads. The centre of the tomato should be carefully removed and then filling made and placed in the cavity of the tomato, and the whole served on a lettuce leaf. This filling may be made in various ways. It may consist of minced sweet peppers, or celery and onion mixed with tomato pulp or diced veal and celery, or any of a great many combinations that will occur to the expert salad maker.

Humorous, If True

A despatch from Bucharest tells about a bill that "would make Roumania as dry as the United States." A country with such a fine sense of humor is bound to get along.—New York American.

Keep the Color in Your Summer Gowns

By Julia W. Wolfe

EVERY woman likes gay summer dresses; pinks, blues, yellows and greens are usually the favorites but the "rub" is to keep the color in them.

Now, all light-colored dresses may be washed in potato or bran water; the first is made by grating four or five raw potatoes into one gallon of warm water; the second by soaking a quart of bran in a gallon of water; then straining the liquid. If the colors should happen to run a little, just a small amount of sugar of lead dissolved in the water will set them. Light blue, gray and buff linen dresses may be preserved from spotting by an ounce of black pepper being dissolved in the first water in which they are washed. Very few people know this but in Ireland, where linens are made, it has been known for ages. Black and white prints wash well in bran water to which has been added a few drops of ox-gall. The use of bran or potato water prevents the necessity of starching. They should be ironed on the wrong side with irons as cool as possible.

For setting greens and dark blues, use alum-water in the proportion of one ounce to a tub of cold soft-water. The blue color of cotton goods is fixed by green ivy leaves, bran, and soap-boiled together. Sugar of lead is excellent for fixing any color or black. The articles should be soaked for a few hours, then wrung out and carefully rinsed, as the sugar of lead is poison. Black silk stockings look better if washed in ox-gall, then rinsed in water and vinegar. An ounce of Epsom salts in a gallon of water is also good for the same purpose. Salt is also a valuable rinse, in the proportion of a handful to three gallons of water.

The French have a method of washing silk, or near-silk, in water in which some ivy-leaves have boiled for about one hour. When tepid wash the dress in it, without soap; rinse in clear water, and press while damp. For black silk this decoction must be used with a sponge and the silk must not be ironed.

This process recently was invented by a cleaner and awarded a prize. It is said to cleanse silk, woolen and cotton goods without injury either to color or texture. Grate raw potatoes over a pan of clean water to a fine pulp. Pass the liquid through a coarse sieve into another tub of clean water, and let the mixture stand until all the fine particles are precipitated. Pour the mucilaginous liquor from the settlings, and preserve for use. The articles to be cleaned should be rubbed with this liquid; then wash in clean water, dry and press. Two large potatoes are enough for a pint of water, and the coarse pulp is excellent for cleaning rugs, curtains, or other heavy articles.

Perhaps you know that one of the best renovators for silks consists of a tablespoonful of vinegar to one of water, with a few drops of ammonia, and applied with a sponge. Among other recipes for renewing old black silks are sponging with one part of wood alcohol and two parts of water; also a preparation made by steeping an old black kid glove in vinegar till

the kid is reduced to a soft pulp; then, adding a little water, sponge on both sides. For sponging black silks a piece of old black cashmere should be used; and for sponging colored silks a piece of white cashmere, or some of the same color. If cotton is used to cover the table on which you work, it will leave a white fluff all over the material.

Old silks of any color can be made fresh looking by cleaning with alcohol. Pour a pint of boiling water on a tablespoonful of it and when cool sponge with the liquid. Some clean white or very light colored silks by rubbing with slightly moistened Indian meal. Both sides of the silk should thus be treated, the material being laid flat on a clean blanket.

Ironing seems to take the "goodness" out of either black or colored silks. When a silk has been sponged, roll it, each breadth separately, on a thick towel, or roll of newspapers, and cover with a heavy cloth. This process answers the purpose of ironing.

All the delicate materials such as wool crepes, voiles, etc. may be washed as follows: Shave half a pound of white soap into one gallon of boiling water; when melted, turn into a washing-tub of lukewarm water. Stir a quart of bran into another tub of lukewarm water, and have ready a third tub of cold water. Put the articles into the first tub of water, rub gently, then squeeze out; treat them in the same way in the tub of bran-water; rinse in the clean tub; dry, then dip in very thin starch—if you wish them to have a dressing. Dry again, rinse in cold water, then dry again. Sprinkle for ironing, and roll up articles in a thick cloth for ironing. Have the irons as hot as possible.

Old-fashioned housewives use borax in washing woollens and silk-wool materials. This is excellent and should be used in the proportion of half a teaspoonful of borax to one quart of water. If you add a few drops of ox-gall better results will be obtained. Woolen and silk-wool materials, when washed, should be folded in towels while damp, and ironed with a cloth placed between them and the iron. If the material has a right and wrong side, iron on the wrong side, and be careful not to have the iron too hot, or it will produce the shiny appearance that is sure to spoil the look of mixed material.

Slate-colored, grays, drabs, and tan-colors really require different handling than other colors. Strong tea water—about four gallons to a dress—is excellent. Strain the liquid; when lukewarm, break two eggs into it; when washed, let the dress drip dry, and iron. Coffee used in the same way will retain the color of brown material nicely. Ammonia is valuable for all dark-colored materials, but not for those of violet, lavender, or French gray.

Old veils, cashmere gowns, etc., will look as good as new if you put two tablespoonfuls of copperas crystals and two of extract of logwood into four gallons of strong soapuds; when just at the boiling point, put the articles into the liquid, boil for five minutes, turning them with a stick.



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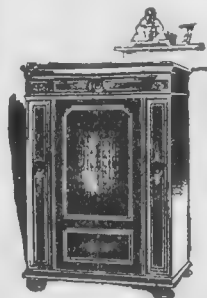
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Johann Lind

Continued from page 11

essential labor fell largely upon Johann and Helga. It was Johann who ordered Ole to the west quarter when his irritation became too marked. A fertile spot, that quarter, ideal for flax, but in its native state overrun with willows and small poplars.

"There's a chance for battle," Johann told him. "Make war on that wilderness. You'll find it'll stand up to you like a Viking. Better still, imagine you're 'laying ghosts,' in the good Nordland fashion. Out you go, Ole Boen, to conquer that meadow, for the plow."

But Ole did not take kindly to grubbing. Only now and again, when a particularly stubborn root roused the sleeping Berserk in him, did he rise in rage to heights of fancy. Then: "By dam!" he roared to the high heavens and the devils under the earth: "no bunch of scrub willow'll get the best of Ole Boen!" Nor did they.

Helga, it will be seen, had her hands full, not only in the management of the farm, but in sailing a clear course midst the idiosyncracies of her men-folk. Sometimes she lost patience utterly, let them feel the edge of her tongue with a vengeance. It was then that things really moved—as she doubtless intended they should. To appease Mama, Ole tinkered round the hen-coop! Johann demonstrated on paper how well they were getting on; and Andre promised solemnly to assume the care of her pigs. Oh, it might not be a godly practice, but a domestic storm now and again had its salutary effects.

Of a sudden, as it were, they awakened to see smoke up-circling from the low roofs of a dozen shacks in the grey distance that so short a while ago had marked the wide horizon. The Hollander was to the south of them; his box-like, tar-papered shack could be seen from their pasture. A little to the north on a wooded, semi-sandy tract was a Russian whom everyone regarded with bigoted hostility. A foreigner, if you please! A damn foreigner, said the Irishman to the right of him. A dirty Russian, agreed his friend, a cockney from nowhere in particular.

But what enheartened Helga above all else was the amazing discovery that the Bergs had actually taken land two miles east of Van Meiris. She just couldn't get over that amazing fact for weeks. The Bergs, of all people! The dear, good Bergs, who had welcomed her to their Winnipeg home when first she came, a stranger, from the Old Country!

"Nu, da," Herman smiled at her excitement, "it's best we make a road for you cross-lots to Lena Berg's," he teased her.

"Ya, well, never you mind a road, Grandpa," she came back at him joyously. "With a heart light as wings in my breast, I'd just as lief fly to my dear Lena's door."

HELGA made no secret of the delight she took in driving to the new creamery at Hawthorne every Friday with her shining cream-cans like armored knights behind her. Monotony and weariness, disillusionment and pain, faded into kind oblivion on these wonderful occasions.

Not infrequently a stubborn cow refused to give her leave of the highway, but what cared she for that. The cow, well favored or not, was worth a moment's study. Lands and cattle, these were the true wealth of men, thought Helga, and thinking so, found the one as interesting as the other. When, as happened often, she caught sight of a man bent double at his grubbing, she never failed to wish him well. "Ter-

rible work that, making land," she'd tell her old horse seriously. "Poor man—God bless him!"

But best of all, to Helga's thinking, were the cross-cuts through the farmers' fields, for then she was sure to enjoy a moment's gossip, and to see for herself how the crops were coming on. Something unexpected was sure to happen whenever one left the section line!

Such she accounted her first meeting with Vrow Van Meiris. It was on a peerless Friday, under a flawless sky, just as she turned into the trail running diagonally through Andre's quarter, that she got her first glimpse of the Dutch woman. A more distracted person Helga had rarely seen, thanks to the two fat red calves cavorting before her. Helga beamed all over her kind round face and reined in sharply.

"Nice, nice calves," said she by way of beginning.

"Neen, neen!" the other disagreed breathlessly. "Neen, huisvrow, not nice, crazy; all day, maybe run like wild! *Allemachter*—such a business!" So much confessed the little woman melted into friendly smiles, her direct grey eyes pathetically apologetic and appealing.

Helga nodded sagely. "Sure, don't I know. Calves is just like men, never no telling how they run—well, you got good cows, anyway."

A luckless remark. Gloom transcended the Dutch woman's brow: "Neen, huisvrow, neen cows yet. Some day maybe yes," and she pointed significantly to the red calves now placidly nibbling by the roadside.

Helga was incredulous, her blue eyes wide as saucers. No cow? No milk? Nothing for the coffee? On being assured that such was indeed the truth she burst out afresh: "Nu, ja, can you believe it—and my pigs turning up their noses at the good milk I throw out! Sure, that's no way to do at all. Now I tell you, you get milk with me, all you want—if it's not too far . . . You have a little boy to send—?"

Again Helga had blundered unwittingly. Her new acquaintance shook her head sadly. Neen, she had no boy, worse luck! Only a girl—a nice girl just the same.

Helga beamed relief. "Nu, that's good. A girl won't spill, like a boy, half out of the pail. Ja, that's very good, and now we're friends maybe you drink coffee with me some day?"

"Yes, yes!" The woman was all eager gratitude. "Yes—what name, huisvrow?"

"Boen—Helga Boen. And you?"

"Ach, yes, Van Meiris," Helga's new friend smiled broadly. "Gretchen Van Meiris, huisvrow." And each went on her way puzzling over the absurdity of foreign names, but happy in the kinship of hearts the world over.

ONE early morning Helga was not a little surprised to see her friend Lena Berg hurrying up the path that angled across the hay-field. It struck her as a peculiar time for a diligent housewife to be paying a visit, especially in hay-time! All a-tremor, she rushed to the door, eager as a child to fathom the mystery; hoping in her heart that nothing serious was wrong. After all it might only be Papa Berg in one of his tempers. Poor man, he was very difficult to live with.

But much to Helga's relief, her friend was far from sorrow-laden. So far, in fact, that her pale anæmic face glowed with happiness, and when she read Helga's trouble of curiosity she burst into merry laughter.

"Nu, Helga, are you seeing things? A ghost, maybe, or a follower?" Lena

Berg, be it known, had a streak of Finn in her (some went so far as to call it Lappie) that accounted for her tendency to romance. Today hers was surely a playful mood. She kissed her friend on either cheek; pinched her chin as one does a pouting child. "Don't look so lost, Fru Helga. Tish! can't a body be happy without rousing suspicion?" she giggled, her small head tipped to the side. "Oh, ho! Helga, I know what you're thinking: Simon Berg has been at it again. But no! You're wrong. Simon Berg's in the hay-field, happy as a gopher."

Helga shrugged. "Nu, then, you're smart, Lena Berg, and all that, but just the same you can't fool me. A visit this time of day, in hay-time, whoever thought of such a thing, unless for good reason?"

Lena wiped her perspiring countenance and looked about her contentedly. "How you keep the house so nice and cool is a wonder, and you with four men to cook for, now I—"

Helga banged the kettle on the stove peevishly, curiosity tormenting her: "Nu, I've told you, Lena Berg, many times, don't bake in the daytime. Come hot weather these prairies are like an oven. Now I, I always bake at night."

"Ja, you said it," smiled Lena, enjoying her friend's chagrin, "But my Simon, he holds to it night was made for sleeping. God made it light and darkness, you understand. says he, and it's all foolishness this trying to upset the Divine Order."

Helga thought a great deal of Simon in some ways. He was a good farmer, knew cattle as well as any man, but—there the admiration ended. Now she sniffed: "Simon should have lived before candles! Poof! What a man says and means is generally different!"

Lena realized things had gone far enough. "Ja, you are right, Helga—but this visit . . . Now, can you believe it, my little Eli is coming home again—and sound as a Troll!"

Helga was just a little disappointed. So much excitement for nothing! Then her motherly heart rebuked her. Eli was an only child, her mother's darling and Eli had been very delicate; so delicate it had been thought best to leave her in Winnipeg with an aunt until the new home was fairly settled. Poor Lena, no wonder she was happy!

"Lena Berg, you don't mean it? Nu, da, I see where my boys will never be at home of an evening any more. And when is the dear child coming?"

Lena bounced up in her chair like a rubber Jack-in-the-box. "Ah, that's it, Helga—that's why I'm here. She's coming Monday . . . my foolish one, she never thought to give more time and Papa so hating a rush!"

Helga understood. Simon was not the man to rush to the aid of his women-folk. Master in his house, that was Simon and, as the master, must be duly, and respectfully, consulted in all matters. Lena would not admit it, of course, but Helga knew that since Eli hadn't written to Papa, Papa would have nothing to do with bringing her home from Hawthorne.

"Ja, you're smart, Lena, with your secrets, trying to turn me grey with curiosity! But I'm smart, too; ja, a Troll was my godmother, so I'll tell you the trouble—Simon's busy with the haying and all alone, while I—ja, have a houseful of men. Sure, Lena Berg, I'll send one of the boys to Hawthorne for your Eli."

They laughed gaily enough, yet neither was deceived. While they chattered Helga set out a lunch of brown bread and doughnuts on the kitchen table, telling her visitor that of course these preparations were not on her account. Oh, no! the men would soon be in for morning coffee and in hay-time were always hungry as wolves.

True to prophecy, Ole was seen driving up to the well a few moments later and, the horses watered, he made his way to the house in slow, deliberate fashion. Catching sight of the visitor through the open window he bellowed a hearty greeting that preceded him like a royal trumpet call. Yet, in the doorway he must show welcome again: "Well, well, Lena, you're early like the birds! And it's good brings you, I hope missus, not a trouble?"

Lena smiled. "Nay, Ole Boen, it's not trouble this time—leastwise not to me," she hastened to amend, lest gratitude for service be doubted.

Helga paused in her journeying from stove to pantry. "Nu, that's a good one. Trouble? I should say not! Would you believe it, Ole, Eli is coming home and Simon too busy, poor man, to get her."

Ole opened his mouth, words of astonishment ready to his lips but, catching his wife's warning glance, shut it again and hastily busied himself at the wash-stand. His ablutions over, he found conversation easier. "Ja, so that's it? Well, it'll be no trouble for the boys to go for her, eh, Mama? Especially Andre; he never finds it amiss to get a holiday, that boy."

Now came Herman meandering from the meadow, his old face calm and grave. He, too, was pleased to see the visitor. "Nu, da, Lena Berg, you're looking well this morning. And how is the black ewe coming?"

Lena Berg lifted her hands high to indicate surprise and admiration. "Now would you!" she cried. "Such an old man to remember! And will you believe it, Herman, it's twins she dropped, that ewe!"

Herman nodded, lit his pipe, and settled himself comfortably in a corner particularly to his liking. "Ja, I told you that was a fine ewe—Ja, what else."

"But that's not all the good news," Helga hurried to advise him. "Eli is coming home on Monday, all well and strong again."

Herman drew on his pipe thoughtfully: "Little Eli—Ja, I remember . . . yellow curls, blue eyes and such a tiny mouth—like a big berry. So little Eli is coming here into the wilderness—"

Just at this moment Johann loomed up in the doorway. "What's this?" he laughed, "a pic-nic so early in the day! Well, and it's really Mrs. Berg?"

Lena Berg never got over her wonder at Johann. With ample cause to dislike the masterful in man, her heart skipped a beat none-the-less at sight of him. Such a beautiful young man—that, if you please, was her opinion—Such a beautiful young man, and so hard to understand! So now she looked at him all in a flutter, seeing with a woman's quick appraising eye the fine head on its bold brown column of throat, the broad shoulders, lean hips and splendid length of limb. Ah, he was good to look upon, that Johann, with his dark inscrutable face, flashing eyes and wonderful hands. Quick, expressive, undeniably fine, were those clever hands of his and no amount of labor seemed able to wreck their grace.

"What news?" he demanded bluntly, never being much for words.

Helga smiled and passed her foster-son the plate of sugared doughnuts. "You said it, Johann. Such news! Would you believe it, little Eli is coming home Monday, but poor Simon is too busy to go to town. You know how it is—"

Johann laughed again that curious laugh of his: "Yes, I know how it is," said he. "That being the case, of course Andre will go—I'll see that the buggy is washed to fit the grand occasion."

Ole roared with appreciative mirth. "What'd I tell you, Mama—it's Andre's holiday again. Friday it's baseball, Sunday it's church, and now

Continued on page 102



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Johann Lind

Continued from page 101

here's another fine chance to get out of the hay-field. Oh, ho! ho! He's a lucky devil that Andre, eh, Mama?"

"Nu, Ole, that's a nice way to talk of a son and him this minute slaving on his quarter. Such good land my Andre has. Lena, you should see the new flax—pretty as pretty! And such good hay, too, in the marsh."

To tell the truth, both women were greatly relieved when the men returned to the field, for then they could enjoy a last drop by themselves and gossip to their hearts' content. Later, while Helga worked a tub of butter Mrs. Berg helpfully peeled potatoes for dinner.

"You didn't meet the Dutch lady yet, did you, Lena," asked Helga suddenly. "No? Well, now, there's a nice little woman for you. Round in the face and such a good smile—like a 'saetter jente' at home. Just last week I met her myself—on the way to the creamery—and would you believe it, they haven't a single cow!"

Mrs. Berg shook her head in sympathetic dismay and Helga, delighted to have such interesting news, continued her story: "Not a drop of milk even for coffee; think of that, Lena Berg! So I said to her: 'You get milk from me, Mrs. Van Meiris, if you have a little boy to send.' No, they haven't a boy either, only a little girl—but such a dear little girl, pink and white, and with hair like buttercups. You should see her, Lena. And would you believe it, when Ole went over there to bring a little veal we 'killed' he saw they left their shoes on the doorstep—so clean they are!"

"Well, I never! And this girl, does she speak English?" Mrs. Berg wanted to know, having in mind a possible friendship for Eli.

"Ja, I should say. Such pretty English, too, that she learned in Holland. I was telling Mrs. Van Meiris that she should go to the concerts once in a while. Not always, maybe, but sometimes. The new teacher runs things so nice, I'm told."

Lena Berg sat up very straight and for one so mild, assumed a belligerent air. "That smart miss! I saw her in the store two weeks ago, and you'd think she was the queen the way she carried on."

"Well, they say she's very high up in learning," Helga ventured to excuse her. "Plays the organ, too, on Sundays and leads the choir."

"Leads the young men by the nose, you mean," interrupted Lena testily, "and fools she thinks them, with her airs and fine opinions!"

With a son dear to her heart Helga resented this. "And is she so much maybe? Her with an uncle such a miser and only a farmer like the rest. You can take it or leave it, Lena Berg, but it was Mr. Patrick himself tried to fool twenty-five dollars out of my Ole to locate us up here. A fine thing to get so proud of—and Ole locating as low as three dollars in the old days!"

Lena rocked backward and forward, in a way she had when irritated. "Well, I told you she was a smart Miss, didn't I? And all of us just roughnecks to her thinking. Not a word she had to say to me—not a word."

"She can keep her smartness," said Helga, "and much good it'll do her."

Like an inspiration a thought flashed across Lena's simple mind. Now was her opportunity to get nearer the mystery that had so long intrigued her. Assuming a guileless expression she smiled and said: "That's right, Helga, folks is mostly what blood made them—some queer, some simple—some proud as Lucifer... now, take Johann for example—" She got no further

for courage failed her. Even his name had power to baffle; so she admitted peevishly.

Helga was in a garrulous mood. Moreover, a very human vanity was aroused by this mention of Mr. Patrick's high-and-mighty daughter. The impulse was to prove that she, Helga Boen, could go him one better. She sniffed. "You said it, Lena Berg. Blood always tells. Now Johann, there's a boy could turn his nose up if he'd a mind to. Sure, why not, with a gentleman for a father, and a mother—God rest her soul—as sweet as birds in springtime!"

And that, to Lena's added chagrin, was all she learned from Helga.

ANDRE was more than willing to go for Eli on Monday. So willing, he even disdained Johann's offer to wash the buggy. Poor Prince was getting on in years but, being the first "driver" the Boen's had owned, no amount of erratic behavior dimmed his favor. So long as he didn't actually fall asleep between the shafts Helga preferred him to any other horse.

Andre, now preening before the mirror, asked: "Ma, what's this kid's name, anyway?"

Helga smiled. So! He thought to fool her, did he? As if she didn't understand what all this preening was about. "Now, Andre, that's no way to speak of a nice young lady," she reprimanded him, at the same time catching up the whisk to brush his coat properly, performing the humble service with glad heart. Satisfied at last she stepped back to feast her fond eyes upon him. "Nu, da, Andre, I tell you that little Eli will be surprised to see you."

"M-hmm—I suppose so," he answered absently, his mind elsewhere. He was thinking of the new teacher; whether he had time to drive past the schoolhouse.

Andre took a final look at himself in the cracked mirror over the washstand and, with a cheery good-bye, departed. Helga watched him from the doorway until the old buggy was lost behind the poplar bluffs that lined their bit of government road. No small thing, that, to have one's farm connect with the main highway! Then, satisfied that all was well, she returned to the problem of holiday fare.

Yes, she would make waffles; what's more, she would serve them with cream to boot! Poor Lena should enjoy herself for once. Even if Simon did his best to be cantankerous to his women when they got home, they'd have had their nice hour in her house.

Johann understood that this was no time for a mere man to clutter up the kitchen. The trace mended, he decided to do a little work on the new fence that separated his pasture from the Van Meiris land. But once outside he discovered the weather had turned terrifically hot. Too hot for strenuous labor, and since this was a time of respite—a lull twixt seasonable rushes—he flung himself down beside a coil of barb-wire, letting his beauty-loving eyes wander over the brilliant sky.

The little scudding clouds dotting the blue reminded him of Herman's sheep. He ought, perhaps, to see how the old man was faring in this burning heat.

Lord! how the sun burned into one's flesh! It was easy to drift into dreams like a child in its mother's arms. Dreams—Johann shook off the mood, leaned on an elbow and surveyed the field before him critically. Yes, it was a good crop for a first harvest; fairly high and even—not bad, he'd say!



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ALL at once this lazy calm was shattered by a high, piping, child-like voice lilting away in happy song. Johann turned round in surprise and, pleased with what he saw, hoped the little singer would not discover him and cut short her carefree frolic. He supposed the young girl skipping along so gaily was the Dutch child Helga had mentioned from time to time. Indeed, as she wound her erratic course over the green field, now bursting into song, now bobbing down to pluck a stray flower or peer at something of sudden delight, she was as natural, and graceful, as the happiest kitten.

However, she was not so young as he had thought. A girl in her 'teens, little, it is true, and with hair as yellow as a canary's wing. "Little Buttercup," Helga had aptly called her. She was singing again, face uplifted, yellow braids bobbing up and down as she skipped along. Her old-fashioned dress, ridiculously full in the skirt and green as grass, billowed about her like tropical leaves around a golden flower. Johann smiled to himself thinking how pretty the suggestion would be, carried out in wood—pretty child—but what was she singing? Something vivacious, yet as Dutch as herself—

He thought she must have caught sight of him, she stopped so abruptly short distance from the fence. But no. It was a tiger lily, gorgeously orange and black, that commanded her admiration. Ach! it was so beautiful! Should she leave it, she wondered, or pick it for her own? Head on side, she debated the question. It seemed such a pity to cut short its little life—Ach! now she saw clearer—the lily was already old; it wouldn't mind, then, to go to sleep on her bosom. Johann was equally sure of it when he saw her press the flower to her little face in sudden passionate devotion before tucking it away in the folds of her queer old dress. But, it would never do to let her stumble upon him and fly away in a fright. Johann coughed loudly, and rose to his feet. The eyes she turned on him were very wide, curiously golden and a-brim with lively interest.

"Oh, Min Heer!" she cried, breaking into radiant smiles. "Such a longness up-jumping! Ach! almost it makes me a-scare."

Funny child, how her soft hair shone in the sunlight, like amber shot with gold. Something warned him that for all her childishness this little Dutch miss had her sense of dignity.

"I was afraid of that—but you see I'm a lazy fellow and hated to get up. You seem very happy—"

"Ach! why not?" Her amazement was real. "What for you should be sad on a day like this?" Quite unabashed, she climbed up the gate and perched herself on top. "What for to think sadness with such a gayness all around?" she reiterated, indicating field and sky with a wide gesture. "Ach! you should hear the grass: Swish, swish, swish, it goes round the feet and in the wet, oh, so funny. Like this, Min Heer..." she made a smacking sound with her pretty red lips, "and I say to myself: 'Ach, Haasji, the little grasses kiss each other dry!'"

Johann's soft laughter was surely complimentary. "Haasji?" he repeated, "what's that?"

"Ach! What is it? You shouldn't know what is it? Haasji? Me!—just me," she told him gaily. Now you—" she hurried on, mischief in her face—"Haasji knows. Ach, yes, Min Heer Johann! By the bigness, and a bad eye, I know it. Sure, yes, my papa said it."

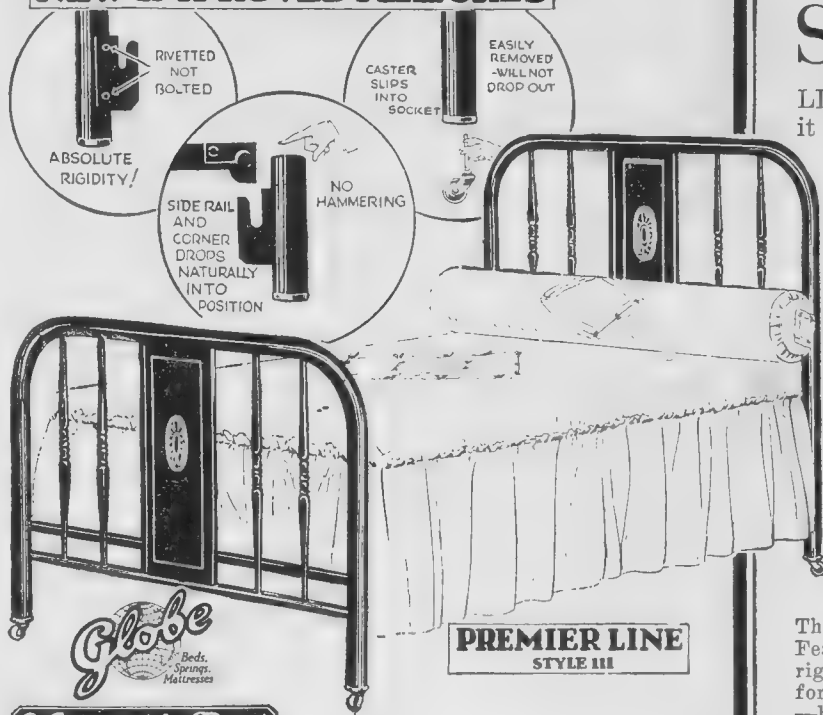
Of course they laughed at that; Haasji not a little pleased to appear so entertaining, Johann amused with her quaint mannerisms.

More often than not Johann found

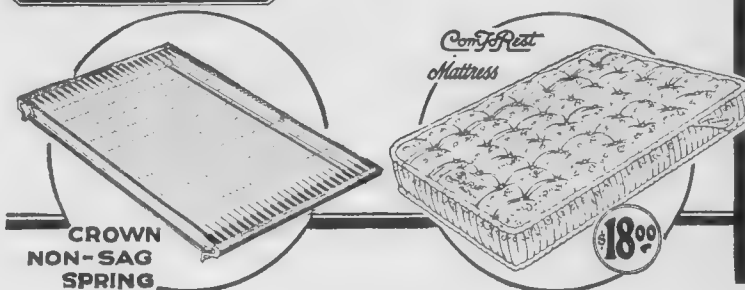
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Johann Lind

Continued from page 103

little to admire in the common run of folk. Young or old, it was always the same: their hearts were fleshy, their eyes blinded, and their ears unhearing. But this child was different; she was, somehow, the personified spirit of Nature; all gaiety and warmth on the surface; sincere as the hills at heart. Young though she was, she radiated this natural honesty as a flower exhales perfume.

She was Nature's own little Haasji, if only she were a bit older—it would be so gratifying to unburden one's heart to a Haasji grown older. But of course she was just a child . . . yet the smile he gave her was singularly charming; a lighting-up of his whole face working such magic that little Haasji's romantic heart turned over in her bosom. Ah! but he was beautiful, that Johann Lind! Oh, what she wouldn't tell her papa—

"Now Haasji," he interrupted these complimentary thoughts, "you don't mean to tell me just walking through the grass made you happy?"

"Sure not! You should know, Min Heer, how everything sings. Birds—yes, best, maybe, but the leaves, they sing too, such pretty little singing, and the bees—ah, the noisy fellows! You should hear him—buzz bum-m-m, buzz-buzz. Ah, he sings that little bee, all right, almost he makes me a-scare. And a little snake he slips away, fast, fast; and the sky he is a lake with ships on it, sailing and sailing, to the place nobody knows. Ah! I should like to get me such a pretty ships."

He nodded. He, too, had dreamed of ships and far-flung shores that only fancy knew. "Birds and bees, and sailing ships, that is fine, Haasji. But the snake—weren't you just a little bit afraid and glad to see him slip away?"

Haasji looked amazed. "That little fellow he should scare me? Neen, neen. Just a little ribbon he was, that Heer snake, and he run fast I tell you when Haasji skip by his place. Ah, you bet, a mountain he thinks is after him that little fellow."

Johann's laughter was sheer delight. "Well, I'll be darned! Believe it or not, Haasji, Van Meiris, never had I thought to hear of anyone liking a poor old snake."

"Ach, Min Heer! You're all a-muddle—Neen, I don't like him. But you should know if he's a snake he can't help it. Besides, my papa says a snake eats much rats. That's good, ain't it? For that maybe you should not hate such a poor little fellow."

Haasji assumed a very sober expression while struggling to make clear her meaning, which eager solemnity was most becoming. But Johann was not thinking of her looks; to him she was just a quaint old-world child, and if admiration colored his opinion at all it was thanks to the fearless amber-colored eyes fastened upon him so earnestly. As she talked Johann saw the shadow of troubled thought creep into them and, quick as light, give way to sparkling mischief. Her opinion stated, Haasji returned to earth.

"Ach, Min Heer!" she exclaimed, jumping down hastily, "I must run, my Mama she will be so mad. Always she says: 'Now Haasji, be quick'—ah, Min Heer Johann, you should tell me how it is always my feet start off so good and then forget?"

There was something else troubling her. For a moment she hesitated nervously, her amber eyes dark with sudden resolve: "Min Heer!" the voice was very small. Surprised he swung around from unwinding the coil of wire—"what, still here?"

She wrinkled her nose in saucy impudence. "Sure, yes—why not? Ach,

Min Heer, you should know better, to say 'still here' to the visitor; it is very rude. But me, I shall tell my papa he is very foolish . . . The bigness, that is true, but the bad eye—neen, neen! A very nice eye you got, Min Heer Johann. Queer, maybe yes . . . like the crow, but not bad. Ach, you find it funny? Well, you should take a look at him, that Heer Crow. A deep eye he's got, I tell you. Sure, yes! Good-bye, Min Heer Lind, Haasji knows the crow—he is her friend!"

Some while later Johann caught the sound of carriage wheels, and knew that Andre was bringing Eli home.

HELGA was pleased with Eli and Eli was pleased with everything and everybody. But mixed with Helga's pleasure was a tinge of pity. Little Eli—(she would always be little Eli)—was so frail and soft-looking that to think of her toiling on a farm seemed out of the question. And Simon was no man to sanction idleness. She looked at Eli's hands, so tiny and white and blue-veined, and marvelled at the tricks of Nature. Now, how could a child like that be born to a man like Simon? Herre Gud! it was all wrong—aye, though she sinned in the saying!

But today Eli was happy, and being happy, blossomed forth in a dozen pretty graces. Naturally shy, she forgot self in the kindly atmosphere of Helga's house, and found herself talking as she had never talked before. Nay, more; in all innocence she flattered Andre; hung upon his words as if they contained all wisdom, and discovered to her own amazement she could hold his attention as she had seen other girls do on similar occasions. It was very delightful, giving her strange new courage, and strange new hope as well. She had always thought of herself as slow and stupid, but it couldn't be so, for Andre was both handsome and witty . . . A stupid girl would bore him and she didn't bore him . . .

Obedient to Helga's call, Johann entered to join the feast, and little Eli leaped into frightened silence. Johann Lind! The boy Helga had raised . . . she remembered him from childhood. She remembered how he had teased her one winter when the Boens had visited Winnipeg, and how she had crept off in a corner to cry out the hurt of it. Then, next day, when those awful alley boys had caught up her tabby, it was Johann who leaped at them like an avenging fury—that day she had made him her hero. And now they were face to face once again and all she could do was blush and stammer like a stupid goose!

Johann remembered her too, but not the cat episode—a pale little thing always on the point of tears. But there was about her a sweet pliability that must forever appeal to man since it wakens a deeper consciousness of strength. So now, he felt himself wishing he could do something to make life pleasanter for this ethereal daughter of Simon. Like Helga, his first thought was pity; she had better have stayed with her aunt, this little Eli. But if Eli's shyness made her tongue-tied, Johann's equally unmanageable pride made it impossible to voice the kindness of his nature. Instead he laughed, and Eli imagined her stupidity vexed him. In a kind of desperation she forced herself to speak.

"Do you remember my cat,—Johann?" No sooner put than she could have wept at such childish stupidity. Oh, how foolish he'd think her now!

Johann certainly had no recollection

Continued on page 106

The House of Stucco

Continued from page 69

provides a sufficient decoration, but in the room where the wall surface will be broken up with furniture and pictures, a quieter and more subdued pattern is required. A design that forces itself upon your attention and yet is half hidden behind a picture, or a piece of furniture is a tantalising nuisance that destroys all sense of ease and repose. There are pictorial wall papers but these are generally used either as panels or in childrens rooms. It may be accepted as a maxim of art that wall papers should avoid perspective and modelling effects. It should be frankly wall paper, a flat plane treated as such. Universal efforts show a universal want, and beauty of effect and decoration are no more a luxury in a civilized state of society than warmth and clothing are a luxury in any state. The mind, as the body, makes everything necessary that it is capable of permanently enjoying. Decoration is one of the mind's necessities, which it gratifies by means of the eye, and in its strictest aesthetic sense it has a perfect analogy with music, which similarly gratifies the mind but by means of a different organ—the ear.

The exterior I have left until the last. It is of ivory toned stucco, a material that has gained in favor wherever it has been used. The simple sweeping roof is covered with variegated shingles in green and brown. The stucco can be applied on many keys—wood lath, metal lath or tile, or prepared concrete. It is not advisable to use a wood lath outside, but any of the others will make a permanent non cracking wall. There is a little pamphlet issued by the Master Plasterers of Winnipeg which gives some very practical information about plastering and stucco. One point on which emphasis is laid is that stucco should not go to the grade line but have a solid material, brick or stone up a certain distance to act as a buffer. The drawing shows stone courses rough picked with the hammer, not a rock face but what might be called a very rough bush hammered stone. The sills and chimney caps are of moulded concrete as well as the balustrade, and the steps and Piazza are of concrete laid out in squares.

In the electrical wiring use the best and in the kitchen have outlets for all the necessities which are provided in the electrical line. In fact, throughout the house do not stint on outlets for lights, and have the wiring so placed that the lights are always controlled ahead of you. It is impossible in the space of an article to give all the requirements of a modern home, but enough has been written to give a good suggestion of what can be done by intelligent planning.

What Shall We Grow in Our Garden?

Continued from page 66

blossoms and intermediate anterrhinums (Snapdragon) make a striking and pretty showing.

Space prevents further comment, but the combinations are almost unlimited.

LET US steadfastly purpose that this year we shall have a garden. The sentimental value on the community is incalculable—your friends and neighbors will be inspired by your example. Heaven do with us as we with torches do, Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues,

Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike As if we had them not.

Let us remember that seeds are living things as has been said: Concentrated atoms of mystery. Lifeless looking perhaps, but what wonderful possibilities if properly cared for by those who will love them for what they may become.

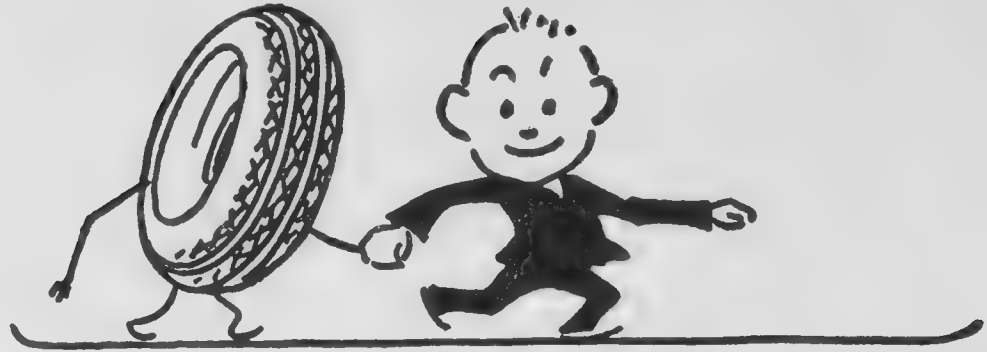
THE WRONG PLACE

Friend (at a French play): "Why did you applaud so vigorously when that comedian made his speech before the curtain?"

Spriggins (confidentially): "So that folks would think I understood French. What did he say?"

Friend: "He said that the remainder of his part would be taken by an understudy."

—Weekly Scotsman



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and Stamped Table Runner.

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Address.....

Johann Lind

Continued on page 107

of any cat, but the painful flood of red to her delicate little face was clear enough. He shrugged. "Perhaps," he smiled. "But there are so many cats—have been so many cats—you won't expect me to go into detail."

Ah, thought Eli, she was wrong again, he was not making fun of her; he was kind and comprehending and, yes—the most handsome young man she had ever seen. Relief broke in her like a great wave, and, happy once again, she retorted gaily: "Oh, of course not. In fact I don't expect you to remember it at all, but one must say something, and you saved its life, you know."

Herman, of course, was in his usual corner enjoying what went on in his philosophic way. For the first time he entered the conversation: "Nu, da, what was it you said this morning about a picnic, Helga?"

"Ja, Da, old Herman don't forget! And such luck; little Eli can meet everybody at once." Helga smiled all over her full round face at thought of it. "It's like this: just after Papa and the boys went to the field, up rides Gunner Olsen from over Hawthorne way to say there's to be a picnic Saturday. Races and refreshments and a speech by the teacher, and afterwards a dance. Sure, Lena, we should go, and go early."

"I remember how the young things went berrying at home," Herman filled in like a chorus; "that, too, was a picnic. We should go—Ja, that is well, but I was thinking of that little Dutch child. Such a bright young girl; time and again I see her working in the fields with her papa, and always singing like a lark—"

Helga's exclamation cut short his sentence. "Ja, da! You're right, Herman, she should go, that little one. Shame on me to forget her! Johann, what do you think? Ain't it best we take the wagon, then the Van Meiris can go too? I'll run over and ask them myself."

Johann had no particular leaning towards picnics; he hadn't thought of going. But he recalled the enraptured gladness of Haasji's spirited face, and decided it would be well worth while to watch her reaction at a genuine social. "There's no reason why we shouldn't go, all of us," he agreed.

"None whatever," seconded Andre, "and the wagon is a happy thought. It leaves the buggy to me. You see, Miss Eli, how the fates favor you?"

"Me?" echoed Eli in rosy confusion.

Smiling fondly, Lena laid a red knotted hand on his arm. "Sure, Andre, you come for us, and I—ja, I'll roast me a hen for the lunch, with onion stuffing. My little Eli ain't had many picnics!"

THE Van Meiris' were delighted to be invited to the picnic. Vrouw Van Meiris was very grateful to Helga for taking the trouble to give the invitation in person, and when she was gone, told Peter that even in Holland a neighbor couldn't have it done better, while Helga recounted for Herman their many excellent qualities. So bright and cheerful she'd found everything; not a speck of dust to be seen no matter how hard you tried.

When the eagerly-awaited day dawned at last Helga was further impressed with the desirability of her neighbors when she found them waiting by the section line to save the half-mile drive to their farm.

"To make the horses run for nothing is not so good, maybe," explained quiet Peter as he uncovered to greet Vrouw Boen.

Helga smiled approval as she mopped the perspiration from her tortured

Continued on page 107

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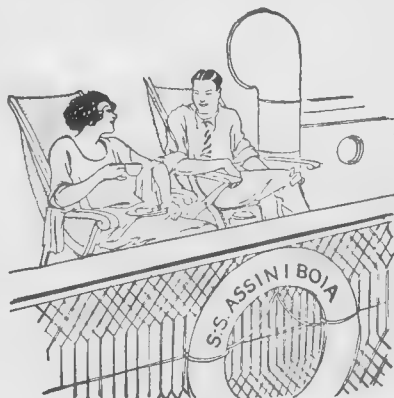
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**Canadian
Pacific**

Johann Lind

Continued from page 106

forehead. She was miserably screwed in a close-cut bodice and heavy plaid skirt. But what was comfort in the face of fashion?

"Nu, ja, Mr. Van Meiris," she nodded commendably, "that's a good thought; such a hot day will be hard enough on the horses." Then, catching sight of a huge basket half-hidden by Vrouw Van Meiris' voluminous skirts, Helga flung up her hands in feigned dismay. "Mrs. Van Meiris! Whatever could you put in such a big basket?"

For answer Vrouw Van Meiris handed it up, smiling broadly. "Take a smell, Huisvrouw. You should know him, maybe? Broodjes and wafelen?"

Aglow with excitement and enthusiasm, Haasji hastened to explain that broodjes were buns; nice hot buns with currants in them like the bakers made in Holland and Mama had made them just as good. Sure, yes, Haasji knew; she had eaten many. In Holland, mind you, nobody baked at home. Neen, neen, never! So Mama was smart, you see.

Ole caught the sweet fragrance of those mysterious wares as he put the precious basket under the wagon seat. Sure, Vrouw Van Meiris was a smart cook—you couldn't fool him. "Now, that's fine, Missus," said he. "Already I'm hungry just to look at your basket. Here, Peter, you come with me; the missus can sit in the hay with Helga."

While these bustling preparations were going on Johann sat in moody silence, staring out over the ripening fields. Haasji watched him, curiosity and childish appeal commingled in her eyes. He was very rude, she thought, to say nothing; to notice no one. Her eyes followed his over the fields to the far horizon; gold and blue, blue and gold everywhere. Ach, he was not rude, that Heer Johann, he was just dreaming.

Quick as a kitten she jumped to the hub of the wheel. "Min Heer," her voice was like a bird's warble. "Ach, Min Heer, you should be drowned maybe in a dream? Sure, yes, it is pretty—Haasji likes to see it—what you think?"

Johann would have preferred to be alone in the driver's seat withdrawn from the chatter behind him, but to dash her eager friendliness was something he hadn't the heart to do. "I don't think," he told her, smiling through half-closed eyes, "it's too troublesome. But come along, hop up."

Vrouw Van Meiris regained her sense of propriety. "Haasji," she called, "much room here, Haasji." But Haasji was deaf.

"Min Heer," she whispered, "make a big noise with the whip, the horses should jump, maybe. Ach, yes." She sighed contentedly as the greys broke into a brisk trot. "Haasji, she likes to see. In the hay, now, it's all backward you get it."

That was a trip they recalled with delight for many a day. While the women exchanged housewifely counsel and confidences in their broken English, and Haasji and Johann dreamed their dreams, Ole and Peter pulled on their pipes, watching with keenest interest the lands on either side.

"It's too bad, Peter, you haven't put in a little crop. If it's horses you want the boys can plow a stretch come fall."

Peter Van Meiris shook his head slowly. "Oats is all right, yes; but a garden I get me first. You should see him, my garden in Holland."

"No, no, Peter. Wheat, that's what you should plant. A garden and oats—nobody gets rich like that."

Peter smiled his mild, apologetic smile, but there was stubbornness in the smile, no less. "Neen? well maybe,

but this wheat it's a bad business. Risk, risk, all the time I hear it. You get rich on wheat, maybe, or you get broke. Neen, that's no good. Better to have a little every year on the oats than one year much on wheat and another year nothing."

The picnic grounds, just north of Hawthorne depot, was seething with holiday makers when the Boen party arrived. Everything was stir and laughter and the shouts of happy children; with the delightful aroma of steeping coffee and fried chicken permeating the air and tormenting the appetite.

Boys and girls ran about chattering like monkeys, their eyes bright as buttons and their voices shrill as reed whistles. It was all so very wonderful to these backwoods children, grown old in toil while still in their early teens. Tomorrow they might be up at dawn to work beyond their strength but to-day was a glorious adventure. Yes, today they might fold away despotic responsibility, slipping into the happy thing childhood ought to be. How well they succeeded, shouts and shrieks of carefree laughter testified.

The poor work-ridden mothers fared less bravely. They, too, did their best to don a holiday smile, but even here they were not free. Babies in arms or toddlers, more troublesome still, absorbed the most of them. And, as one red-faced mother would complain to another, at home they were not so bad, but a-visiting—well, it just beat patience how little Mary and Johnny could cut up!

It was not very long until the Boens and the Van Meiris' were the centre of a friendly group of Scandinavians. And that was as it should be. "A picnic, now, what good is it unless you make it a party?" Helga demanded of a short, very blond Swedish lady who, out of shyness, hesitated to join the group.

Vrouw Van Meiris was an instantaneous success. So nice and friendly said the ladies, one might have thought she were a Scandinavian. More could not be said. Vrouw Van Meiris was sublimely happy for the first time since coming to Canada. She felt at home. These smiling women round her were simple housewives like herself; full of human goodness, yet not immune to sundry petty cares—honest huisvrouws like the old friends back in Holland. Ach, yes, Vrouw Van Meiris thought—how very much they were alike, these new friends and the old.

Haasji sat beside her mother, all at once fearfully shy and ill-at-ease. She wanted to join the girls of her age in the strange games they were playing, but how to go about it was the trouble. Then, too, she saw how they eyed her from time to time as if she were a curiosity and not a girl like themselves, eager for fun and lonely for companionship. The women were taken up with preparing dinner; the men deep in agricultural speculations. Haasji might hug her misery unobserved for all of them. Then it was that Andre drove up with Eli and her mother.

To Haasji, Eli was a vision from paradise. Truth to tell, she looked for all the world like the innocent angels one sees on Christmas cards. Her pale, fragile prettiness, was brought out to best advantage by the blue silk frock Aunt Sara had given her. It matched the blue of her eyes and met like a rim of sky, the cloud whiteness of her soft young throat. Ach, such a sweet girl Haasja had never seen, or ever expected to see again. But alas for hero worship! Hard on the heels of her warm admiration came the cruel suspicion that her own clothes were

Continued on page 108



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MANITOBA

Johann Lind

Continued from page 107

dreadfully deficient. And the more she hated her own little dress the less she felt inclined to thaw to Eli's friendly overtures.

But Eli had a sweet smile, and in the end Haasji succumbed. "Let's go and join the girls," she suggested, "they're going to form an Elfin ring."

In the general excitement no one seemed to notice what became of Johann. But with the all-important meal ready, Helga suddenly thought of him. Nu, da, there was a brew for you! Where had he gone, the sly one? She grew quite agitated about it. Banqueting folks was a delight to her; the mere thought of Johann's missing her spiced cream-cake sent chills up her back. But Johann arrived at the tail end of time, as was his habit. Just as the company was sitting down round the groaning table Helga saw him coming from the poplars near the town. She pretended to be furious. What had he meant by keeping them waiting? Didn't he know that coffee spoiled standing around?

"That being so, suppose you give me the pot and let me pour it at once," was his laughing rejoinder.

"Ja, quick! bring the coffee," Ole roared hospitably. "Sure, Mama, make him work for punishment; and look, would you, how dry everyone is."

While they were eating a smart gig drove past, gleaming paint and glittered in shiny harness.

"Nu, ja," Ole growled, "that old Patrick gets smarter every day. You bet! and see what it got him, Mama, a new buggy and a fine driver."

Helga's kind face darkened. "Sure! But how did he get it, I ask you—?"

"My, what a pale-looking girl!" one of the ladies hastened to exclaim, suspecting that unpleasantness hovered near. "Is it his daughter, Mrs. Boen?"

Helga sniffed. "Sure not. Would he have a daughter, that skinflint? No, Mrs. Ness, four sons he has, all working the land for nothing. That fine young lady—" Helga's voice was as scornful as she could make it—"is his niece and the new teacher. Her pa's the doctor at Hawthorne."

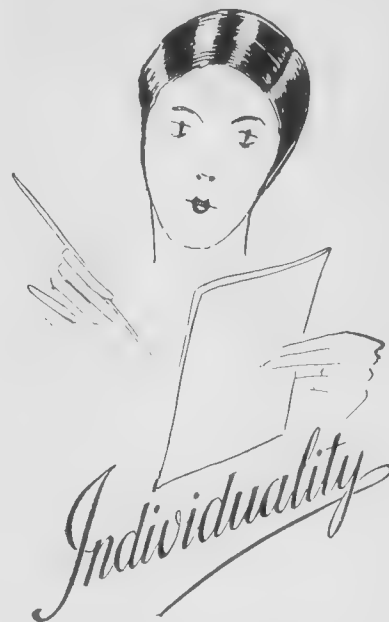
"They say his wife ran away," another lady added to the general information, "but, of course, no one dast ask him."

"Well, she may be all right to teach kids, but she don't look much for fettle." Mr. Ness spoke up, voicing the general male opinion.

But young Haasji saw Johann's eyes following the smart vehicle and, child though she was, surmised that neither paint nor fancy harness nor prancing driver had inspired the sudden glow in his dark eyes. No, Haasji knew it was the pale, slender girl, sitting so stiff and straight beside her uncle was the cause of it. And for the second time this day Haasji grew most miserable. Ach, yes, she saw now what was wrong with her. She was like a little pig—*allemachter*, yes, she was fat!

THE town hall was an animated human beehive by eight o'clock. Children of all ages scurried up and down the aisles, taking advantage of the last moments of freedom to express that exuberance which every mother secretly considers her especial cross in life. Herre Gud! one would think the little scamps had had enough of mischief; had worn themselves out by now. But no, to all appearances the children were just nicely started. Very much frayed in spirit and worn in bodies the good ladies resigned themselves to the inevitable. Let the young imps do what they would.

Continued on page 109



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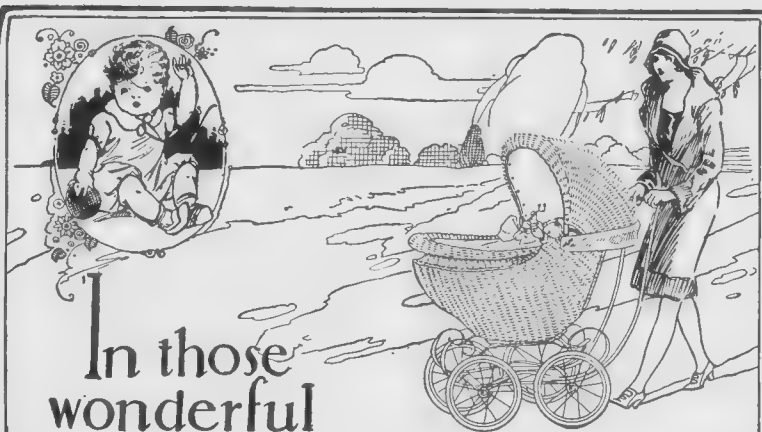
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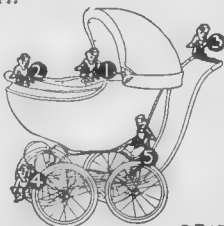
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"LISTEN IN" is a phrase used today. But—the merchant says
"IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"

An advertisement in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove this to your satisfaction.

Johann Lind

Continued from page 108

The menfolk had less difficulty in ignoring the whole thing. The more roisterous his particular progeny, the more set the father's stare; the more determined his grip upon the briar, that was all.

Eli sat beside Andre, her flower face wreathed in smiles, her blue eyes sparkling with innocent pleasure. Andre was such a boy for compliments. It made her quite dizzy, the pretty things he said. She had never heard such praise before. That, perhaps, was the reason its effect sank deeper; lingered longer. Sober little Eli didn't know that laughter has a beneficent way of dispelling sentimentality and seriousness.

From across the hall Helga and Lena watched their two children, a sweet new hope in their hearts; happiness in their eyes. "A pretty little thing, my Eli," Lena offered, nodding knowingly. "A good wife she'll make, too."

Helga smiled. "Now Andre, he's a fine boy, Lena—never doubt it."

A few benches away Vrouw Van Meiris sat with Haasji, happy and deeply grateful for a generous day. Ach, yes, she had discovered so many surprising things. People were everywhere much alike; what pleased one pleased another; what one hoped for the other dreamed to possess. Yes, all, all, alike and all so very nice—even in Canada!

At last, when a startling hush had fallen upon the stuffy hall, the chairman of the evening announced the first item on the programme: a speech on the last Chinese insurrection. He apologized profusely for having forgotten just when it had taken place but the speaker, a visiting clergyman from Winnipeg, would soon put that right.

The visiting cleric, an anæmic looking gentleman, proved himself the possessor of an amazingly deep and forceful voice. Helga was certain, and Lena agreed with her, that had the Reverend gentleman been in China no insurrection could have come to pass.

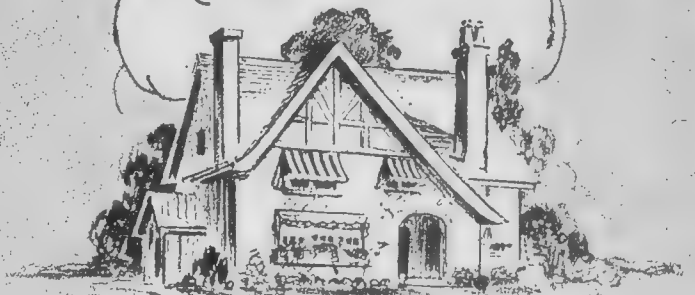
During this lengthy speech Johann stood near the doorway, his dark face inscrutable, unsmiling. But when the orator retired amidst ringing applause and admiring glances, he came and sat down by Vrouw Van Meiris. Young Haasji wished she dared change places with her. There was so much she'd like to ask Min Heer. So much she didn't understand he could interpret truthfully. But of course she must sit still. Followed now a musical number, "Bells of Dawn," played by the druggist's daughter, and a solo by Alex Wangen, the young man who worked in the general store.

Then came the much-talked-of address by Sheila Patrick. Tall and slender, straight as a sapling, she faced her audience confidently; so much dust had affected her no less. Her voice was clear and cold, and her orderly sentences dropped from her shapely lips with the steady determined drip of a leaking faucet. Between her and the curious, friendly people gathered to hear her lay a great gulf fixed; to Sheila the sea of their ignorance and inferiority; to them the pardonable arrogance of youth. But she was there to teach them, and they were there to hear.

This cold, self-possessed young lady chose for her subject the immortal Joan of Arc. In her hands the impassioned peasant maid became an intellectual monstrosity, reading too surely the evils of her age and rectifying these by aid of heavenly voices. But Sheila's audience happily was more concerned with the abilities of the new teacher

Continued on page 110

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EARN UPWARDS OF \$25 WEEKLY growing mushrooms for us in waste cellar spaces. Illustrated booklet, sent anywhere, for stamp. Dominion Mushroom Co., Toronto 3. 5-28

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STRAWBERRY PLANTS. Improved Extra Hardy Senator Dunlap. Quality guaranteed. Delivery prepaid. \$1.25 hundred. \$4.50, five hundred. \$8.00 thousand. Leonard Barkley, Dept. 932, Morrisburg, Ontario. 6-28

SHOOFLY HOUSE PLANT, beautiful, blossoms in 60 days. Flies will not stay in room where grown. Packet seeds 25c. N. Johnson, Box 485, Vernon, B.C. 5-28

MUSIC

SONGWRITERS WANTED—You write the words, we'll compose the music. Frank Peters, Box 3733, Winnipeg, Man. 5-28

Johann Lind

Continued from page 109

than the interpretation of Joan's acts and character. Joan was beyond their comprehension (as a saint should be to merit worship) but Sheila was a common mortal like themselves. Well, she was smart, that they admitted; smart enough to teach their children. That verdict reached, a mellowing wave of cheerful tolerance passed over the whole assembly. They were ready to doze through all she said, their perky young teacher, and ready to uphold her authority.

But, truth to tell, only one listener followed Sheila's clear, crisp utterance as though it were sheer music.

Throughout her speech Johann's eyes never left her and everything about her satisfied him. From her sleek brown hair to her slippered feet she symbolized everything he secretly desired: poise, beauty, charm. All those things that were an hereditary due and which an ironical destiny had denied him.

When she finished, the loud applause shocked him. He wanted to cry aloud that this was no time to stamp clumsy feet and pound raw-boned fists together. It was a solemn occasion. But Sheila showed no offence at their boisterous approval. She smiled most amiably instead and, quite satisfied with herself, passed down the aisle, leaving behind a delicate odor of wood-violets.

To Johann this seemed a further revelation of innate delicacy. She walked in beauty—all her loveliness her own.

The fiddles shrieked in mad ecstasy; the milling feet made music all their own. Recklessness was in it and gay abandon and the wild desire to escape

from the enslaving monotony if only for a night.

"That Johann Lind sure can dance! By all the saints, it reminds me of my youth," shouted old Patrick.

Sheila had never met Johann but she knew well enough to whom the flattering remarks were addressed. There could be but one Johann Lind. Not only his unconscious grace but that peculiar indefinable magnetism—something that drew the eyes and held them—singled him out from the commonplace crowd. Whether dancing or no, Johann was the subject of more than one conjecture.

Sheila had been watching him, long before her uncle spoke, standing apart cynical, amused, like an actor in the wings.

She was not averse to meeting that puzzling young man; nor was her pleasure dampened when she found herself whirling away in a waltz with him. "You dance very well," she said with amiable condescension.

"And you, not too badly," was his shocking reply.

For a moment she considered deserting him, but a bold little bundle of skirts waved at him as they swept past the coffee stand, and she changed her mind.

Later, catching Eli smiling at him, Sheila decided to lead him away into the charming safety of a starlit night. Under the stars Miss Patrick spoke little of resignation and much of certain Portuguese sonnets.

(To be continued next month...)

Greatest Cannon Collection

Continued from page 15

"Under the powerful reign of the Sultan, son of Sultan Selim. God protects power. Made by order of all powerful Enin Djajiezueah Pasha. Beginning of the month of Ramazan 985 (April, 1587). Made by Djafer, instructor at Algeria."

The finest bronze specimen comes from Wurtemberg, cast in the 16th century, and is called the "Snake." The reptile, remarkably life-like in design, is coiled around the barrel of the cannon, with its head resting on the top near the mouth. The barrel is octagonal with on each side a human figure molded in reliefs. The breech is finished like a jewel.

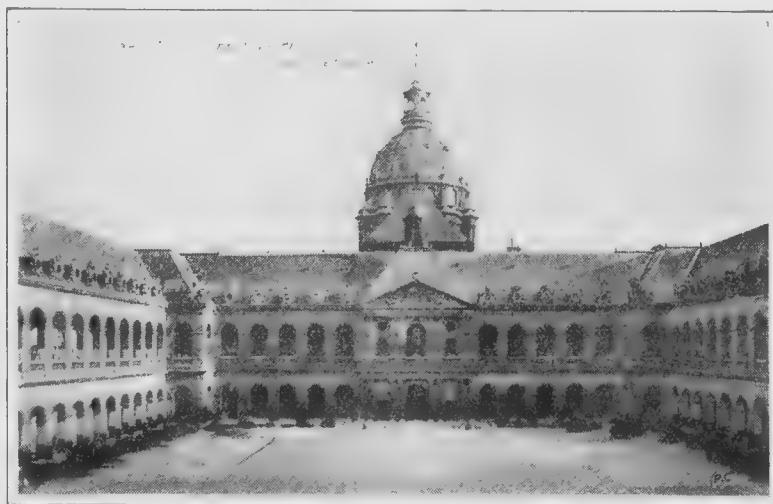
Faced with such an array of 200 historic artillery, dating from the long ago until now, every one of which has a long story of its own, the combined relating of which requiring three fat volumes, the writer of this brief review must of necessity select a few of the

most noteworthy cannon of various periods for photographing and description.

Little did those ancient Crusaders, and jolly Henri IV., dream that one day in 1927 the great guns of their different ages would line the galleries of a vast building erected by a mightier warrior by far than they, Napoleon, for his wounded men that their weapons, deemed of such dread destructiveness in their day, would be as pop-guns when compared with the artillery of modern times.

Here the collection stands at last complete for all the world to see the evolution of ordnance not in France alone but across the entire face of the globe.

It is a story indeed worthy of three fat volumes to give the pictures and the history of all the varied deadly engines of warfare that man has used from the long ago until now.



Gallery of the Museum of the Invalides, Paris, where has just been placed the greatest varied collection of cannon in the world

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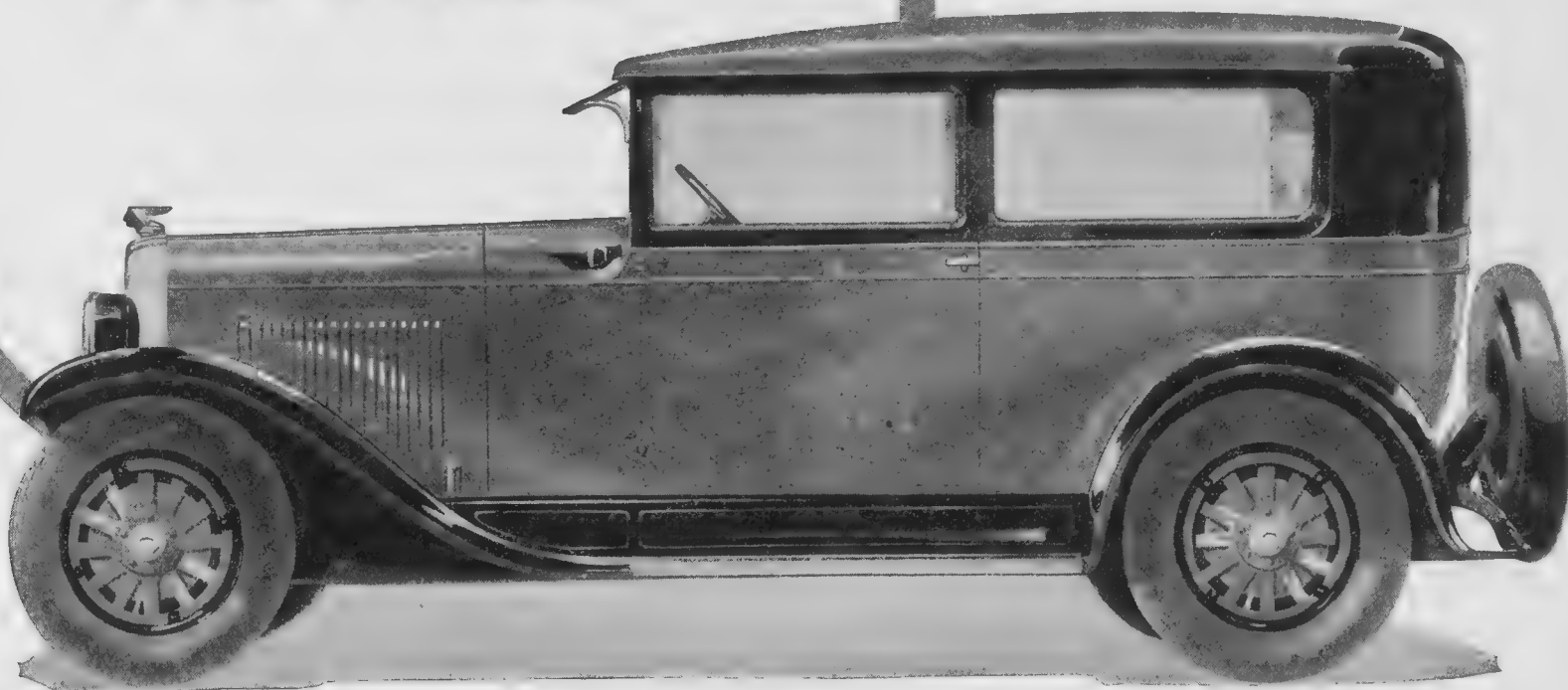
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Blowing Bubbles

By Ida M. Haliburton

Donald on a warm spring day
Sits still a-blowing bubbles.
They glow and glimmer, grow and burst,
That's Donald's smallest trouble.

But when a tramp breeze rides along
And spies a shining bubble;
He steals it for his gay balloon
That's Donald's biggest trouble.

If I Knew

If I knew the box where the smiles were
Kept,
No matter how large the key
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard,
'Twould open, I know for me;
Then over the land and sea broadcast
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them
Fast
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would gather them every one,
From nursery, school and street;
Then, finding and holding, I'd pack them
In
And turn the monster key,
And hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deep, deep sea.

A Little Chat With Bobby Burke

Dear Boys and Girls—

Summer is on her way. The hum of her insects fill the air. Like a Queen she advances in pomp over the hills, the sun above announces her coming with long rays of hot golden light, the winds blow her message warmth and sweet perfumes; the trees hear and every leaf grows larger and greener; the flowers hear, and send forth their brightest blooms, and then with the whole world throbbing with bird song and thrilling with life under and on the earth and in the sky, Summer comes to her throne.

There are such wonders and beauties in summer that often we think only of them, but there is nothing in the world that does not have its drawbacks and you know that in the train of summer there are some enemies of ours come as well as friends. There are the mosquitoes. We all know what they mean to us in misery and scratchiness, but what can we do about it? Do you know that they are beginning to fight the mosquitoes in Winnipeg? And this is how they are doing it. By draining away shallow ponds so the "wrigglers" won't breed, by covering the larger ponds with a thin layer of crude oil so that the wrigglers are killed, and already this treatment has made a great difference in the open spaces around the city. It would make a difference around your home too if you tried it. And then there are flies—there is nothing in the world more dangerous and disease spreading than flies, filthy hairy legged things that fly from garbage to food, and from the barn yard to the baby's face.

You can all help to do away with these pests, by seeing that there are no piles of old weeds left in odd corners, no great manure piles in the barnyard, no rubbishy breeding places for them around the house. Flies there will be of course, and they can be kept out of the house with wire or cotton netting, and they should be kept off all food for they are carrier of germs of

Children's Cosy Corner

CONDUCTED BY
BOBBY BURKE



"IN READING THERE
IS KNOWLEDGE"

such dreadful diseases as typhoid fever and spinal meningitis. When you are out scouting for breeding places for these pests, don't forget that old rain water barrels make splendid nurseries for young mosquitoes, and should not be left uncovered. Chloride of lime thrown on rubbishy piles will do much to prevent flies from becoming a nuisance. Remember these things and you will do much to defeat summer's enemies, and ours.

ABOUT MUSHROOMS

Do you know the most thrilling sport in the world, that is the most thrilling tame sport? Why hunting mushrooms. Is there anything as exciting as finding a mushroom patch? The white round balls pushing their way through the earth, and those that have already reached the air, how mysterious they seem, creamy on top, pink underneath where the fine soft folds show through the covering white skin. The early morning as you know is the best time to find them, for two reasons, first because they are at their best then, and second because someone else is sure to find them first if you are not up early! So up you get early in the morning and with a basket over your arm start out for the secret patch you have been watching.

Now while there is nothing in the world that is as delicious as a dish of mushrooms cooked anyway you like, there is also nothing in the world more deadly than poisonous mushrooms, and it is the fear of these deadly things that prevents people from enjoying the splendid food that grows at their door. I am going to try to tell you here how to distinguish the good from the bad mushrooms and then you may eat at least some of the many good ones without any fear.

Here are some DON'TS for you:—

Never use those that are burrowed with insects.

Never use mushrooms that are rotting.

Never gather button mushrooms as it is harder to tell the good from the bad in this stage.

NEVER (and this is the biggest never of all) use mushrooms that have swollen bases surrounded with sac like or scaly envelopes.

Never use a mushroom with milky juice unless the juice is reddish.

Never use mushrooms with caps thin in proportion to the width of the gills when

the gills are nearly all of equal length, especially if the caps are bright colored.

Never use for food tube-bearing mushrooms in which the flesh changes color when cut or broken, nor those with tubes reddish. Be very cautious with all fleshy tube-bearing mushrooms.

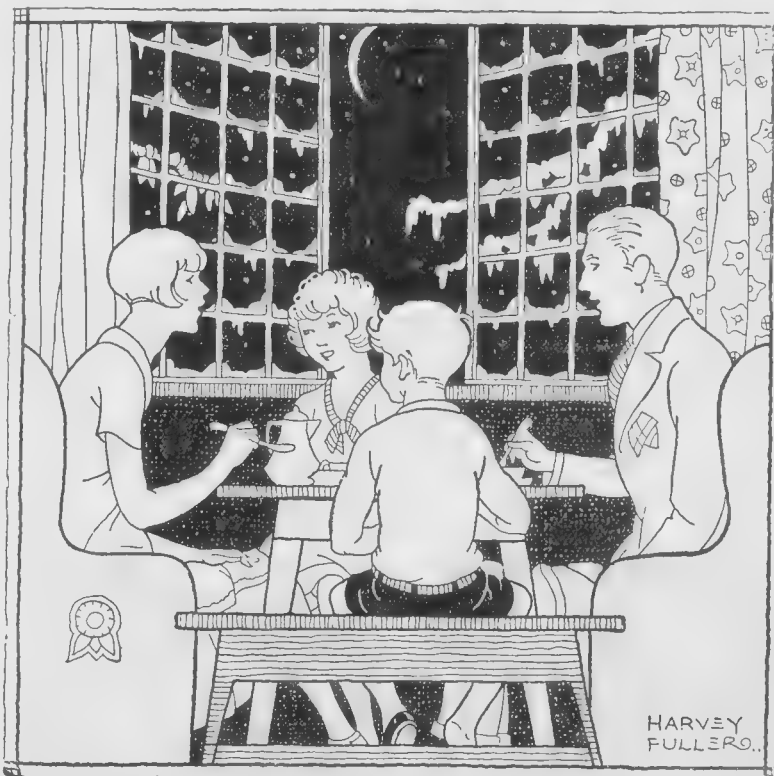
Never use for food mushrooms with a web-like ring around the upper part of the stem.

Anyone may safely use, coral mushrooms and puff balls as well as the common or field mushroom. The old test of a silver spoon turning black in poisonous mushrooms is not really of any value, but just make sure that what you have found complies with the rules above, and you may eat the mushrooms without fear. If you will write to the Department of Agriculture in Ottawa you can get a book on mushrooms that will help you to decide, with picture and description, just which of the more weird looking ones you may safely devour. Ink caps, with their long tops and black gills are quite good to eat although you might not think so to look at them, and even the wonderful rose fungus that grows in the woods is good for food; the fairy ring mushrooms are good too, so you see you may be able to fill your basket quite quickly. Of course the best of all are the big fat creamy ones that push their way through the lawn or the pasture grass, they are the real thing to eat for breakfast.

I hope this little talk will lead all the cornerites to be students of mushrooms, and then you may safely enjoy them without fear.

What Is the Matter With This Picture

Well in the opinion of many of the Cosy Cornerites there were many many things the matter, but really there were in all fifteen mistakes, and one lucky person found them all. To be sure she found sixteen others that the artist didn't intend to be there, but perhaps they were put in "to make it hard," anyway Mildred V. Erickson of Maryfield, Sask. was the sharp-eyed Cornerite to find the mistakes and win for herself a lovely gold button brooch. Five others, Myrtle Augusta Larsen of Fusilier, Sask.; Rita Huston of Puffer, Alta.; Betty Stanton of Grande Ligne, P.Q.; Thelma Davidson of Shawinigan Lake, B.C., and Evelyn Reimer of 319 Ave. J, Saskatoon; each had fourteen right, so they will also be the proud possessors of gold buttons.



WHAT IS WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

There are from fifteen to twenty mistakes in this picture and a gold button will be awarded to the first two who find the greatest number of mistakes

Honorable mention to those who had thirteen correct, goes to Annette Evasin, Redwater, Alta.; Agnes Davidson, Walpole; Raymond Jessee, Bashaw, Alta.; Byron Elsley, Saskatoon; Frances Giroux, Minaki; Clifford Westawa, Strathclair; Beatrice Knight, Oakner, Man.; Alma Butt, Arcola, Sask.; Marion Coleman, Unity, Sask.; Gwen Coxall, Regina; Muriel Badrock, Biggar, Sask.; Mary Coupland, Ladysmith, B.C.; Orma Thompson, Oyama, B.C.; Janey McLean, Brookdale, Man.; Glen Kirby, Douglas; Gladys Knight, Invermay, Sask.; Alma Anderson, Oakner, Man.; Arthur Robinson, Souris, Man. Thirty three Cornerites found over twelve mistakes; forty found eleven and fifty four found ten, and ever so many found less than ten mistakes, so you see how many of you were interested in this competition. The mistakes were:—

Boy has cap on.

Vase too small at bottom to stand up.

Word "cat" misspelled.

Stem of apple at wrong end in sketch above blackboard.

Addition, subtraction and division problems wrong on blackboard.

Three-quarters of boy's hair black, the rest white.

Word "ocean" misspelled.

Word "America" misspelled.

Apple on desk shaped like pumpkin.

Words "N. America" on wrong country.

Boy has half bow tie and half long.

Teacher has only four fingers.

There are no handles on desk drawers.

Teacher has pocket in back of her sweater.

Teachers do not use nails for hairpins.

SOMETHING RECEIVED

A letter by Gertrude Mable Shannon of Dinsmore, Sask., whose only sister is away training to be a nurse—Gertrude would like to get letters from the Cornerites as she is lonely out in Saskatchewan. She has a bicycle though and in the nice weather has a good time. (You win buttons Gertrude by trying the competitions in this page.)

Irene Wood of Sheho, Sask. writes us a letter when she sends in her answers to "What is Wrong with this Picture?" Irene says they have seven little lambs, two large cats and three bantams, so she has plenty of pets.

Orma Thompson of Oyama, B.C. is the lucky possessor of four brothers, one of whom is going to Normal School in Victoria. She also has one sister. Orma is a guide, and is in grade four at school. She would like to hear from other members of the Corner.

Alma Butt of Arcola is an old friend of ours who was ill this winter but is better again.

Several would-be young poets sent us in Spring Poems, but I don't really think you would be very proud of them if you saw them in print, so we'll wait until you can do a little better.

Ella Debock of Seba Beach, Alta. would like to hear from Cornerites. She wrote some time ago but her letter was mislaid. I am sorry Ella.

Hilda Sregel of Fuseland, Sask., wrote us a little story when she was sick in bed with a sore cheek, but her letter too was mislaid in a drawer.

A nice little note from Edith Werner of 2026 Cornwall St., Vancouver, B.C. She encloses some verses written by herself which she gave over the radio one night. Edith is twelve years old and trying for High School.

A gold button goes to Elisabeth Henstridge of Millmay Park P.O., Sask., for her verses on May.

May Has Come!

There are bluebells in the woodlands.
And cowslips in the grass,
The birds are singing gaily
And fly so swiftly past
For May has come!

The sheep out in the meadow
With their little lambs at play,
Through sunshine and shadow,
They pass the day away;
For May has come!

Elisabeth Henstridge

Ye Editor's Proud Challenge

A scientist writes in one of the magazines that the children of today can spell better than their fathers. Well, then, why don't they?—Stratford Beacon-Herald.

LITTLE Roly the Frog set out for a walk, his father's silk hat on his head and his best walking stick under his arm. Of course, his father didn't know that he had on his silk hat or was carrying his best walking stick under his arm, or he would probably have left his work in a great hurry and taken Roly to the spot behind the barn where the switches grew.

And if he had known that his very best handkerchief was sticking up from the pocket where Roly kept his marbles and fishing things—well, I don't think one switch would have done at all. It would have taken a whole bushfull.

Roly was on his way to see Poly, and Poly was Roly's best girl. Poly liked boys who wore nice clothes, because Roly

ROLY THE FROG

By Helen Creighton

"Yes indeed," said Roly, "I peeked through a window and saw a woman making the loveliest bonnets. And little brown squirrel, there was one there that would look lovely on you, it was such a beautiful goldy brown."

"Would it?" said the little brown squirrel, and she ran inside for her parasol and started away before even giving Roly a chance to tell her where he had seen it.

his hand in his trousers pocket where only a few bits of string and a pencil were, for of course he had no money left at all.

"Oh come on," said Poly teasing him, and then, because she was a nice little girl frog, she guessed that he hadn't any money and said: "All right then, let's play Run Sheep, Run." Roly thought that an ever so much better idea, so they called out all the other little frog children and soon had a good game started.

But though they all thought that Roly looked very handsome, and though they all wished that they had a tall silk hat and a walking stick and yellow chamois gloves, they could not help every once in a while throwing a little pebble to see if they could knock Roly's silk hat off. And they found that such fun that they kept doing it all afternoon until soon there was very little left of it but a lot of holes.

Soon, however, the children tired of playing Run Sheep, Run, and decided that they would like to swim across the lake and play on the other side. And they saw some of their freinds on the other side having a picnic with lots of delicious little bugs to eat, and the other frogs saw them and called to them to come over.

So of course the frogs waited no longer, but jumped into the water and swam across. And Roly looked at Poly and Poly looked at her pretty pink dress and at Roly's silk hat, and they wondered what they were going to do.

"I'll tell you what Poly," said Roly, "you sit on my walking-stick and I'll hold you up out of the water."

"All right," said Poly, jumping about in delight, "and I'll hold your silk hat and gloves up above my head."

So Roly took his gloves and put them inside his hat, and Poly sat on the walking-stick and Roly tried to keep her out of the water. But by the time they reached the other side Poly's nice fresh dress was pretty rumpled.

And—as soon as the hat was dry—they walked away.

had once heard her say so, and though she didn't mind playing in the mud herself when it was its very muddiest, she usually spent seven minutes every day washing her clothes so that she always looked neat and clean.

"Hum," said Roly as he walked along, "I look pretty fine all right, but there is one thing that I haven't got. And what is the one thing that I haven't got? Why, gloves of course. Fancy a well-dressed man without gloves!" So he put his hand in his trousers pocket and pulled out thirty cents of frog money which he had made that morning catching insects for a frog party. And Roly decided to take this at once to buy himself some gloves.

"It isn't very far to the haberdashers," he said, "but I can't go into the Frog Village looking like this. I know what I'll do. I'll hide my hat and stick in the bushes, and then I can come back for them in a jiffy."

So Roly hid his hat and stick and ran swiftly to the village. The gloves were five cents more than he had intended to pay, so he left his biggest marble with the shopkeeper until he could make the extra money. Then running back to the bushes he began to look for his hat and stick, but he was not sure in which bush he had left them.

"I am sure it was this one," he said over and over again as he looked about here and there, but it didn't matter in which bush he looked, no silk hat could he see.

"And oh, won't I get a wolloping if I lose it," he thought. "What my dad won't say to me!" and he dug his toe into the mud and took all the shine off his best Sunday shoes when he heard a noise that sounded very much like a chuckle from a tree overhead.

Looking up he saw a little brown squirrel with her head cocked on one side. "Lose something?" she asked in a very sweet voice.

"Yes," said Roly, knowing at once that the squirrel had taken his things away. "Please Squirrel where did you put them?" "Where did I put them?" said the squirrel. "And what are them anyhow?"

"You know," said Roly trying not to get angry. "Come on little brown squirrel, give me my hat and gloves," and then as he saw that she had no intention of doing anything of the sort he looked around for something to take her mind away.

And then he had a bright idea. It was the silk hat that made him think of it, for he saw it sticking out of a hole in the tree. But he knew that he, a frog, could never get it while the brown squirrel was there to keep it from him, so that was why he got his idea. So he said, "You know, I've just been in town shopping."

"Oh have you?" said the brown squirrel who loved anything new to wear. "Did you see anything pretty?"

So then he went to the hole in the tree and pulled out his father's silk hat and stick, and though the hat was a bit rumpled he smoothed it down quite easily with a little muddy water.

Then putting on his gloves he strutted forward, feeling so proud of all his gorgeous clothes that he stuck his chest out as far as he could and all the buttons suddenly burst off and went rolling into the ditch.

"Not so good," said Roly picking them up and sticking them on again with spruce gum. "I'll have to walk pretty carefully now all afternoon, and that's what I'd call a nuisance."

Soon, however, he came to a lovely clear pool of water just below a lumber mill.

So he put up one foot and looked at it and then he put up the other, and then he leaned over again to have one more look at his father's silk hat. But he forgot that it was water that he was looking into and not a looking-glass and he leaned over too far. And he had just lost his balance and was tumbling in when something caught hold of his coat tails which pulled all his spruce-gum-stuck buttons off again, but just saved him from a wetting in the nick of time.

Turning he saw Poly standing behind him, and then what a fix he was in, for Poly looked lovely and Roly knew that she was expecting him to say so. But there was his father's silk hat floating away down the stream, and Roly looked from Poly to the hat and from the hat to Poly so many times that his head grew dizzy and Poly laughed.

"Come Roly," she said, "we must get it."

But just then a weasel popped up from the stream and seeing the hat put it on his left ear and swam with it to Roly.

While the hat was drying Roly and Poly sat and chatted, and all the little beetle and toad children joined them and chatted too. And as soon as the hat was dry Roly smoothed it out as best he could, and then taking Poly's arm in most grown-up-gentlemanly fashion they walked away.

They had not gone very far before they met the little brown squirrel who had gone to town and come back with a lovely new bonnet on her head. And the poor little brown squirrel was chattering to herself because she didn't know which to show—her parasol which was quite new, or her hat which was very new. Roly and Poly thought this so amusing that they hid behind a tree till she passed by.

"Roly," said Poly then, "let's you and me go into town to see a picture."

"Wh—what's that?" said Roly feeling very uncomfortable indeed. "A picture did you say? Oh no, no, I don't think we'd better somehow today," and he put

make himself, and just as he thought that he could stand it no longer Poly slipped a nice plate of supper in beside him and for a time he gobbled away to his heart's content.

Then for a moment his heart stopped beating and he thought that it would never go again. For from the very place where he had been sitting came his father's voice and he was laughing so hard that Roly peeked out to see what the awfully funny thing was. And then he saw the awfully funny thing he grew so faint that even the ants got frightened, for it was his father's best silk hat that he was laughing at, and his father was holding it up in his hand.

"Look," he said, "whose fine silk hat is this?" and Roly wondered if his father guessed that it was his. But nobody gave Roly away because they were all much too fond of him to tell tales, and then his father did an awful thing. He took a stick and poked it right through the hat. And then he sat on it and squashed it, and when he was all through with it and had laughed at the funny looking sight that it was he tossed it to one side, and it fell right at Roly's feet. And soon after this he left.

Shaking all over Roly came out from his hiding-place and the children all giggled and the older frogs smiled behind their cups. So Roly gave Poly a wink and they said good-night very politely to the kind people who had invited them over, and then he put Poly on his walking-stick and she held his yellow gloves, and they got halfway across the lake when Poly caught sight of her rumpled dress in the smooth surface of the water. And so awfully untidy did she look that she leaned over to get a better look, lost her balance and fell into the water, and the walking-stick hit a rock and broke in two.

Then the two little wet frogs scrambled to the shore and looked at one another in a strange way. And just then they heard a noise above them, and there sat the little brown squirrel trying on first her bonnet and then her parasol. So Roly looked at Poly again and they both laughed and wondered if they had looked as foolish as the little brown squirrel.



And oh what muddy games the children played that afternoon, and how Roly longed to join them! And so did Poly, though it was very nice to hear people say, "How awfully nice you look today Poly," or "What a lovely girl Poly is and what a handsome boy Roly is," but they had to admit that it all grew very tiresome and it was not much fun trying to be grown-up all afternoon.

But just as they got seated at the table to eat a lovely supper (which is one thing that grown-up people and little children may do no matter what clothes they have on), Roly heard a very cheerful voice saying, "Yes, yes, my son Roly is a very fine boy."

"Father!" said Roly, his big eyes very wide as he looked at Poly. Then waiting to hear no more he jumped beneath a toadstool and hid there in fear and trembling.

"Ha ha!" cried a naughty little black ant, nibbling his fat little leg. "Ha ha! Had to run eh?" and then some more ants came and nibbled his nose and played scooter down his hubbly back, and Roly was very uncomfortable indeed. And nearer and nearer came his father's voice, and smaller and smaller did Roly try to

For some days after this Roly worked very hard, and in two weeks he took a trip to town. The day after that there was a funeral in Frog Village, and Roly's father went to get out his best silk hat.

"It's strange," he said, "that I have grown so thin. I never knew my hat to slip down over my ears before." But it was a very nice looking hat for all of that, and he looked proudly at himself in the mirror. And Roly didn't say a word as his father walked outside and picked up the walking-stick that he had worked so hard to buy, but he smiled as his father strutted off, and wondered if he would burst the buttons off his coat as he had done.

And now when Roly goes to play with Poly he wears his nice friendly old overalls and she wears a simple little gingham frock. But though they both agree that it is ever so much more fun to dress for play as children should, Roly is very glad that Poly has seen him in his father's best silk hat and knows what a handsome frog he can be. And the chamois gloves stay at the bottom of all Roly's marbles and other toys waiting until he is grown up enough to wear them.



The Great Renewal

NOW, more than at any other time of the year, comes to us that ancient call of Nature which makes itself felt anew every year with the coming of Spring, when every tree, every leaf every tendril, every bird-note, every flashing of a bird's wing, every breath of a soft breeze brings to us the message of the bountifulness of the Earth, that divine mother, as she smiles under the sunlit showers that are another aspect of the great annual renewal. We are living now in a season of the year which brings joy to young hearts and to old hearts which have not lost all of their youthfulness. Reservoirs of happiness surround us. In their totality they make up the infinite sum of Nature's bounty and beauty. Messages of hopefulness and healing come to us from them, with subtle reminders of the immemorial kinship between the Earth and humanity. But to reach our hearts, the messages of all that bounty and beauty must have channels through which to flow, and the only possible channels are made for them by our feeling for them and the love in our hearts. There is nothing more beautiful for those who have eyes to see beauty than the delicate miracle of green which the trees have now put on, unless it is perhaps the fairy sickle of the new May moon hanging low in the West with a prairie sunset. Even in a hard city street, the new leaves on just one tree are like a benediction.

Political Human Nature

SPEECHES in the House at Ottawa are now restricted to forty minutes, but there is still a considerable waste of time of Parliament by members, some on one side of the chamber, some on the other. In reading the official report in Hansard of some of this needless oratory, one is reminded of the man of whom the poet wrote:

*His vote was always ready at his party's call,
For he never thought of thinking for himself at all.*

It is to be noted, of course, that the speeches which are loudest in accusation of partisanship are quite often open to that accusation. Such is political human nature. The historian Macaulay wrote that "human beings divide themselves naturally into two political parties, which may truly be compared to the forelegs and hind legs of a stag." (He believed, of course, that the Whigs, his own party, were the forelegs.) But what would become of a stag whose forelegs and hind legs wanted to go in opposite directions?

How Times Have Changed

IN LOOKING through some numbers of The Western Home Monthly of more than twenty years ago, The Philosopher read again with interest an article which told of sixty-four ways in which a woman could make use of a hairpin. It is not to be doubted for a moment that feminine ingenuity is less versatile now than it was then. But it is not exercised with hairpins. As for hatpins, it is so long since The Philosopher has seen one that he begins to find it hard to realize that women ever wore such dangerous weapons in their headgear.

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A Desirable Infection

IN A speech a fortnight ago to a convention in Washington of a patriotic association of Americans, Sir Esmé Howard, the British Ambassador to the United States, said that he was "badly infected by the friendship bug" and added: "I am bold enough, unashamed enough, to say that I hope to do my best to spread the infection." The Ambassador of Canada at Washington, Hon. Vincent Massey, is evidently of the same mind, as are all people of intelligence and good-will on this continent. There are a few wagers of loose tongues who are not of this class, including the loud-lunged mayor of Chicago; but they are negligible.

Morality and Locality

IS IT, as a writer in the Canadian Forum seems to imply, easier to be good in the country than in the city? Surely, morality is not a matter of location, but is still a matter of the individual soul itself, as it was when the wise and good Roman Emperor, Marcus Aurelius, wrote: "Even in a palace life may be lived well." Those who lose in the fight against their baser impulses can lose the fight as disastrously, or win it as nobly in any environment as in any other—in a city or in the country. Wherever he finds himself, the responsibility for choosing between good and evil is the individual's responsibility, as it always has been and always will be.

Tomorrow

THERE are plenty of roads to Yesterday. There are lessons to be learned from the past, but we must not by looking backward let ourselves become Yesterday-minded. It is Tomorrow we are journeying to. All the vision and faithful work of Today are making Tomorrow. What country has greater reason to face Tomorrow with confidence than Canada has.

It's a Great Art

ANYONE who has had to handle an automobile, or learn the ways of any other engine or machine, knows that no two mechanisms are exactly alike in their ways and manners. Like human beings, they develop little peculiarities, which have to be taken into account. Many a man is reluctant to let anybody else drive his car, who may not understand its ways. A great deal of the wisdom of life consists in understanding the peculiarities of other people and adjusting oneself to them. The wisest person is the one who by sympathy and intelligence gains this understanding, which means power. But it is not the easiest thing in the world to gain.

What We Believe and Are

TO EACH individual of us his religion is what it is, irrespective of what the religion of other people is to them. Probably no two people have exactly the same ideas on the subject. And yet, when all is said and done, what a surprising amount of unanimity there is in us all, in regard to religion! That is because religion is so much a matter of the heart, the feelings, the will. It functions in the spirit. It expresses itself in the way we live our lives. It is what we are.



JUST How did *your* boy look a year ago today?

WHEN your boy was still in his high-chair, you found it hard to imagine him anything but a baby.

Today, as he goes to school with his books under his arm, doesn't it take quite an effort to recall those high-chair days?

You can remember them, of course, but does every detail come back clearly? Certainly, his smile is different today. Is your memory able to show you the old smile alongside of the new? The expression of his features has changed. He may have looked more like his mother then . . . may resemble his father now. Hadn't you almost forgotten?

A *growing boy*, they say. Changing from one month to the next. So anxious to become a man and so rapidly becoming one. If you love him very much, your impression of him changes with his growth, and Memory lags far behind.

Don't make the mistake of thinking you won't forget. No parent can help it. But every parent can take frequent snapshots . . . can keep the Kodak in a handy place . . . loaded with film . . . and seize every opportunity to make a permanent record of a boyhood that will be over all too soon. He himself will appreciate those snapshots almost as much as you will. It will remind him of the time when your care and your affection were the center of his little world.

If you haven't a camera, get one at once. They are on sale everywhere and they cost so little you don't have to worry as to whether you can afford one. You can buy the Brownie, a genuine Eastman camera, for as low as \$2.25 and Kodaks from \$5 up.

And every Eastman camera makes excellent snapshots. Particularly the Modern Kodaks. Many have lenses so fast that you don't have to wait for sunshine. Rain or

shine, Winter or Summer, indoors or out, everyone can take good pictures with these marvelous new Kodaks.

Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform. It has speed and wide latitude. Which simply means that it reduces the danger of under- and over-exposure. It gets the picture. Expert photo finishers are ready in every community to develop and print your films quickly and skilfully. Remember that twelve months from now your boy will have changed, but the snapshots will show him to you just as he is today.

✓ ✓ ✓

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What the World is Saying

If We practice What We Preach

Practice, makes perfect, we are told.—Neepawa Press.

Not the Race to the Crossing

The race is getting healthier, authorities say.—Hamilton Herald.

And Mostly from City-Dwellers

Does any man get more advice than the farmer?—Peace River News.

Before It Is Out of Date

Some men are in a great hurry to get the latest model.—London Free Press.

They Are Always Being Divulged

We often wonder why they are called the Secrets of Success.—Vancouver Sun.

Unless They Have to Spell It

A doctor says children are not bothered by pyorrhea.—Saskatoon Star.

May Lots of Anti-Tocsin Be Ready!

"The tocsin of war will sound again ere long in Europe," says a Polish writer.—Ottawa Journal.

Any Healthier to Lick the Other Side

And now we are told it is unhealthy to lick the gummed side of a stamp.—Pilot Mound Sentinel.

But Not Too Much Longitude

"The modern girl," says a preacher, "has too much latitude in her dress."—Moose Jaw Times-Herald.

Do Any

Very few citizens look as bad as those in the comic strips.—Lethbridge Herald.

Fashion Note

Woman also wants but little here below nor wants that little long.—Fort William Times-Journal.

When She Does She Drives From It

Woman is making increasingly evident her determination not to take a back seat.—Duluth Herald.

Including Secret Diplomacy

The women of France are now eligible for the diplomatic service of the country.—London Times.

A Hard Saying

When you say a man gets his living out of dirt you must explain whether you mean farming, politics or literature.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Longwindedness Is Not Wisdom

Having read a number of the Ottawa speeches, we feel that the 40-minute allowance is too much.—Calgary Herald.

Like Countless Other Couples

The Orillia couple who recently celebrated the seventieth anniversary of their wedding are not concerned about the need of a Divorce Court in Ontario.—Ottawa Citizen.

No Reference to Chicago's Mayor

"Big Bill for London Zoo" is a recent advertisement. We regret, however, that this refers to the upkeep of the establishment.—London Humorist.

Ye Editor Is Philosophical

What is the use of worrying about there being no more gasoline in a hundred years? Our car won't last that long.—Lloydminster Times.

What Will It Be In 1978

In the old days the guest used to be bored by the detailed description of the portraits in the family album. Today it is the frequency with which the host gets Los Angeles on a one-tube set.—The Pas Herald.

More Urgently Needed At Times

An inventor has perfected a device that will make music if one waves his hands at it. What would be more to the point in these days of jazz is a device that would enable one to stop music.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

The Lady Was Seriously Annoyed

That Detroit woman who shot her partner at bridge undoubtedly took the game too seriously, but her act may serve as a warning to others not to neglect to return their partner's lead.—Minneapolis Journal.

Should Oiled Acquaintance Be Forget

An engine driver always has a sentimental regard for the first engine he worked on.—Montreal Gazette.

No Picnic, Either

Scientists say the next great war which humanity will have to fight is the war with insects.—Kitchener Record.

It Has a Good Strong Lower Jaw

If you would know the value of one of the best things to have in this world, study the humble monkey wrench.—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

Both Keep Always on the Track

One of the new locomotives on the London and Northwestern in England is named "Sherlock Holmes."—Canadian Railway and Marine World.

From Under a Pile of Dishes

Archaeologists have unearthed in Crete a kitchen sink more than five thousand years old.—Toronto Globe.

No More "Hands Up!" Incidents

A Toronto bank has installed an ingenious machine that does the work of the teller and the ledger-keeper.—Canadian Finance.

Unhealthy Region for That Bird

In some section of the Balkans they seem to regard the dove of peace as a challenge to a pigeon shoot.—Brockville Recorder-Times.

Much Depends on His Lawyer

Under the law a man is presumed innocent until he is proved guilty. And some are guilty after they are proved innocent.—Buffalo Express.

As Ye Editor Sees It

A woman kissed the Duke of York twice. But lots of us men are still safe.—Nanaimo Herald.

The Gas Temples

A modern city is one in which the average filling station is about three times as picturesque as the city hall.—Border Cities Star.

The Idea Is Enough to Confucius

Suppose Mussolini had been born a Chinaman. what might not China have been doing by this time?—Victoria Colonist.

"With His Headlight On Behind"

A lightning bug is like most human beings—he can't see where he is going—he can only see where he has been.—Peterboro Examiner.

Or, So To Speak, The Razzberries

The Maharajah of a Punjab province has been kicked out. This in India is known as giving him the Raj.—Selkirk Recorder.

The Flatearthian Doctrine

Wilbur Glenn Voliva, of Zion City, says the world is flat, but he neglects to state what tune is to be found on the other side of the disc.—Brantford Expositor.

He Wasn't News Until He Was Dead

Never having committed a crime, Henry Higgins lived to be 102 and never got his name on the front page of a newspaper until he died.—Toronto Telegram.

Hardly

The time has come when a husband buys a nice handkerchief and if his wifelikes it she will take it away from him and make a dress.—Quebec Evenement.

Remarkable, If True

The chief salesman of a motor car fainted the other day and is still in the hospital in a dangerous condition. It appears a man came in and bought a car. He paid cash down and had no old car to trade in.—Kingston Whig-Standard.

The Apples of the Earth

Potatoes are now packed in cartons, but until wrapped in tissue paper they will not be in the company of aristocratic members of the orange tribe.—New York World.

The Early Worm That Gets Caught

Not half enough has been said for the worm. If it weren't for him there wouldn't be any use for the birds to be early.—Nelson News.

He May Be, At That

Don't be alarmed because your boy thinks he is smarter than his old man.—Kincardine Reporter.

Matrimonial Inadvertence

Hollywood movie actress has remarried her first husband. She must be terribly absent-minded.—Niagara Falls Review.

He's Cutting Hair "No Longer"

A former hairdresser to the Royal Family in London is said to be in attendance at the meeting of the Hairdressers' Association in Toronto.—Carleton Place Central Canadian.

Such Advice Is Seldom Welcome

Love at first sight is always possible, but it is always well to wipe off your spectacles and take a second look.—Prince Albert Herald.

It Dosen't Say How Long He Took

An English postman has won a bet by walking sixteen miles in a pair of women's high-heeled shoes.—Montreal Patrie.

Politics as a Means to an End

A wife in Mexico has one advantage. When she tires of her husband, she can persuade him to be a candidate.—Fargo Tribune.

No Need To Worry, Apparently

Science has determined the freezing point of almost everything but the feminine knee.—Omaha Bee.

His Millions Are By-products

Henry Ford says he has never tried to make a fortune. It is about time he was getting down and making the odd dollar for his old age.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

The Adonises of the Advts

Don't worry. Very few of the big jobs are held by men who resemble the young fellow in the union suit ads.—Detroit Free Press.

On the Fence

Opponents of votes for women used to contend that equal suffrage would remove Woman from her pedestal. Well, has it? Women is now in politics. If she has come down from her pedestal, where is she?—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

Both

A writer in one of the heavy reviews is of opinion that women have demonstrated their unfitness for political life. If that is so, then the number of sexes unfitted for political life has now reached the appalling total of two.—Toronto Star.

Belgium Didn't Attack Her

President Von Hindenburg stoutly maintains that Germany drew her sword in self-defence, but he doesn't explain how she happened to be so far from home when attacked.—Charlottetown Guardian.

Both Are Better Than Pessimism

The hardest thing of all, often is to tell where the commendable optimism leaves off and the unmitigated idiocy begins.—Halifax Mail.

Hoof and Mouth Trouble

The members of the Boston Boot and Shoe club were told that a shortage of leather, threatening to cause an increase in the cost of shoes, was in part due to the fact that the American people were constantly eating less beef.—Boston Transcript.

Well, Few of Us Are Brilliant

The eminent biologist, Dr. Raymond Pearl, maintains that brilliant children generally spring from undistinguished parents. When listening to proud parents, we ourselves have been struck by this.—St. John Times and Star.

Or Rather, Perhaps, "Does She"

What a contrast, to see a man bundled up in trousers and coat and vest, with underclothes beneath them and a heavy overcoat outside them reaching down to his heels, and then to gaze at a young person in a skirt above her knee, a short fur coat and stockings which compel a thoughtful observer to ask, "How does she keep them warm?"—Brandon Sun.

A Problem in the Era of Chivalry

Talk emanating from London of metalized suits that will not wear out reminds one of the Doré picture of the knight in armor trying to scratch himself on a warm day.—Calgary Albertan.



Live Your Romances!

Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion!

*In Paris, too,
It's now Palmolive*

Today in France, home of cosmetics, Palmolive is one of the two largest selling toilet soaps, having supplanted French soaps by the score. French women, the most sophisticated of all women in beauty culture, by the thousands have discarded French soaps and adopted safe and gentle Palmolive.

BEAUTY, Charm, Youth may not be the fundamentals of Romance, but they *help*. Few readers of a "best seller" picture the heroine more than partially unpossessed, at least, of those attributes.

To *live* one's romances today, one stays young as long as she can, makes herself as *naturally attractive* as she can and trusts the rest to her womanly intelligence. Under modern rules in skin care, thousands of women have gone an amazingly long way in that direction.

Those rules, say experts, start with cleansing the skin *regularly* of beauty-imperiling accumulations; which means the use of soap and water. But the secret is this: Only a true complexion soap should be used on the face.

Do this night and morning

So, largely on expert advice, more and more thousands of women turn to the balmy lather of Palmolive, used this way:

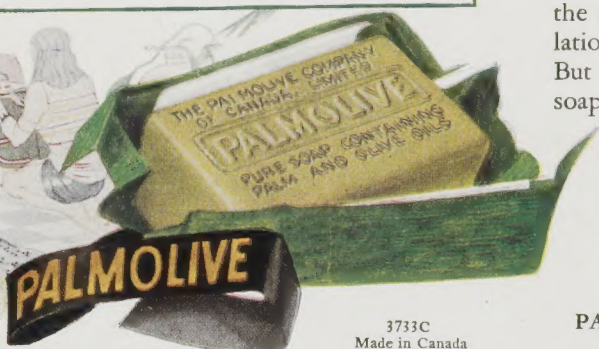
Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But *never* leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake—then note the difference one week makes. The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg.



3733C
Made in Canada

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Friday night—from 10 to 11 p. m., eastern time; 9 to 10 p. m., central time—over station WEAJ and 29 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

Retail Price
10c

Look at Your Silver— Your GUESTS Do

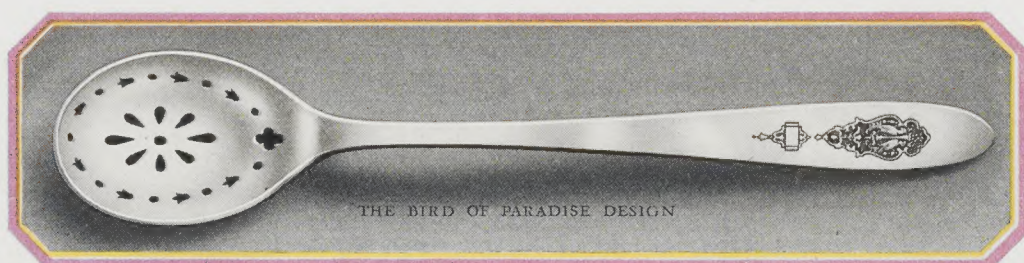
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DIVINE . . . she's as careful about DETAILS as
she is about her manicure or her hair-cut . . ."*



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